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OF

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

DURING THE PERIODS OF

THE DIRECTORY, THE CONSULATE,

AND

THE EMPIRE.

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*Louis Antoine Fauvelet*  
BY  
**M. DE BOURRIENNE,**

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE EMPEROR.

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VOL. I.

---

"Eh bien, Bourrienne, vous serez aussi immortel, vous!"—"Et pourquoi,  
Général?"—"N'êtes-vous pas mon secrétaire?"—"Dites-moi le nom de celui  
d'Alexandre?"—Vol. I. p. 407.

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## P R E F A C E.

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My long intimate connexion with Bonaparte, from boyhood, my particular relations with him when General, Consul, and Emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected, and all that was done, during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed, but notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal, in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording, for history, facts, respecting which, the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting those ideas, often profound, brilliant, and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs, half of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an un-

exampled model, is very natural; and the observation on my replies by those who heard them, always was, " You should publish your memoirs."

I had, certainly, always in view the publication of my memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power, I felt it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject, by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island, in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on me by other considerations,—by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable, for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors, to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchess de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most amiable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE desire of speculating on an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the title of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies, which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them, it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers, or the simplicity of certain readers, is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill-digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partisans and enthusiastic apologists.

The spirit of party has availed itself of every thing in the writings published on Napoleon, capable of supporting, according to the events, its different opinions and pretensions. These writings are either invectives or hymns of glory, in which censure or admiration are lavished without measure; they are full of errors, and are, in fact, a kind of mystifications, under the disguise of history.

Posterity certainly will not judge Napoleon as his contemporaries have judged him, in two different ways. In future ages the present vivid and natural recollection of his wonderful triumphs will be much weakened; but, at the same time, the misfortunes which his sixty victories have inflicted on European families, will be forgotten. His wars and his conquests will be estimated

solely by their results; his policy, by the utility and duration of his institutions, and by their harmony with the age in which he lived. It will be asked, whether he could not have impressed on the field of history, a less difficult, but deeper path than that of his exploits, and whether he did not prefer the renown which belongs to a great military glory, to the less brilliant, but more durable reputation of having powerfully contributed to the happiness of mankind.

For a time, I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task, which would have been too laborious to myself and very tedious to the reader. I shall, therefore, only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess, I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks almost imperceptibly, and almost disregarded into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

The greater Napoleon was in the age in which he lived, the more reasonable it is that he should not be estimated lightly. To write justly and usefully his life, information ought to be obtained from all persons who were well acquainted with him in the different stages of his career; we should pause, too, until the passions have passed in review before the judgment. All his deeds, be they according to the opinion of mankind, good or bad, mean or great, were performed by him with a view to posterity: that was his favourite idol. His irresistible passion for transmitting his name to future ages powerfully animated him, and gave energy to his physical faculties. That transmission was with him the immortality of his soul.

Posterity, for which Napoleon did every thing, has commenced for himself. He, doubtless, will one day have a historian worthy of retracing his actions. Far from aspiring to the immense honour of being his Tacitus, I do not even pretend to write a journal of his life, or to elevate myself to the rank of a biographer.

I shall state, respecting this extraordinary man, whose name alone was a power with which any other can with difficulty be compared, all that I know, have seen and heard, and of which I have preserved numerous notes. With confidence I call him an extraordinary man; for he who was indebted for every thing to himself—who won so many victories—subjugated so many states—obtained absolute power over a great and enlightened nation—scattered crowns among his family—made and unmade kings—who lived to be almost the oldest sovereign in Europe—and who was without dispute, the most distinguished of his age—certainly was not an ordinary man. But I do not concur in the opinion of that writer who states that all his reign was extraordinary, and, in support of his assertion, cites the battle of Trafalgar. Those who wish to eulogize should not be absurd.

We must not be guilty of self-delusion. Great men, however great they be, have their weaknesses, and are liable to errors and faults. Every one must pay the tribute due to humanity. What can exempt from it? The audience of the world requires, that he who aspires to act the part of a great man, shall never for a moment forget his character. But so many little things enter into the composition of man, that it is impossible he can be great from morning to night.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon, shall find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There

he will, at least, find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published any thing respecting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others "*Les Memoires Secrets d'un Homme qui ne l'a pas quitte, par M. B—,*" and "*Memoires Secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte, par M. de B—,*" and "*Le Precis Historique sur Napoleon.*" The initial of my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through these memoirs, the absurdities and inconceivable sillinesses with which they abound, do not permit a man of honour and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1815, and at later periods, in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, why should we place more confidence in you, than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all that I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired, and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over

which I could not but lament!—how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles, and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insupportable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related, or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of temperament, and age—for age has much influence over man. We do not think and act at fifty, as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution, he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents. Let every one do as much.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced, that none of the writers of St. Helena can be taxed with the slightest deception; disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected all they have published. Their honour is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated, must, therefore, be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited, that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a fact what really was only an idea,—an idea, too, brought forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to

Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favourite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten,—“ What will history say—what will posterity think ? ” This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name, is one which belongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign, he wrote thus to General Clarke :—“ That ambition and the occupation of high offices, were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe, and the esteem of posterity.” He often observed to me, that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived, that Napoleon wished to give to the documents which he knew historians would consult, a favourable colour; and to direct, according to his own views, the judgment of posterity on his actions. But it is only by the impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age, that a well-founded decision will be given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change ; and it may be presumed, that his moral qualities were affected by the change. It is particularly important, not to lose sight of the premature decay of his health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to possess the vigour of memory, otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organization often modifies our recollections, our feelings our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. Time changes every thing. All this will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men ; and for them only do I write.

What M. de Las Cases states Napoleon to have said in May, 1816, on the manner of writing his history, corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves, that all the facts and observations he communicated or dictated to them, were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the “ Memorial,” that M. de Las Cases wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own

hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others, facts are misrepresented, and erroneous assertions are made,—I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could induce me to change a word in these memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I personally heard and saw. It will be found, that Napoleon, in his private conversations, often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported, he was out of the world; he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sunk into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts, which might prove an unsavourable escort, if they accompanied him to posterity. This was always his leading idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written, were the author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he made in St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction with facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, “The History of Napoleon, written by himself.”

I have said thus much, because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs, may be understood. I am aware

that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me, on account of the labour I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read every thing that has been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the handwriting of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes much embarrassed me.

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### CHAPTER I.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth—His family ruined by the Jesuits—His taste for military amusements—Sham siege at the College of Brienne—The porter's wife and Napoleon—My intimacy with Bonaparte at College—His love for mathematics, and his dislike of Latin—He defends Paoli and blames his father—He is ridiculed by his comrades—Ignorance of the Monks—Distribution of prizes at Brienne—Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans—Report of M. Keralio on Bonaparte—He leaves Brienne.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August 1769; the old orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the *u* during his first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte even after the famous 13th Vendémiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768, and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. But this is untrue. When we were both at the Military College of Brienne, he always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and as I was born on the 9th of July, 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berthon, sub-principal of the College of Brienne, in which it is stated, that M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, Ecuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 15th August, 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th Oct. 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the public expense, an advantage of which many honourable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his father, Charles Buonaparte, to the war minister, states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprise in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. When Napoleon was fifteen, he was sent to Paris until

he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the college of Brienne, at least until his brother had quitted the military school of Paris.

Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he sent for from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I have nothing to state.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth. He has been described in terms of enthusiastic praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favourable circumstances are raised above their fellow creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the "*History of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his Birth to his last Abdication,*" contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden against the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with *esteem* and *respect*. I remember the circumstances which gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows:—

During the winter of 1783–4, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and out-door recreations, in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great court-yard, if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into platoons, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was a considerable sufferer from this sort of grape shot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent in the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades, Dupont de Chambon, who was somewhat mad. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different

kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abbé Raynal, who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, &c.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenance of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the Principal or Vice-Principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school, who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, &c., to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the Death of Cæsar, *corrected*, in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The sergeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an imperious tone of voice exclaimed: "Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence." This was in 1782.

Bonaparte and I were nine years of age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful comrades who could accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanor, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and polite literature. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college, he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the Sieur Dupuis, who was Vice-Principal before Father Berton, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress, that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But to this study he evinced such a repugnance, that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions, in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark colour of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat changed,) for his piercing and scrutinizing glance, and for the style of his conversation both with his masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humour, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had sustained, and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors, who were at table, designedly made some remarks disrespectful of Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man; he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours, he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the irritation he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name, Napoleon, and his country. He often said to me—"I will do these French all the mischief I can;" and when I tried to pacify him, he would say:—"But you do not ridicule me; you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks, to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided, had understood the organization of his mind—if they had engaged more able mathematical professors—or if we had had any excitement to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued those sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but far less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. How-

ever, after Bonaparte left the college, they found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college must have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, MM. Durfort and Despont, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often repeated assertion of Bonaparte having received a *careful education* at Brienne, is, therefore, untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is, to me a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and, for upwards of a month, the magnificent chateau of the Count de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given to the august travellers, made them almost forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time, Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens, to be present at the distribution, "Pray, Madame, crown your son this time; my hands are weary."

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether educated at the public expense, or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784, a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript; but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to show how time and circumstances frequently reverse the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools, young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

The note to which I have just alluded, and which was written by M. Keralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte as being remarkable for his application to the mathematics, passable in history and geography, but rather backward in Latin. The inspector concludes by saying, "He will make an excellent seaman, and deserves to be passed to the Military College of Paris."

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the Vice Principal, that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being *domineering, imperious, and obstinate*.

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. Keralio's report of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said, he was *very well* as to his progress in history and geography, and *very backward* in Latin; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an *excellent seaman*. He himself had no thought of the navy.

In consequence of M. Keralio's report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with MM. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminge, and de Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expense, and all, at least, as favourably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that Bonaparte was the pride of the college, that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. Keralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education, except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favourable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte, I have read the following anecdote. When he was fourteen years of age, he happened to be at a party where some one pronounced a high eulogium on Vicomte de Turenne, and a lady in company observed that he was certainly a great man; but that she should like him better if he had not burnt the palatinate. "What signifies that," replied Bonaparte, "if it was necessary to the object he had in view?"

This is a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and, least of all, the company of ladies.

## CHAPTER II.

Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School at Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI. with the red cap on his head—The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgart—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autographical justification—Duroc's first connexion with Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE was fifteen years and two months old when he went to the Military College of Paris. I accompanied him to Nogent sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792. During these eight years, we maintained an active correspondence: but so little did I anticipate the high destiny which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period.

I remember, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris, he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service; and in 1787, I went for three months to Metz, in order to join practice with theory. A strange ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Segur, required that a man should possess four quarterings of nobility, before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that in the year 1640, Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of Fauvelet de Villemont, who, in 1586, had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority, at the peril of his life, and the loss of his property; and that his family had occupied the first places in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the parliament, and to repair this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.

On his arrival at the military school of Paris, Bonaparte found the whole establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice Principal of Brienne. He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were

all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency: so that instead of returning happy to the bosoms of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this the establishment of the military school at Fontainbleau is a decided proof.

As Napoleon was an active observer of every thing passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, hurried the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French embassy, then at the court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German Universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic.

I had scarcely got there when the French revolution broke out. Alas! the reasonable meliorations which the age demanded and which right thinking men desired, were widely different from that total overthrow and destruction of the state, the condemnation of the best of kings, and the long series of crimes which sully the pages of French history.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tysziewicz, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed,

and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation I passed several evenings in company with the king, in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the *Moniteur*; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. Princess Tysiewicz wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue*, to which I gave the title of *L'Inconnu*.\*

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the Emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the emperor were exposed, was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three, who have little money, and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuilleries, vociferating all kind of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow this mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scan-

\* This is the play known on the English stage under the title of "The Stranger."

dalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. “*Che coglione!*” he loudly exclaimed; “Why have they let in all that rabble? Why don’t they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough.”

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed, with great good sense, the causes and consequences of this unrepresed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgart, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation. At St. Helena, Bonaparte said: “On the attack of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne’s brother, who kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel.” This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *enterprise d’encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says, that after that time, he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.\*

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgart, I set off for that place on the 2nd of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795.

He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated, as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March, 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months, under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgart, the excitation in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events

\* Sir Walter, appears to have collected his information for the life of Napoleon, only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear, that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where every thing is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Sir Walter Scott to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, “I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular reports.”

of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that "it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that, *on his return*, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways which are not all equally favourable to M. de Bourrienne."

I do not understand what favourable interpretations can be put upon a fact entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April, 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the directory, to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes, to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Barras, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine promises of what he would do. On his return to France, he wrote to Bonaparte: "Bourrienne is erased." But this was untrue. I was not erased until November, 1797, on the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of *chef de bataillon*, performed his first campaign, and contributed so powerfully to the retaking of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge, and, therefore, I shall not speak of it as an eye witness. I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled *Le Souper de Beaucaire*, the copies of which he bought up, at a dear rate, and destroyed, on his attaining the consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in the *Souper de Beaucaire*.\* It may be remarked, that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings, posterity will probably

\* This is not as Sir Walter Scott states, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much.

trace the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some details of this event, because I have seen it stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connexion with Robespierre the younger.\*

It has moreover been said, that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety, the impossibility of their resuming the military operations, unaided by the talents of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these:—

On the 13th of July, 1794, (25th Messidor, year II.,) the representatives of the people with the army of Italy, ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French chargé d'affaires, to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country, show the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the Deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorders which then prevailed, they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded on that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.

Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that he was a short time im-

\* It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter Scott commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connexion with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were very different from what he had supposed them to be.

soned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte. Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark, that, in the post Thermidorian resolution just alluded to, no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre, the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me, that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess, is in the hand-writing of Junot, with corrections in the general's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt rather than concise style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain good sense.

*"To the Representatives, Albitte and Salicetti.*

" You have suspended me from my rank, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

" Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or judged before being heard.

" In a revolutionized state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

" When the first are accused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

" The oppression of the second class is a shock to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn, until after the fullest evidence, and a succession of facts, those who leave nothing to arbitrary decision.

" To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values, confidence and esteem.

"In what class am I placed?

"Since the commencement of the revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles?

"Have I not always been seen contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes?

"I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost every thing for the Republic.

"I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro.

"On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

"My claim to the title of patriot, therefore, cannot be disputed.

"Why, then, am I declared suspected without being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death?

"I am declared suspected, and my papers are sealed.

"The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to such a decision.

"It is wished that I should go to Paris with a decree which declares me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

"Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the committee, I cannot complain.

"If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemns me.

"Salicetti, you know me: and I ask whether you have observed any thing in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

"Albitte, you do not know me; but you have received proof of no fact against me; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

"Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country; and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been useless to the republic? Ought the representatives to reduce the government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic?

"Hear me; destroy the oppression which overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

"An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value it. Nothing

but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country, makes me bear the burden of existence with courage."

It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favourable to the general, were instituted; and on the 3d Fructidor (August 20th, 1794,) the representatives of the people drew up a decree, stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

Salicetti became the friend and confidant of young Bonaparte; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bonaparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged! The importance of the general's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, was a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc into the artillery, and made him his aid-de-camp. The acquaintance was formed, at a subsequent period, in Italy. His cold character, and unexcursive mind, suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who intrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At St. Helens, Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are sometimes ungrateful?

### CHAPTER III.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendée—He is struck off the list of general officers—Salicetti—Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary—Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey—Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition—Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest—Constitution of the Year III.—The 13th Vendemiaire—Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior—Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences—St. Helens manuscript.

GENERAL BONAPARTE returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed,

and he gave me an account of all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers, noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country; and under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a spy on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The government wished to send him to La Vendée in the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition, on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte retired into private life, and found himself doomed to an inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue de Mail, near the Place des Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by men in power: and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favourable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away very agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and I met at his lodgings several persons who were distinguished at the time; among others Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would often solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion, Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straightened circumstances obliged him to dispose of. I could easily perceive that our young friend either was, or wished to be, initiated in some political intrigue: and I moreover suspected, that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching. He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he always looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.\* Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy

\* Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, 1st Prairial, year III., and was obliged to fly to Venice.

the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, "That Joseph is a lucky rogue."

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded—none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favourite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the east is a fine field for glory, inspired him with the wish to proceed to Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Signior. What romantic plans! what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprises and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and perhaps it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him: and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note which commenced with the words, *Note for \* \* \* \* \** It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after he wrote out another, which however did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly forwarded. It was as follows:—

#### "NOTE.

"Aubert } 2,500 artillerymen.  
"Coni    }  
" "

"At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Austria, it is the interest of France to do every thing in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

"That power possesses a numerous and brave militia, but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

"The organization and the service of the artillery, which in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which almost exclusively depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

"They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some: but the officers thus sent, have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

"General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was intrusted with the command, at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the French government.

"He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

"He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones."

This note shows the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria. He makes no mention of any such thing; and the two countries were not at war.\*

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess, that for the failure of this project, at least, I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man, of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. If, however, a clerk of the War-Office had but written on the note "*granted,*" that little word would probably have changed the face of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the gratification of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between my young friend and me, observed him very closely. She preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during our early connexion with him. My wife did not entertain so favourable an opinion of him as I did; the warm friendship I cherished for him, probably blinded me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne's notes, word for word.

"On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May, 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved, and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Théâtre Français. The performance consisted of a tragedy, and *Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine.* During the latter piece the audience were convulsed with laughter. The part

\* The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become king of Jerusalem. I never heard any thing drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made it.

of Dasnières was represented by Baptiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent, that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary,) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humour which was so irresistibly diverting to every one else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return, he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us, that being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The general was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the general, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him: 'Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.

"At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte, and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the general's aid-de-camp,) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor aid-de-camp, for we provided the general with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastry cook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

"We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat, in the Rue Saint Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something eccentric in Bonaparte's behaviour, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover

him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

"Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for a more agreeable apartment than that we had in the Rue Grenier, Saint Lazare, which was but a ground floor. Bonaparte used to accompany us and assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19, Rue de Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. He had thoughts of taking it for himself, his uncle Fesch, now Cardinal Fesch, and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of the masters of the Military School. One day he said, 'With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world.'

"We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken, for other and great affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendemiaire, several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. [They have been stolen.] On our return, in November of the same year, every thing was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for the business of Vendemiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue de Marais, he occupied a splendid hotel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand déjeuners, which were sometimes attended by ladies, and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend, the amiable Madame Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality. I shall mention only one instance, that of M. Rey, whose father lost his life in the siege of Lyons, and who, being there himself, was saved as by a miracle. He was a gentle, amiable youth, and devoted to the royal cause. We used to see him daily. He waited on his college comrade, but being unable to bring himself to speak in the tone of distant respect, Bonaparte soon turned his back upon him, and on seeing him again did not say a word to him. The only thing he did for him was to appoint him to the wretched place of an inspector of provisions, which Rey could not accept. Three years after he died of a pulmonary affection, regretted by all his friends.

"After the thirteenth of Vendemiaire, M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February, 1796, my husband was arrested at seven in the morning, by a party of men armed with muskets, on the charge of being a re-

turned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guard house of the section, and thence I know not whither. In every place he was treated in a most infamous manner: and finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lock-up-house of the prefecture of police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. His wife and his friends ran about every where, trying to find somebody to protect him, and among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by one of her husband's friends, waited for the commandant of Paris until midnight, but he *did not come home*. Next morning she returned at an early hour, and found him. She stated what had happened to her husband, whose head was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend: however, he determined to write to Merlin, the Minister of Justice. Madame de Bourrienne carried the letter according to its address. She met the minister as he was coming down stairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri IV. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the General as the cause of M. de Bourrienne's arrest, he replied, that the business was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognizance of the public administrators of the laws. The minister then stepped into his carriage, and the lady was conducted to several offices in his hotel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for his section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the section of Bondy, Rue Grange-aux-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and every thing seemed to indicate that the determination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock he occasioned his wife to be called; she hastened to him, and beheld a most heart-rending scene. He was suffering under a hemorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The Judge of the Peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. She threw herself at his feet, and implored his clemency. The

wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted Madame de Bourrienne in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent. It was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept looking over the laws on the subject, and, after long researches, said to me, "To-morrow is Decadi, and no proceedings can take place on that day. Find, Madame, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by the two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Desmaisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list, to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was left in the antechamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt, and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!"

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Every one was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd, in consequence of the part he had acted at an extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future general of the army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion from public employment, and, finally, exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hesitation, characterised as emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendemiaire (October 5, 1795,) was approaching. The national convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of the Year III." It was adopted on the 22nd of August, 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-thirds of their body should form a part of the new legislature. The party opposed to the convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of a power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it. The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These sections declared that,

in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the re-election of two-thirds. The convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power, and, accordingly, resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

The 5th of October, the day on which the sections of Paris attacked the convention, is certainty one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte. With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed, ripened the seeds of the youthful general's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of passed ages present few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a recapitulation of all these great events, was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterised only as a secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published, announces, that Barras was, on that very day, commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account, and the whole of the manuscript was in his handwriting, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who have read the bulletin of the 13th Vendemiaire, could not fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain that he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that speech in the convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said,—“It is to his able and prompt dispositions that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with the greatest skill.” This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told.

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future.

Five years after he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October, 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Interior, he established his head quarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, that after the 13th Brumaire, he remained unemployed at Paris, is therefore obviously erroneous.

To avoid returning to this *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides, what appears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. Some truths are mixed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.

It has been reported, that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula; and a relation of the Count de Simeon, peer of France.

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## CHAPTER IV.

On my return to Paris meet Bonaparte—His interview with Josephine—My return to Sens—Bonaparte's marriage and departure from Paris ten days after—Portrait and character of Josephine—Bonaparte's dislike of national property—Letter from General Colli, and Bonaparte's reply—Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman—Marmont's letters—Bonaparte's order to me to join the army—My departure from Sens for Italy—Insurrection of the Venetian States.

AFTER the 13th Vendémiaire, I visited Paris. During the short time I stopped there I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to anything but the pressure of the public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him, it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question, appeared

to give him much pleasure. I readily gathered from his conversation, that his union with this young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March, 1796. Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities. I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; to few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!

When fortune placed a crown on her head, she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment, that she should cherish such a belief, and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but, notwithstanding, never abandoned it. The event had given importance to the prophecy, but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old negress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendemiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in which, after some of his usual friendly expressions, he said—"Look out for a small piece of land, in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase something of the sort, as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March, 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the army than General Colli transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation.

"SIR,

"I suppose, General, that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for these some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vidal.

His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the Generals of your nation, induce me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret, I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthelemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday, by the chance of war, fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with according to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.

"I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other."

(Signed)

"Ceva, April 17th, 1796."

"COLL.

Bonaparte replied as follows:—

"SIR,

"An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred; the feelings of honour, and the respect due to the French people were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent as a flag of truce. You know the laws of war; and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with which you threaten the Chief of Brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to the laws of war, you authorize such an act of barbarism, all the prisoners taken from you shall be immediately made responsible for it with the most deplorable vengeance; for I entertain for the officers of your nation that esteem which is due to brave warriors."

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest of M. Moulin; but ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial in consequence of the character with which he was invested.

About the middle of the year 1796, the Directory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the army of the Alps, second in command of the army of Italy.

On the 24th of May, 1796, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot respecting this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him, he said—"Whether I shall be employed here or any where else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to merit from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you will join Kellerman and me in command in Italy, you will undo every thing. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do; but both together we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe."

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the fore-ground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it, how-

ever, to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which on various occasions have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert, belong, perhaps, less to the history of the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, than to that of his secretary; but, I must confess, I wish to show that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing as an obscure intriguer the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the theatre where the rising glory of the future emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following letters with what confidence I was then honoured; but these letters, written for friendship, and not for history, speak also of our military achievements; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period, must still be interesting to many.

“Head-quarters, at Milan, 20 Prairial, year IV.  
June 8, 1796.

“The General-in-Chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection, which are your due, from all who know you; and we much regret that you are not with us, to have a share in our success.

“The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution, it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000 men, obliged the king of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy.

“The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labours.

“There now remain for us the siege of Mantua and the castle of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne; I repeat General Bonaparte’s request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, &c.

“MARMONT,

*“Chief of Brigade, and Aid-de-camp to  
the General-in-Chief.”*

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my erasure from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept this friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs.

Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:—

“Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.  
March 22, 1796.

“The General-in-Chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all long anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet.

I join with the General, my dear Bourrienne, in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you in its bosom. I enclose an order written by the General, which will serve you as a passport. Post it, and arrive immediately. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian.

“Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne, reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

“MARMONT.”

“Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.

*“Bonaparte, General-in-chief of the army of Italy.*

“The citizen Bourrienne is to come to me on the receipt of the present order.

“BONAPARTE.”

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the Government, respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the municipality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart, I received the following letter.

“Head Quarters, Judenburgh, 10 Germinal, year V.  
April 8, 1796.

“The General-in-Chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what

a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately—yield to our solicitations—share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

"I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.

"MARMONT."

To the above letter this order was subjoined—

"The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the Head Quarters of the Army of Italy." "BONAPARTE."

I arrived in the Venetian territory, at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben, and of the revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching "that it was lawful and even meritorious to kill Jacobins." "*Death to Frenchmen!—Death to Jacobins!*" were their rallying cries. At the time I had not the slightest idea of this state of things. After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town, I was however stopped by a party of insurgents, on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry "*El viva Sento Marco,*" an order with which I speedily complied and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday! On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrection of Verona, some Frenchmen were assassinated between that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian states, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The

quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to *Monsieur*, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the Siege of Mantua, in 1796. The interests of the aristocracy outweighed the political considerations in our favour. On the 7th of June, 1796, General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:—

“The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to *Monsieur*. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have expressly prepared this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be *more decided*, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favourable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once.”

The Directory answered that the moment was not favourable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved therefore to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French Republic might retain.

At the period to which these Memoirs are now brought (April, 1796,) the expected favourable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: “I am convinced that the only course to be now taken, is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary government.” On the 3d of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: “I see nothing that can be done, but to efface the Venetian name from the face of the globe.”

Twenty days after this determination to humble the Venetian aristocracy, he wrote to the directory: “The party at Genoa, which is called the patriotic, has managed very ill. Its follies and inconsistencies have given the advantage to the aristocrats. Had the patriots remained quiet, but for a fortnight, the aristocracy would have been ruined, and would have died of itself.”

Two causes powerfully contributed to hasten the downfall of Venice, after an existence of twelve hundred years. The conquests of the French had propagated the principles of the revolution in Italy. The Arch Duke of Milan had been deposed; why should not the Doge of Venice also cease to rule? The spirit of

the revolution was gradually diffused, and discontent rapidly spread along with it. The difference between the new doctrines and the gloomy institutions of Venice, was sufficiently striking to account for the desire to escape from the latter.

On the other hand, great measures were no longer to be expected from the senate of Venice, for the government was worn out. What ought to be done was certainly discussed, but no decision was adopted. The senate was constantly fluctuating between Austria and France; between a conquered and a conquering power. Accustomed to tremble before Austria, Venice always paid more deference to that power than to France. This unfortunate government hoped to derive advantage from the entrance of the French army into Germany, and its position in the defiles of Carinthia;—that opportunity was to be taken to renew the Sicilian Vespers. The fanatical peasants, among whom money was distributed, every where took up arms. Bonaparte on his part had tolerated a revolutionary apostleship, a measure easily justified. He wished to re-enforce his army by an Italian army, and thus guard against the vengeance and perfidy which had destroyed so many ultramontane armies in preceding wars.

Of all the Italians, the people of Venice were the most hostile to us. Bonaparte wrote to M. Lallemand, the Minister of the French Republic at Venice, "that all the reports drawn up by the Proveditores of Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, which attributed the insurrection to the French, were a series of impostures, the object of which was to justify the perfidy of the Senate of Venice in the eyes of Europe."

Towards the end of March, 1797, the Government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the State Inquisitors, then harassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who, after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on information given him by a Roman advocate named Marcellin Serpini, who had come to Bergamo on business connected with the property of the Princess Alboni, and who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated, in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was to unite the Venetian territories on the main land, with Lombardy, and to form, of the whole, one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circum-

stances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard legion, was the active protector of the Revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the Senate had instigated the insurrection: but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its states on the continent, to rise against the French. The Venetian government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796, the Venetian senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that government announced intentions, which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which, however, was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The senate was the irreconcilable enemy of the French republic. Excitement was carried to such a point that in many places the people complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops in the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the hereditary states.

The pursuit of the Arch-duke Charles into the heart of Austria, encouraged the hopes which the Venetian senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered through the states of Venice on the main land. Wherever the senate had the ascendancy, insurrection was secretly fomented: wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian terra firma to the Lombard republic.

Bonaparte skilfully took advantage of the disturbances and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the senate the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the senate, facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expense of the Venetian republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of

all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts, and to facilitate their execution. At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of states without effort or noise. The silence of its fall astonished imaginations warmed by historical recollections from the brilliant pages of its maritime glory. Its power, however, which had been silently undermined, existed no longer except in the illusion of those recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to the man destined to change the face of Europe?

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## CHAPTER V.

Signature of the preliminaries—Fall of Venice—My arrival and reception at Leoben—Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success—The Directory opposes him—He wishes to advance upon Vienna—Movement of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Arrival at Milan—We take up our residence at Montebello—Napoleon's judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi—Unopened correspondence answered.

I JOINED Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the morning of the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the state of Venice did not, at that time, present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Wo to the small states that come in immediate contact with the two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connexion with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced, in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me, not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanor accordingly. I made with pleasure and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship, and other little privileges. He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the saloon where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff—"I am glad to see you, at last;" but as soon as we were alone, he made me understand that he was pleased with my re-

serve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet. I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories; of the dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, &c. "Care thou nothing about it," said he; "those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done." This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naude, who wrote during the reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin:—"Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? *Their day will come.*"

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success; but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied, that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected—a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favourite project of planting the standard of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August, 1794, forbade the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fautelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. "Such change of name is absolute nonsense," said he. "I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign your name as you are called, and leave the matter to the advocates and their laws."

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop in an island of the Tagliamento, while a torrent passed by, which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written that "he must not reckon on the co-operation of the armies

\* He used to *tutoyer* me in this familiar manner until his return to Milan.

of Germany." It is impossible to describe the General's emotion on reading these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the government had represented the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards he was informed that the co-operation was about to take place. The agitation of his mind was so great, that he, for a moment, conceived the idea of passing to the left bank of the Taglimento, and breaking all engagements, under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!" His chagrin, I might almost say, his despair, increased, when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him, that having passed the Rhine on the 20th, with brilliant success, and taken four thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened, but for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition, they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honour of the nation; for it cannot be doubted, that had the passage of the Rhine, so urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk, to dictate, imperiously, the conditions of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna, and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th of May,— "Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine, by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifteen days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it." (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte, of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of any individual's glory.

In traversing the Venetian States, to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me, that he was originally entirely unconnected with the insurrections which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, that his project being to advance upon the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man, to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged

that he was not vexed that matters had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances (in the preliminaries) and hoped to profit still more from them (in the definitive peace.) "When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice." It is, therefore, quite evident to me, that, in reality, the General-in-Chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrections; that subsequently he was not displeased with them, and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the fifth of May, by way of Leybach, Trieste, Palma Nuova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bonaparte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine castle, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombardy. At Montebello commenced the negotiations for the definitive peace which were terminated at Passeriano. The Marquis di Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello, the General-in-Chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and to the Lago Maggiore. He visited the Borromean islands in succession, and occupied himself, on his return, with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought for men and found none. "Good heavens!" said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo is one of the men who, in these revolutionary times, have reflected the greatest honour on Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine republic, he exercised the functions of proveditore general in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just, noble, and vigorous his administration was.

The services of Melzi are known. He was chancellor and keeper of the seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.

In those who have seen the world, the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to the biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent\* said, "What has most surprised me since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience, I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxenstiern's remark to his son, who

\* Madame Roland.

trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster! "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not so anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire all the letters he had received, saying—"There! my correspondents are answered;" but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. I declare that at the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. I will explain how this happened. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favours already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some generals demanded re-enforcements, money, promotion, &c. By not opening their letters Bonaparte was spared the unpleasing office of refusing.

When the General-in-Chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed, and replying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date?

During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of MM. de la Fayette, Latour Maubourg, and Bureaud de Puzy, detained at Olmutz since 1792, as prisoners of state. The General-in-Chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable.

It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of those preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797, that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them.

Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmutz, it is necessary to recollect that the events

of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty, and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendancy and vigour of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months. The documents, which will be referred to in the proper place, will show how the prisoners were treated in the fortress of Olmutz; with what noble pride they received their liberty, and how they to the last preserved the feeling of independence and dignity which a long and rigid captivity had not been able to subdue.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Negotiations with Austria—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Letter written to Bonaparte by Sabatier de Castres—Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory—Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army—Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

We had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to any thing but the artful policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

Before this period he received a letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, in which some intrigues against him were revealed. After a rather long and very unimportant preamble, M. Sabatier said:—

“For yourself alone, General, how is it that after having rescued France from opprobrium, and perhaps preserved her from dissolution, you have still enemies amongst Frenchmen? Glory, as you know, excites envy, as the magnet attracts iron; and envy, you likewise know, hatches intrigues, invents slanders, and excites persecutions. The nation erects statues for you, and the government lays snares.

“I have discovered through a person of my acquaintance who arrived here lately from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, during these three months past, had a man placed near you who is instructed to observe you, and to in-

sinuate himself into the confidence of the individuals who surround you, if he cannot succeed in obtaining yours; and that M. Barthelemy, by order of the same minister, sent Baron de Nertia to Milan some weeks back to play a similar part in Madame Bonaparte's circle. I could not obtain any farther information respecting the first of these spies, except that he is a man of much talent, knows several languages, and is not a soldier. But my acquaintance, from whom I obtain this intelligence, knows Nertia personally, and has visited him at Basle, and from himself he learnt what I have communicated to you; and farther, that he has a pension of twenty thousand livres tournois from the foreign department; that he is married, and that his wife lives with one of the secretaries of Citizen Delacroix. I had already heard it stated that this Baron de Nertia, who sometimes represents himself to be an Italian and sometimes a Frenchman, is a very worthless fellow, the author of some badly written indecent romances. He, however, it is said, displays much talent in conversation. If he be really a clever man, he is only so much the more dangerous.

"Being unable to overcome the interest which your talents and virtues inspire, or the admiration which is your due, I would wish for wings to fly to communicate these details to you. To write to you by post would render me suspected by the government which extends its hospitality to me. Who knows, besides, whether my letter would reach you. My situation no longer permitting me to travel, and yet being desirous to inform you of the espionage of which you and Madame Bonaparte are the objects, I have had the good fortune to prevail upon a worthy man (M. de Raville) to make a journey to Italy for the purpose of conveying this letter to you. He is an honest gentleman, who has turned merchant to support his wife and two daughters, who have emigrated. Such is his esteem for me, and veneration for you, that although he should not be reimbursed for his expenses, he would, he told me, consider himself amply recompensed by the pleasure of seeing a great man, and by the recollection of a step, or rather of a long journey, which had for its object to serve you.

"As for myself, I earnestly desire to prove to you my profound esteem and strong attachment by services more important than that of this communication; and I venture to say, if fate ever place me near you, that I believe I shall be found not altogether incapable of contributing to the maintenance, and even to the augmentation, of the glory with which you have covered yourself. Having arrived at an age when the passions pass in review before the judgment—an observer, as it were, by instinct—possessed of ideas not merely ministerial, but political—attentive to some social relations hitherto overlooked—it would not be difficult for me to offer to the activity of your soul and genius fresh means of astonishing the universe, and of tracing in the field of history a path less troublesome, and more lasting, even than that of your

exploits. And, positively, I am able to convince you that it is not only possible, but very easy, to give, irresistibly, a new direction to the social mind, as advantageous to nations as to sovereigns, and to stamp, in a single day, on France, and, by reaction, afterwards on almost all the monarchies of Europe, a form of government more tenacious than any hitherto existing; in fact, invincible, and even indestructible, if any thing human can so be. What will appear to you more extraordinary, and even inconceivable, although nothing is more real and true, is, that I have only to make known my system to see it carried into effect; for (and this circumstance alone may lead you to divine what it is) all armies, from the private soldier to the general-in-chief, would assist in its execution—all would find themselves equally interested in it.

"If these assertions appear ridiculous to you, you may at least suspend your judgment respecting their truth, if you condescend to reflect that before the invention of balloons, a man would have been laughed at, even in the Academy of Sciences, who should have affirmed that any person could sketch, breakfast, and dine in the air, and cross the channel otherwise than in a vessel.

"I do not know whether you receive the journal entitled 'The Spectator of the North.' It is the best written and most interesting periodical work I know of. In the last number there are two very long letters concerning you. It is certain that Dumouriez and Rivarol have written them between them. I thought you might feel some curiosity to see how such writers speak of you; I have, therefore, extracted the two letters, and M. de Raville will give them to you, in case you have not yet seen the number in which they appeared.

"I have read in a journal that you had demanded your dismissal, and that you proposed to return to France as soon as the matters connected with the peace should be concluded. Many observations occur to me on this subject; but it would not become me to do any thing which might savour of offering advice: that would be to imitate, in some respects, the savage chief who wished to point out to the sun the course that great luminary ought to pursue. I will content myself with requesting you to consider this long letter only as a slight mark of the extreme interest I feel for you.

"I remain,

"With the greatest respect,  
"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"L. SABATIER DE CASTRES.

"Leipsic, May 19, 1797.  
"At M. Fleischer's, Bookseller, Leipaic."

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated; and enraged at seeing his campaigns depreciated, his glory and

that of his army disparaged, and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Clichy, he wrote to the Directory the following letter:—

“ To THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

“ Citizens Directors,

“ I have just received a copy of the motion of Dumolard, (June 23, 1797,) which contains the following passage:—

“ ‘ That many ancients having since suggested doubts respecting the causes and the degree of these criminal violations (Venice) of the law of nations, impartial men cannot reproach the legislative body for having extended its belief to declarations so precise, so solemn, and guarantied with so much earnestness by the executive power.’

“ This motion was printed by order of the assembly. It is evident, then, that the passage is directed against me.

“ I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given a death blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. At present I find myself ill treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution.

“ I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic endeavour to overwhelm me.

After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred, than the evidence of eighty thousand men—than mine!

“ What! we were assassinated by traitors—upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment.

“ Upwards of four hundred Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stilettos, such as I sent you—and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable.

“ I know well there are societies where it is said, ‘ Is this blood, then, so pure?’

“ If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the

republic reduce those who have aggrandized, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory.

"Citizens Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live.

"You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them."

About the same time he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author's name, and circulated through the whole army:—

"Note."

"Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs—Bonaparte, all whose operations exhibit respect for religion, morality, and old age; who, instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonour upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory—is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the venerable government of Venice, and democratizing Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons?"

"Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany when insurrections broke out in the Venetian states; those insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte's project: surely, then, he could not favour them.

"When he was in the heart of Germany, the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms.

"He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.

However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles, conformable to the situation of the country, and in order to prevent, not a revolution in the government, for the government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage.

"Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued. Property and trade were preserved, when General Baraguey d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division.

"Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted

themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional government.

" Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, " I cannot meddle with your affairs." He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and being in the rear of the army of Italy, the republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of the commander of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, ' There are no neutrals where there is war.' Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice? These declaimers should learn war, and they would know, that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmounted all difficulties,—for subduing all Italy—for having twice passed the Alps—for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the republic that you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone by when base advocates and wretched declaimers could induce soldiers to revolt. If, however you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their general. But wo to you, if they do!"

Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nuoya, issued a manifesto, on the 2nd of May, 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the government sent three deputies to him, with a decree of the Great Council, founded on the following grounds, without Bonaparte having solicited it, and without his having thought of making any change in the government of that country:—

" The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Every one felt the necessity of renovating this government of twelve hundred years' existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honour and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, the iniquity of which every one was sensible of."

Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them that in order to obtain satisfaction for the assassination of his brethren in arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisitors. He afterwards granted them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference.

"The deputies arrived at Milan on the \*\*\*\*\*. A negotiation was commenced, to re-establish harmony between the governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand slaves threatened to pillage the shops.

"Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage."

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which has appeared in all the public papers.

The general-in-chief now openly manifested his resolution of acting the soldier, and marching on Paris; and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period, a letter from the Emperor Francis II. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte. I immediately translated this letter, which proved to him that Francis II. was acquainted with his project. He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the Emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of the Italian princes, which the Emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The Emperor's letter was as follows:

"**MY DEAR BROTHER:**

"I punctually received your kind letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more, because, in truth, I do not know what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved, is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave that country untouched. If this should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances, I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

"As to what you mention respecting Spanocchi, all I can say is, that he is at your service. I can only recommend him to you as what he has always been reported to be, that is, an honest and able man, and such he has proved in all the transactions I have had with him. I cannot inform you how he has conducted himself since he has been amongst the French, because I have no longer any communication with the Milanese. The best way to know him certainly, would be to obtain information, if you can, of his conduct in these times.

"There is nothing new here. We are all well; but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my compliments to your wife, and believe me ever

"Your best friend and brother,  
"FRANCIS.

"Hetzendorf, July 20, 1797."

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## CHAPTER VII.

M. Dunan—His true name—He writes against the army of Italy—Indignation of Bonaparte—Note dictated by the General—A second note of Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE, who was much vexed at the manner in which the envious and the hostile spoke of his campaigns in Italy, was not displeased at the opportunity, which a most severe attack on his conduct and plans by one Dunan, afforded for a reply. The proper name of Dunan was Duverne de Presle; and he was afterwards suspected to be the man, who, under the name of Thebau, was the accomplice of Brottier, La Ville Heurnois, and the Chevalier Despommelles, my maternal uncle. He was of the royalist party, and had assumed several names. Dunan, the one he at this time bore, belonged to a grocer of the Faubourg St. Marceau, in whose house he resided. Duverne de Presle (for this, as has been said, was his right name) had been condemned to transportation on September 4, 1797; but he escaped the execution of the sentence.

In publishing this note, dictated by the General-in-Chief, I feel confident that it is calculated to give gratification, not only to the soldiers who have survived those glorious campaigns, but to all persons who may wish to compare Bonaparte in 1797, and Napoleon in 1817.

"M. Dunan has then discovered, that the army of Italy has not done enough. It should have advanced out of the lists in which it fought in Italy. Indeed! It would seem that M. Dunan uses a map on a very small scale. He ought to leave (so

M. Dunan speaks of Bonaparte) the castle of Milan besieged; Mantua under blockade—he ought to leave behind him the King of Naples,—the Pope,—that immense country which he has just conquered,—and advance, like the leg of a pair of compasses, into Germany. Good M. Dunan, let us reason the point,—let us try to understand one another.

“It was wrong, you say, to concentrate the whole army for the purpose of besieging Mantua! The question rests on a matter of fact, of which you have been erroneously informed. Not a single man was employed in the siege of Mantua more than was necessary for its blockade. It was besieged by the artillery taken in the fortresses belonging to Modena, in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The army of observation took the line best calculated to cover the blockade. Some strong columns were sent to Bologna, Ferrara, and Leghorn. Different powers were thus menaced, and obliged to make peace; and the English were driven from Leghorn, and, by a counterblow, from the Mediterranean.

“Returning with that promptitude which characterises the army of Italy, the French troops arrived upon the Adige in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could you wish them to have done better? Ought Germany to have been invaded? But then it would have been necessary to abandon Italy, and expose that fine country to an insurrection, to a successful sortie from Mantua, to hostile corps from the Frioul. Ought the Tyrol to have been merely traversed in order to return again? Doubtless!

“The Tyrol, which, on your map, covers only three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and having forty leagues of impracticable defiles, through the midst of which passes the great chain of the Alps, which forms the true boundary of Germany and Italy.

“Moreau was still beyond the Rhine, and Jourdan upon the Sieg. But I try in vain to make you understand me. You do not even understand yourself. This article, like the rest of your work, is an assemblage of false and ill-conceived ideas. That is not surprising; for you talk of a business of which you know nothing. The professor of philosophy, who harangued Hannibal, I forget where, pretended also to be a great warrior.

“You believe, then, that if Cæsar, Turenne, Montecuculli, and Frederick the Great, were to revisit the earth, they would become your scholars! The perfection, or the system, of modern warfare consists, as you pretend, in throwing one corps to the right, another to the left; leaving the enemy in the centre, and even in placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, the science of war could be thrown back four hundred years: and if any one should act upon them, and have to do with an active enemy, possessing the slightest knowledge of military stratagems, he would beat one of your corps, and cut off the retreat of the other.

"The retreat of Moreau is not so much admired by connoisseurs exactly on its own account, but because of the defective plan of the campaign.

"Whether people allow to Bonaparte the possession of some courage, and the spirit which belongs to the age of thirty, or whether they call him a braggart, a player at hazard, or a school-boy, his glory will remain for the judgment of posterity: it consists in the esteem of his brothers in arms, and even of his enemies; in the grand results which he has obtained; and, finally, in the foresight which made him censure, from the first hour, the whole plan of the operations of the Rhine, as well as the expedition to Ireland.

The army of Italy, in this campaign, has overthrown the Sardinian army, inured to arms by forty years of warfare, and the army of Beaulieu, which was so strong that the court of Vienna had no doubt of its being able to recover the territory of Nice. The army of Wurmser arrived from the Rhine, with twenty thousand select troops; which circumstance alone allowed Moreau to repass the Rhine, and Hoche to advance upon the Mein. If Wurmser was re-enforced, he was not the stronger for it, and, after a march as daring as it was judicious, which alone would serve to make this brave army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded with his head quarters in Mantua.

"Alvinzi, re-enforced by all the divisions of Poland, of Silesia, of Hungary, and also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself; but after several days of manœuvres, he was annihilated at Arcola. Our retreat from the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh re-enforcements to the Tyrol. The spirit of fanaticism being excited in Hungary and Austria by the noblesse, the priests and their partisans, those countries voluntarily poured forth their recruits, to double the force of our enemies, and thereby increased the laurels of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy, by the battles of Rivoli and La Favorite, and, some days after, by the taking of Mantua, Bergamo, and Treviso."

A few days after, Bonaparte, still exasperated at the Parisian declamations on his conduct, dictated to me a second note in the following terms:—

"What is there so ridiculous or so improbable which the inhabitants of a great city may not be made to believe?—or rather, what interest can men of talent have to endeavour to obscure the national glory?

"It has been stated and restated, every where, that the army of Italy was ruined, and that Bonaparte himself would have increased the number of the prisoners of Olmutz, had he not luckily concluded peace.

"Bonaparte entered Germany on three points at once, by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he

had no fear of being any where too weak, for the enemy's forces were disposed in a similar manner. He was, besides, obliged to make his attack in that way, in order to reserve to himself a retreat, and to make sure of being able to cover his magazines and dépôts.

" But when the enemy, routed in all quarters, had abandoned his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of cannon,—when Bonaparte was in possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, and Brixen, he perceived that he might be attacked in his turn: that the enemy, who had fled far behind the mountains, to rally, might conceal his movements, and, falling upon the different divisions of the army of Italy, beat them in detail. The General-in-Chief, therefore, took good care not to march his divisions from the Tyrol to Inspruck, but ordered them to come to Carinthia. He also directed on Carinthia the division which had been in Carniola, in place of sending it to Istria, as a less skilful general might have done. Instead of doing that, he caused Clagenfurth to be fortified, and placed his dépôts there.

" By these means, instead of three communications, he had but one: instead of having to keep down the Tyrolese, a people naturally stubborn and restless, he abandoned them, and had no longer any thing to fear from them. Thus, instead of the army of Italy occupying a line of eighty leagues, he concentrated it upon a single point, which threatened at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria.

" General Kerpen, who had collected together at Inspruck his division, so often beaten, believing that General Joubert intended to march against him, no sooner learned that this general was proceeding to Carinthia by the Drawe, than he returned into the Tyrol.

" General Quasdanowich, who had hastened to the defence of Hungary, being informed that the French army was concentrated in Carinthia, marched rapidly on Trieste.

" Thus, while Bonaparte had collected his whole army on a single point, in the heart of the Austrian hereditary states, having the power to direct his movements wherever he pleased, Prince Charles had the main body of his army divided between Salzburg and Vienna, and weakened by detachments to the Tyrol and Carniola. It was in these circumstances that the enemy asked an armistice.

" Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. Those preliminaries saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria.

" The revolt of the Venetians was powerless, and repressed before the army returned to Italy. Indeed, General Kilmaine possessed, for the preservation of Italy, numerous garrisons in all the fortified places and castles; two Polish legions, two Lombard

legions, and the whole of General Victor's division, which came from Rome. All the castles of Verona, Porto-Legnago, Peschiera and Palma-Nuova, were in the power of the army of Italy, and in a state of defence. A part of the Venetian states was in revolt.

"The enemy, it is said, might attack Italy by the Tyrol—as if Peschiera, Mantua, and all Italy, in which there were very considerable forces, could be attacked by detachments.

"But the enemy might take Trieste. That would have required fresh detachments, and there was so little interest in preserving Trieste, that the general had never kept there more than one hundred cavalry, and had ordered General Friant, with whom he had left a regiment of hussars, and twelve hundred infantry, to retire in case of attack upon Gorizia and Palma-Nuova; and from re-enforcing the garrison of the latter place, to join him in person at Clagenfurth."

"It may be said, that Prince Charles always fell into the snares which were constantly laid for him by General Bonaparte; and that from the battle of the Tagliamento, to the time of General Laudon's appearance in the Tyrol, the whole of his movements were a series of errors, being all ill combined, or conformable to the snares laid by his enemy. With an inferior army, the art of war consists in always having more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks. But this art is not to be learned from books, nor even by experience. It is a tact which probably constitutes the genius of war.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Unfounded reports—Carnot—Capitulation of Mantua—General Clarke—The Directory yields to Bonaparte—Berthier—Arrival of Eugene Beauharnais at Milan—Count Delaunay d'Entraigues—His interview with Bonaparte—His examination—Seizure of his papers—Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Count de Montgaillard.

WHILE Bonaparte was thus expressing his opinion on his campaigns, and the injustice with which they had been criticized, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that Berthier was his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This two-fold misrepresentation was very current for some time: and notwithstanding that it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion. Let

us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art, is incontestable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy, the directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the place of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the general-in-chief, I saw a despatch of the directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly there was not a single operation or movement which did not originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorized, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose leaving the blockade in *statu quo*. Had such a condition been adopted, it would doubtless have been stipulated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on Mantua, he wrote thus to the directory—"A coup de main of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose." It was all a question of surprise.

X Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumours which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me, "What gross stupidity is this! It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution—that is not so easy. I never followed the plans which the Directory sent to me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fire-side. Only fools can believe such stuff. As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not condescend with affability, and refused with harshness. His

abrupt, egotistic, and unpleasing manners, did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse, he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me in that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. In fact, he was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never could have presumed to oppose his plans, or give any advice. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a peculiar nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him, and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches, have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory, respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity, courage, character—all in his favour." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high, nor sunk him so low. Berthier neither merited the one nor the other.

Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He despatched his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that the young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival, he immediately entered the service, as aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief, who felt for him an affection, which was justified by his good qualities.

Count de Launay d'Entraigues, well known in the French revolution, held a diplomatic post at Venice, when that city was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavoured to escape; but the town being surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. The count afterwards fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated in 1802, by his own servant.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which

it fell into the hands of the general-in-chief,—the importance attached to it by Entraigues, and the differences I have observed between the manuscript I copied, and versions which I have since read, and the knowledge of its authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the handwriting of the count, who, in my presence, vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all these circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled:—"MY CONVERSATION WITH COUNT DE MONTGAILLARD, ON THE 4TH OF DECEMBER, 1799, FROM SIX IN THE AFTERNOON TILL MIDNIGHT, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ABBE DUMONTEL."

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages.]

"Montgaillard spoke of the revolutionary government; of what created it, and caused its duration. After speaking of the committee of public safety, he adds:—

"I have only named these four persons of the committee, because they were the only ones concerned with assassination. The others directed their attention to different objects. Carnot, among the rest, was occupied with military affairs."

"He exerted his talent to make Europe tremble; and while Robespierre exercised a tyranny unexampled in the records of the world, Carnot announced to Europe, that the genius of evil reigned on the earth, and that heaven awarded victory to crime.

"Barrere is a sort of undefinable creature; a sort of coffee-house wit. He used to go every day, after leaving the committee, to visit a woman, with whom Champanetz lived. He would stay with her till midnight, and would frequently say:—'To-morrow we shall get rid of fifteen, twenty, or thirty of them.' When the woman expressed her horror of these murders, he exclaimed—'*We must oil the wheels of the revolution;*' and, laughing, departed."

"Montgaillard then spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France, of his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale in August, 1795. He then said:—

"I had previously had a communication with the Danish Minister. He asked me what I thought of the coalition? and when I replied only by general observations, he added, '*I will tell you frankly: I look upon these coalesced kings as thieves, who pick pockets on their way to the gallows.*'"

"The Prince of Condé called me to Mulheim, and knowing the connexions I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose head-quarters were at Altkirch, and where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the convention.

"I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche Borel, the King's printer at Neufchatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected, as his colleague, M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel.

"I persuaded them to undertake the business; I loaded them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners: so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants, and purchasers of national property. I commended them to God, and went to Bale to wait for news from them.

"On the 13th of August, Fauche and Courant set out for the head quarters at Altkirch.

"They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, '*I am going to Huningen.*'

"Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud—'*I am going to dine at the chateau of Madame Salomon.*' This chateau was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.

"Fauche set off directly to the chateau, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them, and dedicate them to him.

"'Very good,' said Pichegru; 'but I should like to read them first; for J. J. Rousseau professed principles of liberty, in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected.'—'But,' said Fauche, 'I have something else to speak to you about.'—'What is it, and on whose behalf?'—'On behalf of the Prince of Condé.'—'Be silent, then, and follow me.'

"He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him—'Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur the Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?' Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. 'Compose yourself,' said Pichegru; 'my sentiments are the same as the Prince de Condé's. What does he desire of me?'—Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied—'The Prince wishes to join you. He confides in you, and wishes to connect himself with you.'

"'These are vague and unmeaning words,' observed Pichegru. 'All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my head quarters, at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening.'

"Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bale, hastened to me, and joyfully informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. The Prince de Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the cordon-bleu, had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru.

"I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, every thing that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride, which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the king, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he, who had so valiantly defended it. I added, that he would have the cordon rouge—the Chateau de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians—a million of ready money—two hundred thousand livres per annum—and a hotel in Paris;—that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years;—that a pension of two hundred thousand livres would be granted to him, with half reversible to his wife, and fifty thousand livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the king to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boons granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added, that the Prince de Condé desired that he would proclaim the king in the camps, surrender the city of Hungen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris.

"Pichegru having read the letter with great attention, said to Fauche—'This is all very well; but who is this M. de Montgaillard who talks of being thus authorized? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?'—'Yes,' replied Fauche.—'But,' said Pichegru, 'I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the Prince.'

Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bale at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Mulheim, the Prince de Condé's head quarters, and arrived there at half past twelve. The Prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

"After having informed the prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru, to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name.

This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The prince, as brave a man as can possibly be, has inherited nothing from the great Condé but his undaunted courage. In other respects, he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or decision of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even base; and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be governed by them.

"It required nine hours of hard exertion to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of nine lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his handwriting.—2d. He objected to dating it.—3d. He was unwilling to call him *General* Pichegru, lest he should recognise the republic by giving that title.—4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.

"At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard.

"When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bale, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.

"The general, after reading a letter of eight lines, and recognising the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying,—‘I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter.’ He then inquired what was the prince’s wish. Fauche explained that he wished—1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the king to his troops, and hoist the white flag.—2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the prince. Pichegru objected to this:—‘I will never take part in such a plot,’ said he; ‘I have no wish to make the third volume of Lafayette and Dumouriez. I know my resources: they are certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris; in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII. But we must not commence the counter-revolution, until we are certain of effecting it. Surely and promptly is my motto. The prince’s plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and by a bold stroke assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose, I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be determined on, with whatever troops and ammunition may be

thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the king, and hoist the white flag. Condé's corps and the Emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the king's name by the imperial troops. Having joined Condé's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develope themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know, that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand, if you would have him cry, '*vive le roi!*' Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and tell all this to the prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer.'

"During these conferences, Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine, and go and besiege Mannheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on one hand the committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose, for to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the prince to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing; namely, to examine without passion what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine, and placing himself between the armies of Condé and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Every thing bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shown were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure, proved that he was confident of success.

"What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army, than Pichegru himself —to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces

than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them, as commanders of the towns. This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*. To render it successful, it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Condé would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan,—that Pichegru should proclaim the king without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen—that then the army of Condé, by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case he could promise one hundred thousand crowns in louis, which he had at Bale, and fourteen millions of livres, which he had in good bills, payable at sight.

“No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condé. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser, and sharing his glory with him, rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Condé, and Courant was commissioned to do so.”

This document appeared so interesting to me, that while Bonaparte was sleeping, I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which showed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was any thing but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine, and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honourable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances, Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France, but stated that in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the Emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue, and the Emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the Emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory.

The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come to the period of its reception. It is certain that

Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian ministers expected some political convulsion in Paris, which they hoped would be favourable to the Bourbons. He therefore asked for re-enforcements. His army consisted of thirty-five thousand nine hundred men, and he desired it to be raised to sixty-thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, ready for the field.

General Dessaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army, in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. At this time that friendship between Bonaparte and Dessaix began, which continued until the untimely death of the latter.

All the world knows the part which the general-in-chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamations, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting this memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The Royalists of the Interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with twenty-five thousand men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory—Augereau's Order of the day against the word *Monsieur*—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte sent to Paris—Interesting Correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

BONAPARTE had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partisans of royalty and the republic. He was told that royalism was every where on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army, complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the republic, and he saw plainly the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particularly

with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the *Spectator of the North*, which he always made me translate.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recall the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the *Quotidienne*, the *Mémorial*, and the *Thé*, which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII. he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men, and marching by Lyons on Paris, was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August, 1797, Carnot wrote to him—“People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects. They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen.” This observation applied to Bonaparte's reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse.

The general-in-chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations, and the difficulties which incessantly arose, were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favourable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England and Austria, and the suppression of the Clichy Club. This club was held at the residence of Gerard Desoddieres, in the Rue de Clichy. Aubry was one of its warmest partisans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause, which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the general with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory. He knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other, Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not think that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which was, for the moment, sup-

ported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris, with 25,000 men, had affairs taken a turn unsavourable to the republic, which he preferred to royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris, produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word *Monsieur* had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word *Monsieur*, either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five Directors, convinced that, if he attained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight-and-twenty, to supersede one of the two directors who were to go out of office. His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year III., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and so did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III. was a mere pretext. He indeed defended it for the meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendancy, he was determined to cross the Alps, and to assemble all the friends of the republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the Memorial of St. Helens, it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, "That the triumph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the

following fact, viz.—that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions, a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so."

This is not very comprehensible. There was no *secret resolution* of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the directorial majority. His memory failed him sadly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members. Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution, that, on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confidant, he sent to Vicenza for him, by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds, that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things, the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth, Napoleon's only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted, and energetically supported from the year 1800; but which, previously to that period, he had, with no less energy, opposed.

He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction: the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to, had it offered power to him. About the end of July, he sent his aid-de-camp, La Vallette, to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte. With his instructions, he received a private cipher to enable him to correspond with the general-in-chief.

Augereau went after La Vallette on the 27th of July. Bonaparte wrote to the Directory, that Augereau "had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business."

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party, and the minority of the Directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his stanch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency of political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy, prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival,

who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau, because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte's pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, *by mistake*, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the Directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon, at St. Helena, to his noble companions in misfortune.

On the 6th Messidor, year V. (24th of June, 1797,) the Directory wrote the following confidential letter to Bonaparte:—

“ We observe, citizen general, with extreme satisfaction, your continued proofs of attachment to the cause of liberty, and the constitution of the year III. You may rely on the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure the offers you have made, to come to the aid of the republic. They are an additional pledge of your sincere love of your country. You cannot doubt that we will employ your services only for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of France.”

This letter was in the handwriting of La Reveillere Lepeaux, and was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillere. Carnot and Barthelemy knew nothing of it.

On the 30th Messidor, Barras announced the change of ministry to Bonaparte.

On the 4th Thermidor, La Vallette wrote thus:—

“ I saw Barras this morning.

“ He appears well satisfied with all that is going on. He did not conceal from me that the division is very decided between the members of the Directory. He will stand firm; and if a decree of accusation be drawn up against us, we will mount our horses and crush them.

“ Carnot told me that you took a false view of what was passing in France. ‘ There is nothing to fear,’ said he. ‘ They are merely flies, buzzing about. Assure Bonaparte that he need be under no apprehension. The republic will not perish.’ ”

“ Barras has repeatedly told me that, in the present crisis, we

ney would powerfully assist. I mentioned your proposition, and he accepted it with transport. He intends writing to you on the subject."

The following is part of a letter written by Barras on the 5th Thermidor:—

All the enemies of the republic protest against the dismissal of the ministers, which is a proof that the measure was salutary and urgent. I, Rewbell, and La Reveillere are sincerely attached to the republic and the constitution, and will defend them to the end of our lives. Carnot, who has doubtless been misled by perfidious men, has separated from us. We shall at length determine the course of assignats, which for a year have perplexed the republic. On this subject, I have no reason to reproach myself. I did all in my power to prevent it; but the Directory, which was then influenced by a ferocious man, the enemy of French liberty, nullified all my efforts, and all my representations. Hocque is here, and is about to prepare for his expedition to Ireland. We shall turn our attention to the interior. I expect that without any violent commotion we shall restore public spirits, and that the good citizens of the legislative body, those who love the republic, and have shown themselves determined to defend it, will rally."

Next day, the sixth Thermidor, Barras made an urgent demand for money.

"No delay. Reflect that it is only with the help of money that I can fulfil your honourable and generous intentions."

On the same day, La Vallette wrote as follows:—

"The proposition has been referred to the consideration of Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillere. All three agreed that without money it would be impossible to extricate themselves from existing difficulties. They hope that you will send them large sums. They thank you in anticipation, and they say you are a man who can do much. The councils have been forced to content themselves with the explanation of the Directory, relative to the proclamations of the army.

"Pichegru and Willot have decidedly raised the mask. It would appear there is a wish to oppose them to Bonaparte, in case he joins the Directory.

"Carnot is still tranquil. Lacroix has been the victim of the sort of compromise which it was necessary to make to get rid of the ministers.

On the 10th Thermidor he says:—

"The minority of the Directory still trust to the possibility of an arrangement. The majority will perish, rather than descend

one step lower. They see the abyss which is opening beneath them.

"But such is the fatal destiny or the weakness of Carnot, that he is becoming one of the supporters of the monarchical party, as he was of the terrorists. He is inclined to temporise."

Again, on the 16th Thermidor, he observes:—

"All is going on as before. There is a grand plan of attack by the Council of Five Hundred, and vigorous preparations for defence on the part of the Directory.

"Barras says to those who listen to him—"I am waiting for the decree of accusation to mount my horse and attack the conspirators of the councils, and their heads will soon roll in the kennel.

"Most of the persons I meet when I call on Barras are members of the Council of Five Hundred. They condemn the choice you have made of Willot to command the south.

"Augereau is expected this evening. Barras, when he told me this news, added: 'His presence will make more than one change colour, especially when he receives a new title, which will give greater weight to what he says and does.'

"At Barras's this evening they were contriving a plan for driving away the emigrants, or throwing them into the river. This was discussed very seriously, in the presence of ten persons.

"Many zealous patriots are of opinion that the directors have committed serious faults. It is wished that they had drawn up a proclamation with an explanation of its grounds, and that they had not concealed the reason why ten or twelve thousand men are moving round the constitutional circle, for nobody is deceived on that subject. Barras is reproached for his indolence, his love of pleasure, and his indiscreet impetuosity; Rewbell for his prejudices, his obstinacy, and his mediocrity; Reveillere for his timidity, his dilatoriness, and his want of energy; finally, Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillere, are all blamed for their insufficiency, their narrow views, and the fatal mania of acting like leaders of factions, instead of like statesmen. It is to be feared that Augereau will irritate them by his violence.

"I forgot to tell you a remark made by General Lapoye. We were speaking of peace, and he said, pressing my hand:—"My dear fellow, I hope it may not take place, and that Bonaparte will complete his grand work, the republicanizing of Italy."

Another letter of La Vallette, dated the 18th Thermidor, makes no mention of the crisis; but one from him, dated the 21st, commences thus:—

"Barras appeared to me somewhat uneasy at not having received money. It was observed that perhaps Bonaparte was not sufficiently authorized by the letter transmitted to him. 'But,'

said he, 'it could not have more than three signatures,\* nor could it be more positive.' I spoke to him of the reconciliation, upon which he replied, 'that no such thing has happened, and that it is impossible. The Directory will save the republic, at least Barras, Carnot, and Reveillere will.'

" Irritation is increasing. There will be an epoch, which I know is wished for by those who visit Barras.

" 'The petitions,' said Carnot, 'made by the army of Italy, are at variance with the constitution. They embarrass us greatly. It is difficult to justify such a violation. All opinions would have been conciliated, if the Directory would have had Merlin, Ramel, Charles Lacroix, and Truguet.<sup>†</sup> I had the promise of the members of the five hundred that they would put a stop to the clamours and enterprises of eight or ten troublesome fellows, who are the declared partisans of Louis XVIII. Nothing of the kind has been done. Public opinion has been braved, and the public mind has been irritated. For my part, though I think that moderation can alone save us, I have spoken some very harsh truths to the inspectors of the hall. If violent measures be resorted to, I will give in my resignation.'

" Augereau has plainly said—“I am sent to kill the royalists.”"

On the same day Barras wrote to Bonaparte:—

" That the republic would be saved by the majority of the public, of the armies, and all republicans."

On the 22d Thermidor, Augereau wrote as follows:—

" I have succeeded in obtaining the suppression of the army of the Alps. I unfolded to Barras the system of the revolutionists, and I was immediately appointed commandant of the seventeenth military division. The dismissal of all the civil and military authorities is finally determined on. Reflect that the safety of the republic is in our hands, and that our purity and courage, directed by purity of opinion and conduct, can alone rescue France from the awful abyss into which the agents of the throne and the altar would plunge her."

Three days afterwards, he wrote thus:

" The councils have spoken of a change of residence. For my part I observe and act, and am continually hurrying from the Directory to Sotin, and from Sotin to the Directory. I encourage them, and do every thing to bring them to a determination. I

\* This was the directorial majority. Carnot and Barthelemy would not have signed.

<sup>†</sup> Merlin, as minister of justice; Ramel, minister of finance; Charles Lacroix, minister for foreign affairs; and Truguet, minister of the marine.

know not what obliges them to temporise. We must not wait for the ensuing elections."

A letter written by La Vallette on the 26th Thermidor, contains the following:—

" Carnot's speech has had a good effect. However, the patriots do not believe him to be sincere. They accuse him of secret designs, and allege that his speech was concerted with the leaders of the faction. No reconciliation, therefore, has taken place, and irritation still exists.

" I have seen Sieyes, who still continues ill. He is of opinion, that if a strong barrier be not raised up against the torrent of the royalists, the constitution will be destroyed, and with it France."

On the 29th, La Vallette wrote to the following effect:—

" I will tell you what Barras said to me, after dinner the day before yesterday.

" 'I tore aside the veil at the Directory this morning. The negotiations of Italy were spoken of. Carnot alleged that Bonaparte's situation, when he signed the preliminaries, was not such as to oblige him to subscribe to any conditions which he could not subsequently abide by. I defended Bonaparte, and I said to Carnot, 'You are a scoundrel! You have sold the republic, and you would sacrifice all who defend it. Infamous villain!' I then rose, and Carnot replied, with an embarrassed air, 'I despise your provocations; but one day or other I will reply to them.'"

" A young man in Carnot's service says it would be very easy to make an end of him, should he attempt the least stir against the projected movement. I have just seen Barras, who desires me to inform you that every thing is arranged, and that the decisive step will be taken very shortly. If the council of five hundred should change its residence, the Directory will remain.

" I have just now heard from the secretary of Barras, that a person named Viscowitz, has given the directory the six hundred thousand francs, to obtain more advantageous conditions for the villains. About half the sum has been paid, and the remainder will be speedily advanced. I cannot touch money without it being known; I am watched by the inspectors of the five hundred."

On the 29th Thermidor, Augereau complains of the uncertainty that prevails, and states his urgent want of money. He then adds:—

" The Elector of Hesse writes confidentially to his nephew, General Hesse, that the Emperor will not conclude peace because it does not appear to be agreeable to the Clichy party, which he supposes exercises the ascendancy over Paris, and the two councils."

On the 30th Thermidor, Carnot, addressing the general-in-chief

upon the subject of the pretended dangers of the republic, the panic terrors, &c., says:—

“ Each faction has the nightmare: all are armed to fight with windmills. But people are beginning to see clearly. Fear has done the mischief, and fear will work the remedy. In the name of Heaven conclude peace, on the very basis of the preliminaries. That will still be excellent; and without peace, the republic is still a problem. You have earned glory enough: be now the hero of humanity.” He concludes with these words:—“ Believe me, my dear general, the most faithful and inviolable of your friends.”

La Vallette writes on the 7th Fructidor:—

“ The movement which you so positively announced, on the part of Barras, is adjourned. The obstacles which retard it are—1st. Disagreement respecting the means of execution—2d. The fear of engaging in a contest, of which the success is not doubtful, but of which the consequences are alarming—3d. The embarrassment which would be caused by the council of ancients, who are determined to oppose no resistance, and by the council of five hundred, who must be driven away, because they will not go quietly—4th. The apprehension of a Babœuf reaction—5th. The impossibility of preventing the elders from leaving Paris, and the necessity which the directory feels of following them.

“ Augereau is much offended that you do not write to him. “ I do not understand Bonaparte,” he says, “ for the last four months. He does himself great harm by his praises of Bernadotte and Serurier. It was imprudent to send Bernadotte. He knows well that none but he and I can save the republic, and that I alone can make him properly acquainted with what is going on. But he may do as he pleases: I will not write to him again.”

“ Yesterday evening, at Barras’s, they were talking of superseding Scherer, who was reproached with immorality, drunkenness, and incapacity in business. I mentioned Bernadotte. ‘ He is not enough of a patriot,’ it was answered; ‘ he has been tried, in present circumstances.’ ”

“ I thought I ought to await your orders, relative to the money. Barras’s secretary told me, that they had enough for their operations.”

On the very day on which Augereau said he would not again write to Bonaparte, he wrote as follows:—

“ Twelve thousand men of the army of the Sambre and Meuse will be marched near the constitutional circle, and quartered, to be in readiness for duty, in case of necessity, and cutting off any communications which may take place with Calvados, where the emigrants, who have fled from Paris, since my arrival, have taken refuge.

" You will shortly learn the change of the war minister. The directory thinks that change important."

Augereau writes again, on the 11th Fructidor:—

" The spirit of the directory continues unchanged, that is to say, the project is still in train; and that its execution will save the republic, in spite of the obstacles which arise to delay both plans and planners.

" Send me some money."

Bonaparte thus replied to La Vallette's letter of the 7th Fructidor, in which mention is made of Augereau:—

" Augereau is rather warm; but he is attached to the cause of the people, to the army, and, I believe, to me.

" Tell Carnot that I place no faith in the reports which are circulated about him. Give him the assurance of my perfect concurrence in all the sentiments he has expressed. Tell him, *as an opinion of your own*, that on the first opportunity I shall withdraw from public life, and if that opportunity does not speedily occur, I shall offer my resignation. *Observe well what effect this may produce on him.*"

La Vallette writes, of the 14th Fructidor:—

" The movement so often talked of is now about to take place. To-morrow night, or the night after, the directory will order the arrest of fifteen or twenty deputies. It is presumed that there will be no resistance." He next speaks of the nomination of La Reveillere to the presidency of the directory,—the speech of Marbot, the paper written by Bailleul,—the rejection of the resolution respecting the fugitives of the Lower Rhine, and the appointment of Cherin to the command of the guards of the directory, and the rank of general of a division. " Carnot says," continues he, " that the safety of the republic depends on peace, whatever may be its conditions."

On the 18th Fructidor, Barras and La Vallette wrote to announce that the crisis was past. Barras adds, by way of postscript;—" Peace, peace! but an honourable and lasting peace! not the infamous proposition of Carnot, transmitted by the aid-de-camp La Vallette."

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor:—

" At length, general, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

" At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At day-break, the halls of

the councils were surrounded, the guards of the councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.\*

"Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a fete.

"The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the directory and the patriots of the two councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

"Do not forget the bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs. It is urgent."

On the 18th and 22d Fructidor, La Vallette wrote to announce the change, and the dismissal of General Clarke. He informed Bonaparte that Barras was very distrustful on the subject of the money.

A letter from Talleyrand to Bonaparte, dated the 22d Fructidor, after detailing the events of the 18th, thus concludes:—

"You will read in the proclamations, that a conspiracy, entirely in the interests of royalty, had been long preparing against the constitution. Latterly, it was not disguised, but was visible to the most indifferent observer. The name of patriot had become an insult; all republican institutions were degraded; the most inveterate enemies of France were received in her bosom, and treated with respect. Hypocritical fanaticism had suddenly transported us to the sixteenth century. Division was in the directory. Men were sitting in the legislative body who had been elected according to the instructions of the pretender, and whose motions were all dictated by royalism. The directory, being fully assured of these circumstances, ordered the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of those who have so long desired, and still meditate the ruin of the constitution, death will be the punishment of any one who would restore royalty or the constitution of '93."

Next day La Vallette wrote thus:—

"It is very important that you should have some one constantly here who is devoted to you. Here is a cabal against you: it is composed of violent men, who reproach you with having suffered the patriots of Piedmont to be sacrificed, and with not

\* It is worthy of remark, that in 1814, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils, who were, as it was termed, *fructidorized*.

having received those of the south with suitable attention. Augereau takes an active part in all this. I ought not to conceal from you that Visconti uses the most unrestrained language respecting you.

"I have seen Barras: he made no mention of you."

On the preceding day Barras had written to Bonaparte as follows:—

"The infamous journalists will now have their turn. The resolution of the five hundred will be adopted. To-morrow we shall have two colleagues: they are François de Neuschateau and Merlin. Conclude peace, but let it be honourable. Let the Rhine be the boundary: let Mantua belong to the Cisalpine republic, and take Venice from the House of Austria. Such are the wishes of the present directory, and these wishes are in accordance with the interests of the republic, as well as with the glory of the general and the immortal army he commands."

In another letter, dated two days after, he says:—

"Your silence is very strange, my dear General. The outlaws set off yesterday. No one can behave better than Augereau. He enjoys the confidence of both parties, and he deserves it. The Bourbons depart to-morrow for Spain."

On the same day Augereau writes—

"My aid-de-camp, Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your aids-de-camp,\* whose conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriots, towards whom he has behaved very ill.

"The news of General Clarke's recal will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has surprised you. Amongst the thousand and one motives which have determined the government to take this step, may be reckoned his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated to me, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as brigands.

"Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru's treason. Such baseness is hardly to be conceived.

"The government perseveres in maintaining the salutary measures which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the remnant of the factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

\* La Vallette.

"Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the government, I shall not have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon as I hoped. This has determined me to send for my horses and carriages, which I left at Milan."

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor, as follows:—

"The arrested deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they will be embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the deputies with indifference. A feeling of curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and cries of '*Vive la Republique*,' which had not been heard for a long time, now resounded in every street. The neighbouring departments have expressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested; but it will cut a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the environs of Paris. Part is already within the precincts, under the orders of General Lemoine. The government has it at present in its power to elevate public spirit; but every body feels that it is necessary the directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic republicans.—Unfortunately, a host of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has taken place has been done only in order to advance their interests. Time is necessary, to set all to rights. The armies have regained consistency. The soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or, at least, feared. The emigrants fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves.

"Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the republic. But if the crisis be not taken advantage of, we shall be compelled to make a fresh movement after the approaching elections. The legislative body has granted a great degree of power to the directory. Some persons think that it would be better to adjourn for a definite period, leaving to the directory the duty of maintaining the constitution in the interim: there is a difference of opinion on this point. Nevertheless, the directory and the legislative body act in harmony. There, however, remains, without doubt, a party in the two councils, which dislikes the republic, and will do every thing possible to destroy it, as soon as the first feeling of terror is past. The government knows that party, and will, probably, take measures to avoid the danger, and thereby secure the patriots against a new persecution."

On the 25th Fructidor, La Vallette wrote as follows:—

"I have had a long conversation with the representative Laeuée. He stated this:—'The council of five hundred will adjourn. It does not desire to be the senate of Tiberius. As to

Bonaparte, let him not hope ever to enjoy here the reward of his labours. He is feared by the authorities, envied by military men, and misunderstood by a people, too worthless to appreciate him. Calumny has prepared its poison, and he will be its victim. I wish him well; I wish him not to depart from the high destiny to which his great genius and fortune decidedly invite him.”\*

Bonaparte wrote, as follows, to the directory, on the 26th Fructidor:—

“ Herewith you will receive a proclamation to the army, relative to the events of the 18th. I have despatched the 48th demi-brigade, commanded by General Bon, to Lyons, together with fifty cavalry; also General Lannes, with the 20th light infantry and the 8th regiment of the line, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.

“ If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis be respected. What avails it that we gain victories, if we are not respected in our country? One may say of Paris what Cassius said of Rome:—‘ Of what use to call her Queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt’s gold?’ ”

On the 30th Fructidor, Augereau wrote to Bonaparte in the following terms:—

“ Public opinion, which acquires fresh power daily, promises, through the prudence of Frenchmen, a happy future, and banishes the fear of retrograding, although royalism has not lost all hope.

I have not heard from you for a long time. You made me hope that I should have heard in a few days, and that the first courier would bring me an order for money. I look anxiously for both these things, for I am obliged to have recourse to many persons, and to make great efforts to pay my way. Be satisfied, citizen General, that, at all hazards, I will surmount every obstacle opposed to the object in view, namely, to consolidate the

\* Many persons have attributed the superior view which Bonaparte took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, to his correspondence with La Vallette. I do not wish to detract from the merit of M. La Vallette. No person can in this respect, entertain a higher opinion of him than myself. But this *ante Fructidorian* correspondence just set forth, proves that Bonaparte, although out of France, had a correct view of an event which he encouraged by his proclamations, and caused to be supported by his favourite generals. Faithful accounts, conversations reported with spirit and accuracy, careful scrutinies of facts—are not advice. Bonaparte did not like advice.

republic, and cause it to be respected in the interior by constitutional means. Let me hear from you: keep your promises, and I undertake to do all that is necessary."

After the 18th Fructidor, Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honour enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

On the 30th Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote a second letter to Bonaparte, as follows:—

"We intend to publish some papers, from which it will appear evident that the courts of Vienna and London had a perfect understanding with the faction which has just been overthrown here. It will be seen how much the stratagems of these courts and the movements in the interior correspond. The members of Clichy and the Emperor's cabinet seek the common and manifest object of re-establishing a king in France, and making a disgraceful peace, by which Italy would be restored to her ancient masters."

This correspondence, the autographs of which I have preserved, appears to me of great interest, as it contains most important and novel facts relative to the 18th Fructidor: I have, therefore, considered it my duty to publish the whole of it.



## CHAPTER X.

**Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor—His letters to Augereau and François de Neufchateau—His correspondence with the Directory, and proposed resignation—Explanations of the Directory—Bottot—Indication of the Egyptian Expedition—Release of MM. de Lafayette, de Latour Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, from Olmutz—General Clarke—letter from Madame Bacciochi to Bonaparte—Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—Autograph note of Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.**

BONAPARTE was intoxicated with joy when he learnt of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the legislative body and the fall of the *Clichian* party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The Clichians had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit as Deputy from Liamone, in the council of five hundred. His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the General-in-Chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the republic, by recommencing the revo-

lutionary government. The directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bonaparte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had arrested some unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of the commandant of the guard of the councils. The directory and he filled the head-quarters at Passerano with spies and intriguers.

Bonaparte, who was informed of every thing that was going on, laughed at the directory, and tendered his resignation, in order that he might be supplicated to continue in command.

The following post Thermidorian letters will prove that the General's judgment on this point was correct.

On the 2d Vendemiaire, year VI. (23d of September, 1796) he wrote to Augereau, after having announced the arrival of his aide-de-camp, as follows:—

“The whole army applauds the wisdom and vigour which you have displayed upon this important occasion, and participates in the success of the country with the enthusiasm and energy which characterise our soldiers. It is only to be hoped, however, that the government will not be playing at see-saw, and thus throw itself into the opposite party. Wisdom and moderate views alone can establish the happiness of the country on a sure foundation. As for myself, this is the most ardent wish of my heart.”

Bonaparte wrote, on the same day, to François de Neufchateau, as follows:—

“The fate of Europe henceforth depends on the union, the wisdom, and the power of the government. There is a part of the nation which it is necessary to conquer by good government. We have conquered Europe—we have carried the glory of the French name higher than it ever was before. It is for you, first magistrates of the republic, to extinguish all factions, and to be as much respected at home as you are abroad. A decree of the executive directory overthrows thrones: take care, then, at least, that timid writers or ambitious fanatics, concealed under masks of every description, do not replunge us into the revolutionary torrent.”

The sentiments regarding peace which animated the majority of the directory before the 18th Fructidor, acquired additional strength from the success of that day. The directory wrote to Bonaparte the 2d Vendemiaire, year VI. (23d September, 1797) as follows:—

“It is no longer necessary to keep terms with Austria. Her perfidy, her connexion with the internal conspirators, are mani-

fest. The truce was merely a pretext for her to gain the time necessary to repair her losses, and await the internal movements which the 18th Fructidor has prevented. In the whole Austrian army, from the general down to the private, the report was circulated, that when that period arrived, the three directors who were designated as triumvirs would be assassinated, and royalty proclaimed. Every soldier flattered himself with the idea of soon visiting Paris with the emigrants. Condé, the chief of the latter, was already in France in secret, and, by the assistance of his friends, had nearly arrived at Lyons."

On the 4th Vendemiaire, Bonaparte wrote a second letter to the directory, which passed on the road that written by the directory to him on the 2d. Bonaparte's letter was in the following terms:—

"The day before yesterday an officer arrived at the army from Paris. He asserted that he left Paris on the 25th, when anxiety prevailed there as to the feelings with which I viewed the events of the 18th. He was the bearer of a sort of circular from General Augereau to all the generals of division; and he brought a letter of credit from the minister of war to the commissary-general, authorizing him to draw as much money as he might require for his journey.

"It is evident from these circumstances, that the government is acting towards me in somewhat the same way in which Pichegru was dealt with after Vendemiaire (year IV.).

"I beg of you to receive my resignation, and appoint another to my place. No power on earth shall make me continue in the service after this shocking mark of ingratitude on the part of the government, which I was very far from expecting. My health, which is considerably impaired, imperiously demands repose and tranquillity.

"The state of my mind, likewise, requires me to mingle again in the mass of citizens. Great power has for a long time been confided to my hands. I have employed it on all occasions for the advantage of my country; *so much the worse for those who put no faith in virtue, and may have suspected mine.* My recompence is in my own conscience and in the opinion of posterity.

"Now that the country is tranquil and free from the dangers which have menaced it, I can without inconvenience quit the post in which I have been placed.

"Be sure that if there were a moment of danger I would be found in the foremost rank of the defenders of liberty and the constitution of the year III."

The directory replied without delay on the 12th Vendemiaire, and endeavoured to repel Bonaparte's reproaches of mistrust and ingratitude. In that letter the directory said:—

"As to the grounds of your uneasiness at the story of a young man—a story perhaps made for him—can any thing he may have said have greater weight with you than the constant and direct communications from the government?

"As to General Augereau's letter, as the royalist representatives had written to the generals of the army of Italy, and as this was known at Paris, the general, perhaps thought it his duty to apply the antidote to the poison. This is not capable of any sinister interpretation against you. It is the same with the letter of the minister of war. Doubtless, it referred only to funds for the expenses of his journey. Be aware, lest the royalist conspirators, at the moment when, perhaps, they poisoned Hoche, may not have endeavoured to fill your mind with disgust and suspicion, which might deprive your country of the exertion of your genius."

The directory, judging from the account which Bottot gave of his mission, that he had not succeeded in entirely removing the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendémiaire.

"The directory has been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter, of which an aid-de-camp of the paymaster general was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the government, which never appointed nor recognised such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the army of Italy. You did well to intercept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the minister of police.\*

"In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the directory recognises an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the republic.

"Nothing is wiser than the maxim—*cedant arma togæ*, for the maintenance of republics. To show so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army."

Bottot, on his part, wrote on the 5th Brumaire to Bonaparte, to satisfy him, and to describe the interest with which he had been received on his return from Italy. He said he had found the directory full of admiration of the general, and affectionately attached to him. The following is an extract from his letter:

"Perhaps the government commits many faults; perhaps it does not always take so correct a view of affairs as you do; but with what *republican docility* did it not receive your observation!"

\* What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy!

Soon after the events of the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte addressed to the sailors of Admiral Bruyes's squadron, a proclamation, the language of which proved that he entertained the idea of his favourite project, the expedition to Egypt. In that proclamation, he also gave expression to the hostile feeling with which he regarded the English. His sentiments towards England, and the efforts he made against the power of that country, would leave posterity in doubt, were not the fact incontestably proved, of his having voluntarily and spontaneously sought an asylum, among a people whom he had disdainfully styled a nation of shopkeepers, who hate us, whom he thoroughly hated, and against whose commerce, manufactures, institutions, and even existence, he had constantly waged war.

In consequence of the complaints transmitted to the Court of Vienna relative to the bad treatment of General de Lafayette and his two fellow captives detained as prisoners in Olmutz, the Marquis de Chasteler was directed by the Emperor of Austria to make a report on the state of their prison and the manner in which they were treated. He was, besides, charged with a particular proposition, on which each of the prisoners was to make a declaration before obtaining his liberty.

The Marquis drew up a report, under the title of "Minutes of an Examination respecting the Treatment of MM. de Lafayette, Latour Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, prisoners in the fortress of Olmutz; likewise of Madame de Lafayette and her daughters, whom his majesty the Emperor had permitted to visit their husband and father, and of their servants."

The Marquis de Chasteler, after conferring with each of the prisoners in private, brought them together on the 26th of July, 1797, and, in presence of Captain Mac Eligot, drew up his account of the investigation.

With respect to lodging, the report stated that the prisoners, with Madame Lafayette and her daughters, were confined in apartments behind the barracks. The apartments were on the ground floor. The principal inconvenience attending these apartments, was, that a common-sewer passed under them, which, added to the vicinity of the water-closets, occasioned an unpleasant smell in changes of weather.

M. de Lafayette occupied a vaulted chamber, twenty-four feet long, fifty broad, and twelve high, containing a stove, a bed, a table, chairs, and a chest of drawers. MM. de Latour Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, had each a chamber similarly furnished. Madame de Lafayette and her daughters were lodged in a single room. The two young ladies had only one bed between them; but they had made repeated applications, especially when one of them was indisposed, for separate beds. As to food, the Marquis stated that in the morning the prisoners were served with coffee or chocolate; at dinner, soup, a bouilli, a ragout of greens, some

roasted meat, salad, desert, and a bottle of red Hungary wine: for supper, a salad, some roasted meat, and a pint of wine. The food was sufficient as to quantity, but often of inferior quality.

The servant of M. de Maubourg was allowed to attend his master three hours a day. M. de Bureau de Puzy's had been prevented from attending him for six weeks. Ever since M. de Lafayette's attempt to escape, he and his family had been waited on by soldiers, and were allowed no communication with their servants. In case of sickness, the surgeon belonging to the fortress attended the prisoners.

The Marquis de Lafayette's declaration was in the following terms:

"The commission with which M. de Chasteler is charged, appears to me to resolve itself into three considerations:

"1. His Majesty wishes to ascertain our situation at Olmutz. I do not mean to prefer any complaint to him. Many details may be found in the letters of my wife, transmitted to and returned by the Austrian government; and if his imperial majesty deems it not sufficient to look over again the instructions conveyed in his name, I will voluntarily give to M. de Chasteler whatever information he may require.

"2. His Majesty the Emperor and King wishes to be assured that, immediately on my liberation, I will depart for America. This is an intention I have often manifested: but as, under the present circumstances, my reply would seem to recognise the right of imposing this condition upon me, I do not conceive I ought to satisfy such a demand.

"3. His Majesty the Emperor and King has done me the honour to signify, that the principles I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he does not wish I should continue in his dominions, without his special permission. There are some duties from which I cannot withdraw myself. Some of these I owe to the United States, and, above all, to France; and I cannot, in any degree, surrender the right which my country possesses over my person.

"With these sole reservations, I can assure M. de Chasteler that my fixed determination is not to set my foot in any territory subject to his Majesty the King of Bohemia and Hungary.

(Signed) "LAFAYETTE."

M. de Latour Maubourg, in his reply, stated, that, without recognising in the Austrian government any right over his person—without submitting to what was arrogated over Frenchmen, disarmed, and strangers to the provinces which recognised the dominion of Austria, he considered it his duty to declare that he had received no bad treatment, in word or deed, from the persons charged with his custody. He must, however, say that, with the exception of the present captain (Mac Eligot) charged with the

state prisoners, the greater part of the officers who preceded him, behaved with a degree of grossness and indifference, of which the natural effect was, that the prisoners were left destitute of every thing.

Being unacquainted with the code of the Austrian state prisons, M. Latour Maubourg could not say whether the treatment he had received was in conformity to such a code or not. But what had transpired respecting the horrible system of the Bastile, all he had read during his captivity in Prussia of the atrocities said to be committed in the French prisons, during the barbarous reign of Marat and Robespierre, and his treatment in Prussia itself, though very severe, still had not prepared him for suffering, under the dominion of a prince whose humanity and virtues he had heard celebrated, a usage so harsh that he could not have believed its existence possible, had he not derived the conviction from a long and woful experience. He now renewed the resolution he had often formed for himself, never to set a foot in the dominions of his imperial majesty. Nevertheless, as circumstances might prevent him from farthering his intention of going to the United States, and to remove every pretext for again incarcerating him on account of his performing the duty of a good citizen, he made this engagement under the exception of the case, not very probable, that his country, which he was about to quit, and which would always be dear to him, or the country which he was to adopt, should impose upon him the duty of infringing it.

M. Bureau de Puzy replied in much the same way, in substance and spirit, as the other two prisoners. He closed his declaration, by saying, that he would, with joy, engage never to enter, or to ask permission to enter, the Austrian dominions; but that he must except, from any such engagement, the case of military service on the supposition of a war between Austria and any country which might give him an asylum.

The directory had sent General Clarke to treat for peace, as second plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me, he had no doubt that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never, by any means, able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke, he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth which savoured of such a character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence which were intercepted, there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The general-in-chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own

closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little account of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty of in Italy. *Because I have the power to punish him*, said he, *I pardon him*.

He even had the generosity to make interest for a second rate official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contrarieties, both in the negotiators for peace, and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had occasioned him, and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported, in several publications, that Bacciochi espoused *Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte* on the 5th of May, 1797. The brother of the bride was *at the time* negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria.

In fact, the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find, by the subjoined letter, that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work in the family way.

“Ajaccio, 14th Thermidor, year V. August 1, 1797.

“GENERAL,

“Suffer me to write to you, and call you by the name of brother.

“My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you.

“My second child was still-born. Obliged to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany.

“In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favourable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy; and I promise you I will make a soldier of him: but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request.

“Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciochi, or to whomsoever you may think fit? Myself will be godmother. I shall expect with impatience your assent.

“Because we are poor, let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother—mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favours

of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"CHRISTINE BONAPARTE."<sup>\*</sup>

"P. S. Do not fail to remember me to your spouse, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me, at Paris, I was very like her. If you recollect my features, you can judge.

"C. B."

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano, when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria:—

*"To General Bonaparte, General-in-Chief  
of the Army of Italy."*

"General Bonaparte—When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes, day after day, more uncertain.

"Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead, equally adapted to the interests, and equally conformable to the dignity of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which is already too great, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations, Count de Cobenzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions, and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorized him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.

"After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands, and that on your determination will depend the hap-

\* Madame Bacciochi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the consulate.

piness or misery of millions of men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for a long time have desolated Europe, I shall, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result, I can never be reproached.

"I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, General Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) "FRANCIA."

"Vienna, 20th September, 1797."

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Count de Cobentzel, that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw, also, clearly enough, that if the month of September were to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had, it would be difficult, in October, to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

Before the 18th Fructidor, the Emperor of Austria hoped that the movement which was preparing at Paris would operate badly for France, and favourably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, elevated the tone of their pretensions, and sent notes, and an ultimatum, which gave the proceedings more an air of mockery than of serious negotiation, and which excited, alternately, anger and contempt. Bonaparte's ideas, which I have, under his hand, were as follow:—

"1. The Emperor to have Italy as far as the Adda.

"2. The king of Sardinia, as far as the Adda.

"3. The Genoese Republic to have the boundary of Tortona, as far as the Po, (Tortona to be demolished,) as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.)

"The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored.

The Duke of Parma to be restored."\*

\* The reader can easily compare these ideas of Bonaparte's with the treaty he afterwards concluded.

## CHAPTER XI.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the Negotiations—Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot—His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne—Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo—Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory—Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte—Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace—Remarkable observation of Bonaparte—Conclusion of the treaty—The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace—Bonaparte's predilection for representative government—Opinion on Bonaparte.

After the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte was still more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, until that river enters Holland. The directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcileable, that within about a month of the conclusion of the peace, the directory wrote to General Bonaparte that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The directory, therefore, declared that both armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidorian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the directory then looked upon a peace, such as Bonaparte afterwards made, as *infamous*. But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be usefully disposed of in the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Austrian yoke, wrote to the directory, that he could not commence operations, advantageously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the month of October, for the Emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine, for an advance into Germany, as the army of Italy, if it could make head against the Arch Duke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September, Bottot, Barras's secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission to watch him. He was, therefore, received and treated with coolness; but Bonaparte never had, as Sir Walter Scott as-

serts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error, when he says, that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at head-quarters. He began again to propose his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the directory to accept. He accused the government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophized M. Bottot, at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomats, Gallo, Cobenzel, and Meerweldt. The conversation turned upon the directory: "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte in a loud voice, I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is intrusted under my orders with all the details of the negotiation. This you well know; and yet your directory will not strike him off the list. In a word, it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business; for he has all my secrets: he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your infatuation. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true."

Bottot wished to offer some excuse; but the general murmur reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France—of the determination expressed by the directory not to erase my name—and of the risk I thereby ran. "We have no desire," continued he, "to renew the war: we wish sincerely for peace; but it must be an honourable one. The republic of Venice presents a large territory for partition, which would be sufficient for both parties. The cessions at present proposed are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know Bonaparte's ultimatum; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, tilled and mansioned, with a revenue of ninety thousand florins."

I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal, and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the general-in-chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly

from the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest, M. Bottot came to my bed room, and asked me, with a feigned surprise, whether it were true that my name was still on the list of emigrants? On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing; but I told him twenty notes of the kind he required already existed: that I would take no farther steps; and that I should henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the directors should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected—that he had need of some years' repose—that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms. This was just what Bonaparte wanted.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the directory, to revolutionize Italy. The general demanded whether the *whole* of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been intrusted to Bottot in so indefinite a way, that he could only hesitate and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval, peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated.

Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of the docility of the directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said—

"The three armies, of the north, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Meuse, are to form only one, the army of Germany.—Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the directory is owing to yourself!. Bernadotte?—he

is gone to join you. Cacault?—he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army?—they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia?—it is ratified. Bourrienne?—he is erased. The revolution of Italy?—it is adjourned. Advise the directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it."

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months, Bonaparte demanded my erasure, without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November, 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation, Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was, an idea he entertained that the directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause—his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the directors knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and endeavoured by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the general's friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities, undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The signing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often recalled to mind what La Vallette had written to him, about his conversation with Lacuée; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 18th October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn, till then, promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o'clock in the morning, to the general's chamber. I woke him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!" While he hastily put on his clothes I read the journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them. Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army.

"Here are," says he, "nearly eighty thousand effective men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but sixty thousand into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced twenty thousand men—by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled—I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine: let the directory and the lawyers say what they like."

He wrote to the directory in the following words: "The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five and twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow."

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a severer climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised equal foresight!

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances. But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine republic: it is now in the possession of Austria. Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombardy. Austria has now retaken Lombardy, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the house of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian Isles: these now belong to England. Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet II. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus we have been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An ancient state is overturned without noise, and its provinces, after being divided among different bordering states, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the house of Hapsburgh, in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandized by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:—

N.B

*Bella gerunt alii, tu felix Austria nube:  
Nam quæ Mars alii, dat tibi regna Venus.\**

The directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation they felt not to ratify it. A fortnight before the signature, the directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give the Emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the terra firma with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favourable to Austria." But all this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favourable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and peacemaker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo, will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene: our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

The presents customary on such occasions were given, but the Emperor of Austria took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by Gratz, Laybach, Trieste, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Bonaparte was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy,

\* Glad Austria wins by Hymen's silken chain,  
What other states by doubtful battle gain,  
And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands,  
Receives possessions from fair Venus' hands.

and his proclamations ought to give, and, in fact, do give, a weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this idea was more connected with lofty views of ambition, than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase:—*I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe.* What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the *Souper de Beaucaire*, the subduer of royalism at Toulon, the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendemiaire; the instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories, and Bonaparte, first consul in 1800; consul for life in 1802; and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, in 1804, and King of Italy, in 1805!

After having, in the countries he conquered, tried to force a premature ripeness of the age, when to do so was imprudent and untimely, he, some years after, wished to make opinion retrograde when that was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he thought it necessary to prefer his own celebrity to the good of mankind. Perhaps his simulated love for representative government was put forward as a means of more easily subduing nations, by holding out to expectation what was flattering to popular feeling, without any intention of realizing the promise. Already anticipating his great wars in Germany, anticipations which constantly engaged his thoughts, we find him writing from Cairo to the directory, “that he should think it the happiest day of his life, when he should hear of the formation of the first republic in Germany.”

But by precipitating nations towards an epoch, at which they could only arrive in succession, he gave to the partisans of things as they existed in past times, motives and means for compelling the people of every country to retrograde. The man, who at the period of which I am speaking, would have no more kings, and proscribed them in all his proclamations, wished afterwards to be the senior of all sovereigns, the eldest head of the European dynasties; and this dream, like that of extemporaneous representative governments, caused torrents of blood to flow. What folly to wish to jump, all at once, and without transition, to a future which does not belong to us, or to wish to return to a period which no longer exists! What evils have resulted from the adoption of these two principles!

## CHAPTER XII.

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace—The standard of the Army of Italy—Honours rendered to the memory of General Hoche, and of Virgil at Mantua—Remarkable letter—In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat—Arrival at Rastadt—Letter from the Directory, calling Bonaparte to Paris—Intrigues against Josephine—Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory—Speeches—The theatres—Modesty of Bonaparte—An assassination—Bonaparte's opinion of the Parisians—His election to the National Institute—Letter to Camus—Projects—Reflections.

THE day of the 18th Fructidor, had, without any doubt, powerfully contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo Formio. On the one hand, the directory, hitherto but little specifically inclined, after having struck what is called a *coup de état*, at length saw the necessity of obtaining absolution from the discontented, by giving peace to France. On the other hand, the cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French republic, a treaty, which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught foreign courts to be familiar with republican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings, as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances, the general-in-chief's departure, and his expected visit to Paris, excited general attention. The feeble directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy, in the capital.

It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French delegation, at the congress of Rastadt, that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th of November. But before his departure he sent to the directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions of which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, was nothing but the truth. This monument was the "flag of the army of Italy," and to General Joubert was assigned the honourable duty of presenting it to the members of the executive government.

On one side of the flag were the words, "To the Army of Italy, the grateful country." The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought, and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple, but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign:—"150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 pieces of battering cannon; 600 pieces of field artillery; five bridge equipages; nine 64 gun-ships; twelve 32 gun-frigates; 12 corvettes; 18 galleys; armistice with the King of Sardinia; convention with Genoa; armistice with the Duke of Parma; armistice with the King of Naples; armistice with the Pope; preliminaries of Leoben; convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa; treaty of peace with the Emperor at Campo Formio.

"Liberty given to the people of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Massa-Carrara, La Romagna, Lombardy, Brescia, Bergami, Mantua, Crema, part of the Veronese, Chiavena, Bormio, the Valteline, the Genoese, the Imperial fiefs, the people of the departments of Corcyra, of the Ægian Sea, and of Ithaca."

"Sent to Paris all the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, of Guercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Corregio, of Albano, of Carracci, of Raphael and of Leonardo da Vinci."

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sittings of the Directory, the military deeds of the campaign in Italy, its political results, and the conquest of the monuments of art.

Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator—such was the magic of the word *liberty*, which resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. In his way to Mantua, the general took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of promptly organizing a local militia, and of putting in execution the plans of Bari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow of his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military funeral solemnity, in honour of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of a monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. Thus, in one day, he paid honour to France and Italy, to modern and to ancient glory, to the laurels of war, and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte, on this occasion, for the first time, thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris:—"With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portraits—little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not of ill-health, as has

been reported of him. He appears to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that he was more occupied with what he was thinking, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be remarked an air of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible not to believe that some daring designs are engendering, *which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe.*"

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, one might suspect that it was written after Bonaparte had made his name feared throughout Europe: but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December, 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places: it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spectacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell, with his powerful army, under the effects of Helvetian valour. Bonaparte slept during the night at Moudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honours were paid him. In the morning, his carriage being broken, we continued our journey on foot, accompanied only by some officers, and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near the Bones Chapel, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him as the spot. An officer who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army, and put it to the rout. "What was the force of that army?" asked Bonaparte.—"Sixty thousand men."—"Sixty thousand men!" he exclaimed: "they might have completely covered these mountains!"—"The French fight better now," said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite.—"At that time," observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

Bonaparte's journey through Switzerland was not without utility; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bale. On arriving at Berne, during night, we passed through a double file of well lighted equipages, filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of "Long live Bonaparte!—long live the pacifier!" To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm, it is necessary to have seen it.

The elevated situation in society to which his great victories and the peace had contributed to raise him, rendered insupportable the style of the second person singular, and his familiar manner in which his old school fellows of Brienne would sometimes

address him. I thought this very natural. M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school, at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bale.

Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due towards a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at his behaviour, refused to see him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth, on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing: this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means, and the old ties of boyhood, might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt, Bonaparte found a letter from the directory, calling him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival at Paris, he required, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general despatch of business, that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said, that the directory "kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt?" Quite the contrary! The directors would have been delighted to see him return there, as they would then have been relieved from his presence at Paris; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte, as long, and seemingly interminable, negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo Formio.

On our arrival at Rastadt, I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to continue in Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the executive directory, at Auxerre, until the 17th of November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretexts of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious general, was so long delayed, made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in a tone of indignation, "Come, pass the Rhine: they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety." On reaching Paris, I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte's applications in my favour were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the minister of general police, notified the fact to Bonaparte; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure,

very different from that stated in the decree. The minister said that the government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country, the name of a citizen who approached the person of the conqueror of Italy: while the decree stated, as the motive for removing my name from the list, that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena, it seems, Bonaparte said, that he did not return from Italy with more than three hundred thousand francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than three millions. How could he, with three hundred thousand francs, have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house, in Rue Chantereine? How could he have supported the establishment he did, with only fifteen thousand francs of income, and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, did of itself cost near twelve thousand francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey, and I am not sure that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify for any object he might have in disguising his fortune, whether he brought three millions, or three hundred thousand francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse him of squandering. He was a rigid economist. He was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, and he well knew that no one could be so without fortune. He has often said to me—"I am no Capuchin, not I." But after having been allowed only three hundred thousand francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never abandoned him, it has been printed that he had twenty millions (some have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All these reports are false. What he brought from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt, what treasure he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavoured to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan, after our departure, which had been authorized by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with both the husband and wife, fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly. It was on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his daughter-in-law to

Duroc, and her brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to marry Louis Bonaparte. Her motives may easily be divined to be to gain support in a family, where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.

On his arrival from Rastadt, the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its farther end, close to the palace, a large amphitheatre was erected, for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled. Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But, notwithstanding this great preparation, an icy coldness characterised the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there; and an officer had been directed to prevent any one from ascending. One of the clerks of the directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank, when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the directors displayed all the republican splendour of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions. Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then minister for foreign affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the general ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising republic, and introduced the following passage: "When I reflect on all that he has done to render that greatness pardonable in him, on the antique taste for simplicity which distinguishes him, on his love for the abstract sciences, on his favourite authors, on that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the earth; when I think on what is generally known, his profound contempt for splendour, luxury, and state, the despicable objects of ambition to common souls; when I consider all this, far from apprehending any thing from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious retirement. All France will be free; but perhaps he never shall: such is his destiny."

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience; so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced with a modest air, but in a firm voice, the following discourse:—

“Citizen directors:—The French people, to gain their freedom, had to contend with kings. To obtain a constitution founded on reason the prejudices of eighteen centuries were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III. and you have triumphed over all those obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalism, have successively governed Europe for twenty ages; but from the peace which you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have effected the organization of the great nation, the territory of which is only circumscribed because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most lovely portions of Europe, heretofore so celebrated for the sciences, the arts, and the great men cradled in them, behold with glad expectation, the genius of liberty rising from the tombs of their ancestors. Such are the pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations.

“I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by his majesty the Emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be established on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will then become free.”

Barras, at that time president of the directory, replied to the general with so much prolixity as to weary every one. The only remarkable observations in his long discourse, were contained in the first sentences.

“Citizen general,” said he, “Nature, sparing of her prodigies, gives great men to the world only at long intervals; but she must have been anxious to mark the Aurora of liberty by one of those phenomena; and the sublime revolution of the French people, new in the history of nations, was therefore destined to present a new genius in the history of celebrated men. You, citizen general, as first of all, stand forth without a parallel—and with the same arm with which you prostrated the enemies of the republic, you have removed the rivals which antiquity might have opposed to you.”

As soon as Barras finished speaking, he threw himself into the arms of the general, who was not much pleased at such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the directory, following the example of the president, surrounded Bonaparte, and pressed him in their arms; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chenier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Mehul set to music. A few days after, an opera was produced, bearing the title of “The Fall of Carthage,” which was meant as an allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy, recently appointed to the command of the army of England. The poets were

all employed in praising him; and Lebrun, with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much:—

“Héros, cher à la paix, aux arts, à la victoire—  
Il conquit en deux ans mille siècles de gloire.”

The two councils were not disposed to be behind the directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after they gave a banquet to the general in the gallery of the Louvre, which had recently been enriched by the master pieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The administrators of the department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked, that the judge of the peace of the Arrondissement where the general lived, having called on him on the 6th of December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, puerile as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendemiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero, whose career had commenced with so much eclat. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elléviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished actors, performed. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me that nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for, was *impossible*, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre, he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never showed himself.

Some days after, being at the Theatre des Arts, at the second representation of “Horatius Cocles,” although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as possible, and said to a person in the next box, “Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come.”

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris, a woman sent a messenger  
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to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the bearer of this information arrested, who went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men, whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

On the night of the 10th of Nivose, the Rue Chantéreine, in which Bonaparte had a small house, (No. 6,) received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoire. The cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not, however, seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who dreaded him as a formidable rival, he said to me, one day—"The people of Paris do not remember any thing. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon, one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre, and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went, he occupied a box confined with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a representation in honour of him; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, "Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold."

On the 28th of December, Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the Class of the Sciences and Arts. He showed a deep sense of this honour, and wrote the following letter to Camus, the president of the Class:—

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

"The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute, confers a high honour on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honourable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contribution to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French republic might henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

"BONAPARTE."

The general now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor, to obtain a dispensation of

the age necessary for becoming a director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favourable for such a purpose, he said to me, on the 29th of January, 1798—"Bourrienne, I do not wish to remain here; there is nothing to do. They are unwilling to listen to anything. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Every thing wears out here; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the east; all great celebrity comes from that quarter. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appears doubtful; as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the east, and I go to Egypt."

This and other conversations give a just idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory, which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments, which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of living generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own. If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred: if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France, as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it as a forgotten or unknown man.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris—His return—The Egyptian Expedition projected—M. de Talleyrand—General Dessaix—Expedition against Malta—Money taken at Berne—Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East—Monge—Non-influence of the Directory—Marriages of Marmont and La Vallette—Bonaparte's plan of colonizing Egypt—His Camp Library—Orthographical Blunders—Stock of Wines—Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon—Madame Bonaparte's Fall from a balcony—Execution of an old man—Simon.

**BONAPARTE** left Paris for the North, on the 10th February, 1798,—but he received no order, though I have seen it every where so stated, to go there—"for the purpose of preparing the

operations connected with the intended invasion of England." He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage,—himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading, in the *Moniteur* of the 10th February, an article giving greater importance to his little excursion than it deserved. The following is the statement of the *Moniteur*: "General Bonaparte has departed for Dunkirk, with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts, and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent. It may be stated, that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the congress is approaching."

Now for the facts.—Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. He collected, in the different ports, all the necessary information, with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.\*

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and Saint Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of those towns. "Well, general," said I, "what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from any thing I have seen and heard." Bonaparte immediately answered—"It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of dear France." On hearing this, I already fancied myself in Cairo.

On his return to Paris, Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparations for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove.

In the month of August, 1797, he wrote—"That the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt." In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Lacroix, as minister for foreign affairs, "that it would

\* Where did the Scottish historian learn that active preparations were made for the invasion? The business never went beyond official correspondence, inquiries, and conversations. There never were, although the contrary has often been stated, any serious arrangements made, either by Bonaparte or the directory, for the invasion of England. Sir Walter Scott has perhaps exaggerated the danger to justify the alarm which at that time really prevailed in England.

be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the grand seigneur. Talleyrand replied, "that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated. He concluded by saying, he would write to him *at length* on the subject.

History will speak as favourably of M. de Talleyrand, as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it may justly be inferred that his character is honourable, and talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

In the month of November, of the same year, Bonaparte sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Dessaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confidant of all his plans, at their interview in Italy, after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. "If ever," said he, "it should be engaged in the grand enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me." Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

The directory, at first, disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible; for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had, on several occasions, even saved our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would not look with a favourable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give rather a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras's agent, at the commencement of October, 1797. In the course of an animated conversation, he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is to be sold!" Some time after, he himself was told, that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September, 1797, Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs, wrote to him that the directory authorized him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys, for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force

of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he wanted an order of the directory, he ran to the Luxembourg to get it signed by one of the directors. Merlin de Douai was generally the person who did him this service, for he was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the secretary general, did not countersign any document relative to this expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of the business. He transmitted to Toulon the money taken at Berne, which the directory had placed at his disposal. It amounted to something above three millions of francs. In those times of disorder and negligence, the finances were very badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered away, so that the treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake an expedition of an unusual character to the east. I must confess that two things cheered me in this very painful interval: my friendship and admiration for the talents of the conqueror of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those ancient regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

It was at Passerano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he, first began to turn serious attention to the east. He delighted to converse about the celebrated events of that part of the world and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, "Europe is a mole hill. There have never been great empires and great revolutions except in the east." He considered that part of the world as the cradle of all religions, of all metaphysical extravagances. This subject was no less interesting than inexhaustible—and he daily introduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate,—with Monge and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the general-in-chief's opinions on this point; and his scientific ardour was increased by Bonaparte's enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimously of one opinion. The directory had no share in renewing the project of this memorable expedition, the result of which did not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the directory any positive control over Bonaparte's departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the general's wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organized the army of the east, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labours have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte's orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. With admirable precision, he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo Formio, the directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better for France, than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion, that the wish to get rid of an ambitious young man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the more probable loss of the French fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April 1798, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the east.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte's aid-de-camp, La Vallette, to Mademoiselle Beauharnois.\*

Shortly before our departure, I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt? He replied—"A few months, or six years; all depends on circumstances. I will colonize the country. I will bring them artists and artisans, of every description; women, actors, &c. We are but nine and twenty now; and we shall then be five and thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family." I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of duodecimo volumes, and he gave me a list of the books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows:—

#### CAMP LIBRARY.

1st. Arts and Science. 2d. Geography and Travels. 3d. History. 4th. Poetry. 5th. Romance. 6th. Politics and Morals.

**ARTS AND SCIENCE.**—Fontenelle's Worlds, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2 vols. Courses of the Normal School, 6 vols. The Artillery Assistant, 1 vol. Treatise on Fortifications, 3 vols. Treatise on Fire Works, 1 vol.

**GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.**—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3 vols. La Harpe's Travels, 24 vols.

**HISTORY.**—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2 vols. Condé, 4 vols. Villars, 4 vols. Luxembourg, 2 vols. Duguesclin, 2 vols. Saxe, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Marshals of France, 20 vols. President Hainault, 4 vols. Chronology, 2 vols. Marlborough, 4 vols. Prince Eugene, 6 vols. Philosophical History of India, 12 vols. Germany, 2 vols. Charles XII., 1 vol. Essay on the Manners of Nations,

\* Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Josephine, when she became Empress, brought about the marriage between her niece and La Vallette. This is another fictitious incident of his historical romance.

6 vols. Peter the Great, 1 vol. Polybius, 6 vols. Justin, 2 vols. Arrian, 3 vols. Tacitus, 2 vols. Titus Livy. Thucydides, 2 vols. Vertot, 4 vols. Donina, 8 vols. Frederick II., 8 vols.

**POETRY.**—Ossian, 1 vol. Tasso, 6 vols. Ariosto, 6 vols. Homer, 6 vols. Virgil, 4 vols. The Henriade, 1 vol. Telemachus, 2 vols. Les Jardins, 1 vol. The Chefs-d'Œuvre of the French Theatre, 20 vols. Select Poetry, 20 vols. La Fontaine's Poems.

**ROMANCE.**—Voltaire, 4 vols. Héloïse, 4 vols. Werter, 1 vol. Marmontel, 4 vols. English Novels, 40 vols. Le Sage, 10 vols. Prevost, 10 vols.

**POLITICS.**—The Bible. The New Testament. The Koran.—The Vedam. Mythology. Montesquieu: the *Esprit des Lois*.

It will be observed, that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of politics.

The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well, as he did, the authors and generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written *Duecling* for Duguesclin, and *Ocean* for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little, had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure, Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe, that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the isthmus of Suez, on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris, nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed through the Rue de Sainte Anne, I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France? He replied, "Yes; I have tried every thing. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of director.) I ought to overthrow them, and make myself king; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it. I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come. I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have

waited between Malta and Sicily, if he had arrived there before us.\*

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition, in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April, 1798, proves the contrary:—

“Some disturbances which have arisen at Vienna, render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark, and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

“The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine, have enabled you to complete every preparation.”

We left Paris on the 3d of May, 1798. Ten days before General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, a prisoner escaped from the temple, who was destined to contribute most materially to his reverses. An escape, so unimportant in itself, afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects, and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; a false order of the minister of police prevented the revolution of the east.

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of “The immortal republic for ever!” and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible, he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon, Josephine went to the waters of Plombières. I recollect that during her stay at Plombières she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting in the balcony of her hotel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and

\* Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states, that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavoured to take advantage of what occurred at Vienna. This must be ranked in the class of inventions, together with Barras's mysterious visit to communicate the change of destination, and also the ostracism and honourable exile which the directory wished to impose on Bonaparte.

all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.

Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon, when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigour; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty, had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:—

“ Head Quarters, Toulon, 27th Floréal, year VI.  
May 16, 1798.

*Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, to the Military Commissioners of the Ninth Division, established by the law of the 19th Fructidor.*

“ I have learnt, citizens, with deep regret, that an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

“ Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle, be extinct in their hearts?

“ The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

“ I, therefore, exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

“ The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward. (Signed) “ BONAPARTE.”

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shows what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy, was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed. This letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me, and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, “ Give him my portfolio to carry,

and let him remain with you." The words "Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the army of the east," were inscribed in large gold letters on the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connexion with us that prevented Simon from being arrested, I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill-humour of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Departure of the squadron—Arrival at Malta—Dolomieu—General Baraguay d' Hilliers—Attack on the Western part of the island—Caffarelli's remark—Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners—Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet—A maxim of Bonaparte—Conversations on board—How Bonaparte passed his time—Propositions discussed—Morning Music—Proclamation—Admiral Brueys—The English fleet avoided—Dangerous landing—Bonaparte and his fortune—Alexandria taken—Kleber wounded—Bonaparte's entrance into Alexandria.

THE squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The *Orient*, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sicilians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d' Hilliers' services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice, when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d' Hilliers joined us with his division, which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The general-in-chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and highly to the satisfaction of the general-in-chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honour of the knights—that was all; for

no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications, would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against a *coup de main*, that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the general-in-chief, in my presence, "Upon my word, general, it is lucky there is some one in the town to open the gates for us."

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte's assertion at St. Helena:—"The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the commander-in-chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!" It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St. Helena, "Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonourable: nobody is obliged to do impossibilities." No; but they were sold: the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.

The general-in-chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept. The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants. The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte's proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the grand-master. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered the more delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the general left Malta, which he little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights followed Bonaparte, and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June, the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learned the capture of Malta at Messina, on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favoured by the etesian winds, which regular-

ly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.

Bonaparte having, one day, visited a school, said, on departing, to the scholars, some of whom he had been putting questions to, —“ My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune.” In these remarkable words he gave expression to the maxim which formed in a great measure the rule of his conduct; for, perhaps, no man ever understood better the value of time. It might, indeed, be said that his leisure was labour. Of this I often had proof, and particularly during our voyage. If the activity of his mind did not find sufficient employment in actual things, he supplied the want either by giving free scope to his imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for, Bonaparte knew how to listen, and he was, perhaps, the only man who never for a single moment yielded to lassitude.

On board the Orient he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonized with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject, Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the general was always much dissatisfied.

Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manœuvres, and nothing astonished the admiral more than the sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bonaparte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur, he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness, from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favourite works, which he had selected for his field library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together, with the captains of the vessels which we haled. He never failed to ask them whence they came? what was their destination? what

N.B

ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The Orient had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by two thousand individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always present at the table of the general-in-chief. When the weather was fine, he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a good promenade. I recollect that, when walking the quarter-deck with him, whilst we were in the sea of Sicily, I thought I could see the summits of the Alps, beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope, and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps! At the mention of that word, by the admiral, I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then suddenly bursting from his trance, he exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the east; and there I go; a perilous enterprise invites me. Those mountains command the plains where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view by this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest aptitude. It will not appear singular to those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, that in these intellectual contests, he gave the preference to those who had supported an absurd proposition with ability over those who had maintained the cause of reason; and it was not superiority of mind which determined his judgment, for he really preferred the man who argued well in favour of an absurdity, to the man who argued equally well in support of a reasonable proposition. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked, whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our globe, either by water or fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the

last proposition, was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost every thing connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able minister had governed.

No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollections to his mind. On passing the island of Candia, his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has survived all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the east, which bore so little resemblance to what history has preserved of those fine countries, so often moistened with the blood of man. The ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birth-place of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favourable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the Orient sometimes played *matinades*; but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to have it in his cabin. It may be said, that his taste for this art increased in the due ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage, in a crowded vessel—that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the Orient. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea, the general-in-chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly made the ship be laid-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these, was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night we heard the noise occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be laid-to, until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from

all sides, and at length they picked up—what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors, who had exerted themselves on this occasion, even more generously than usual, saying—

“It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had.”

After the lapse of thirty years, all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the Orient, during the voyage, and it was also at this time that he dictated to me the following proclamation:—

“Head-Quarters, on board the Orient,  
the 4th Messido, year VI.

*“Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, General-in-Chief.*

“SOLDIERS,

“You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which on civilization and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt she can receive, until the time arrive when you can give her her death-blow.

“We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight some battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke beys who favour exclusively English commerce, whose extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

“The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this:—‘There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.’ Do not contradict this. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews—to the Italians. Pay respect to their muftis, and their imans, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Alcoran, and to the mosques, the same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses, and of Jesus Christ.

“The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them.

“The people amongst whom we are to mix, differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster.”

“Pillage enriches only a small number of men; it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

"The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

"BONAPARTE."

A reflection occurs to me here relative to this proclamation, and some other documents, which I may hereafter introduce into my narrative. Some persons have taken objection to passages which seem contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. These people must be under the influence of the evil genius of interpretation. What was the object? To enter Egypt. But what would have been more absurd than to present ourselves with the cross in one hand, and the sword of persecution in the other, and uttering menaces against Islamism? Policy, common sense, required that we should treat with great respect the religion of the inhabitants. Not to have respected it, would have been an unpardonable fault. Conquerors have sometimes committed this error; but the time of religious revolutions is passed. Bonaparte's proclamations produced an excellent effect.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line, and frigates, and especially of the Orient; of the great number of transports; of the bad outfit of all the ships and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civil and military baggage, which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manœuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons, would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only, the Admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favourable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July, the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus Severus pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind

hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Cæsars, with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate Juno, to fetch M. Magallon, the French consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the general-in-chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th—that he immediately despatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig, Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the north-east. But for a delay which our convoy from Civita Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be already at Alexandria when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there, had Alexandria been the place of our destination, he sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation—the violence of the surge—the distance from the coast\*—a coast, too, lined with reefs of rocks—the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of waiting till next morning; that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, “Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them, we are lost.” He relied much on fortune: this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

Bonaparte having the command of the naval as well as the military force, the admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was despaired, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, “Fortune, have you abandoned me!—I ask only five days!” No such thing occurred.

Admiral Brueys took me aside, to communicate his apprehensions, which were principally on account of the general-in-chief, on whom he conceived the responsibility rested. On my refusal

\* It was near three leagues, and we did not anchor in the roads of Aboukir, as Sir Walter Scott supposes.

to revive his objections, on the ground that I was too well acquainted with Bonaparte's firmness, and that, besides, I concurred in his opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for a general landing. The getting of the troops into the boats was effected with much difficulty and danger.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Manabon, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning, the general-in-chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Morand. The Bedouin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gun-shot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valour soon triumphed over all obstacles.

The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kleber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst commanding the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the general-in-chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kleber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavoured to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The general-in-chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls, badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to pillage, as has been asserted and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places, which required to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a narrow street which scarcely allowed two persons to walk abreast; I was with him. We were stopped by some musket shots fired from a low window by a man and a woman. They repeated their fire several times. The guides who preceded their general kept up a heavy fire on the window. The man and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, for the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria, in establishing order in the city and province, with that activity and superior talent which I could never sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. He sent Dessaix with four thousand five hundred infantry, and sixty cavalry to Beda, on the road to Damanchour. This general was the first to experience privations and

sufferings, which the whole army had soon to endure. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, seemed for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July he wrote from Bohahireh as follows:—"I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. Make us advance or fall back, without delay. The villages consist merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the direct rays of a burning sun, water every where so common becomes an object of contest. The wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert, are carefully concealed from the traveller; and frequently after the most oppressive marches, nothing can be found to allay the urgent cravings of thirst but a little brackish water of the most disgusting description.

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## CHAPTER XV

**Ancient and Modern Egypt—Bonaparte's proclamation—The Mirage—Skirmishes with the Arabs—Mistake of General Dessaix's division—Wretchedness of a rich Sheik—Combat beneath the General's window—The flotilla on the Nile—Its distress and danger—The battle of Chebreisse—Defeat of the Mamelukes—Bonaparte's reception of me—Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Success of the French army—Proclamations of the general-in-chief—Letter to the Pasha—Triumphal entrance into Cairo—Despatch to Kleber—Tragical death of the aid-de-camp Julien—Bonaparte's revenge—Civil and military organization of Cairo—Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph—Plan of colonization.**

WHAT a difference between the city of Alexandria described in history, and the wretched modern Alexandria! Where nine hundred thousand inhabitants were heretofore concentrated, now scarcely six thousand can be numbered. We found this city, formerly so magnificent, without fortifications, and almost without monuments. We met with only some columns gathered from among the ruins of the ancient city, and employed with bad taste in modern buildings. The quay of the old port is composed solely of fragments of granite and marble columns. We found only two ancient monuments standing and entire, namely, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle; but there is scarcely a trace of the times of the Cæsars, and none of Alexander's tomb. Before landing on the Egyptian territory, Bonaparte wrote a letter on the 12th Messidor to the Pasha of Egypt, in which he stated that he had been sent by the directory of the republic to chastise the beys for the aggressions they had committed upon French commerce. He concluded by telling the pasha that he had not come to do any act contrary to the Koran, and by inviting him to join in invoking maledictions on the impious race of the beys.

On arriving at Alexandria, the general-in-chief issued a pro-

clamation to the people of Egypt, which, besides adverting to the insults and extortions experienced by French merchants from the beys, contained the following passages.

"People of Egypt,—You will be told that I come to destroy your religion—do not believe it. Be assured that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Alcoran. Tell them that all men are equal in the eye of God: wisdom, talents, and virtue make the only difference.

"Credis, Sheiks, Imans, Scorbajes, tell the people that we are the friends of the true Mussulmans. Have not we destroyed the pope, who says that war ought to be made upon Mussulmans? Have we not destroyed the knights of Malta, because those bigots believed that God required them to raise their swords against the Mussulmans?"

On the 7th of July, the general left Alexandria for Damahour. In the vast plains of Bohahireh, the mirage every moment presented to the eye vast sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground, full of deep cracks. Villages, which, at a distance, appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium, that shortly after sunrise no object is recognisable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says, that in the deserts of Sogdia-na, a fog, rising from the earth, obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and from the observations of the learned Monge it appears, that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics, where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up, or the water was rendered unfit for use. The intolerable thirst with which the troops were tormented, even on this first march, was but ill allayed by dirty and unwholesome water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On this first night a mistake occurred, which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were as-

sailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We rallied, and reconnoitred, and, to our great satisfaction, discovered that the only mischief was a slight wound, received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Dessaix, who, forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the head-quarters had not heard the *qui vive* of Dessaix's advanced posts.

On reaching Damanhour, our head-quarters were established at the residence of a sheik. The house had been new whitened, and looked well enough outside, but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the sheik was rich; and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo, a demand was made upon me for money, because, it was said, my expenses proved me to be rich. I refused to pay the money, and, in consequence, I was ill-treated, and, at length, forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessities of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame, in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Wo to him who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power, and the cupidity of barbarism.

A little troop of Arabs, on horseback, assailed our head-quarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his aids-de-camp, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croisier, take a few guides, and drive those fellows away!" In an instant, Croisier was in the plain, with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement, and in the attack of Croisier and his party, there was a sort of hesitation which the general-in-chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croisier returned, he experienced such a harsh reception, that the poor fellow withdrew, deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me to follow him, and say something to console him: but all was in vain. "I cannot survive this," he said. "I will sacrifice my life on the first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonoured."

The word *coward* had escaped the general's lips. Poor Croisier died at Saint Jean d'Acre, as will hereafter be seen.

On the 10th of July our head-quarters were established at Rahmahanieh, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal, which was cut by Alexander, to convey water to his new city, and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the east.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division, Perrée had just arrived from Rosetta. Perrée was on board the shebeck called the *Cerf*. Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the general's orders, the naval forces of the Adriatic in 1797.

Bonaparte placed on board the *Cerf* and the other vessels of the flotilla, those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 13th of July, the general-in-chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river, parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the Nile, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla, thus unprotected, fell in with seven Turkish gun-boats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire, and that of the Mamelukes, Fellahs, and Arabs, who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perrée cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half-past twelve.

At the same time, the general-in-chief met and attacked a corps of about four thousand Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning, Perrée told me that the Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a movement to the left, there would be no hope for us.

Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity showed us the heads of the slaughtered men. Perrée, at considerable risk, despatched several persons to inform the general-in-chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gun-boat, which was blown up by the artillery of the shebeck, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He therefore made a movement to the left,

in the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse, beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops, the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor, and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is, the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of fifteen hundred guns were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perrée in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andréossy, Junot, the paymaster, and Bourrienne, secretary to the general-in-chief. It has also been stated that Sucy, the commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gun-boat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the pyramids, and were informed that we were only about ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engagement; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanieh to Gizeh, is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the Fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The swell of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river, near Cairo, obliged us to leave the shebeck and get on board a dejerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon of the 23d of July.

When I saluted the general-in-chief, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me:—"So, you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the flotilla, that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile, before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned us, after taking away our horses, and

making us go on board the shebeck, whether we would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was two thousand men killed and wounded; forty pieces of cannon, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his head-quarters in the house of Elsey Bey, in the great square of Ezbekyeh.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanieh, Chebriesse, and the Pyramids. The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Murad Bey, was obliged to fly into Upper Egypt, Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days.

No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

After the battle of the Pyramids, he despatched the following letter and proclamation from his head-quarters at Gizeh:—

“Head-quarters, at Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.  
of the French Republic.

*“The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the Sheiks and  
Notables of Cairo.*

“ You will see by the annexed proclamation, the sentiments which animate me.

“ Yesterday, the Mamelukes were for the most part killed or wounded, and I am in pursuit of the few who escaped.

“ Send here the boats which are on your bank of the river, and send also a deputation to acquaint me with your submission. Provide bread, meat, straw, and barley for my troops. Be under no alarm, and rest assured that no one is more anxious to contribute to your happiness than I.

(Signed)                  “BONAPARTE.”

“Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.  
of the French Republic.

*“The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the People of Cairo.*

“ People of Cairo—I am satisfied with your conduct. You did well not to take part against me. I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect commerce and the natives of the

country. Let all who are alarmed, banish their fears; let those who have fled, return to their homes; and let prayers take place as usual. Fear nothing for your families, your houses, or your property; and least of all, for the religion of the prophet which I respect. As it is urgent that persons should be appointed to perform the duties of the police, so as to maintain the tranquillity of the city, a divan consisting of seven persons will meet at the Mosque of the Worm. There will always be two with the commandant of the fortress, and four to maintain the public peace, and to superintend the police.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

Next day, before he marched off to make his triumphal entry into Cairo, at the head of his army, the general-in-chief wrote to the pasha as follows:—

"Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.  
of the French Republic.

*"The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the Pasha of Cairo.*

"The intention of the French republic in occupying Egypt was to extirpate the Mamelukes, who were at once rebels to the porte, and the declared enemies of the French government.

"Now that France is mistress of Egypt by the signal victory her army has gained, her intention is to secure to the pasha of the grand seignior his revenues and his existence.

"I beg you to assure the porte that she shall sustain no sort of loss, and that I will secure to her the continuance of the tribute which has hitherto been paid to her.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

We entered Cairo on the 24th of July, and four days after Bonaparte despatched his aid-de-camp, Julien, with despatches to General Kleber, who was detained at Alexandria by his wound. In these despatches, which were dated from head-quarters at Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI. Bonaparte said—

"We have found in Cairo, citizen general, a very good mint. We must have all the ingots which we left at Alexandria, as we want to give them in exchange for some specie with which the merchants here have supplied us. I therefore beg you will assemble all the merchants with whom the said ingots were left, and get them back again. I will give in return corn and rice, of which we have an immense quantity.

"We are as ill off for money, as we are well off for provisions. This obliges us to part with as little gold and silver as we can, but to make our payments in provisions."

The unfortunate Julien, a promising young officer, ran ashore

with his dejeirm on the Lybian bank of the Nile, and was murdered, together with fifteen soldiers who formed his escort. When about a month, after, it was discovered where he had perished, the general-in-chief published the following decree:—

"It having been ascertained that the inhabitants of the village of Alkam have assassinated the Aide-de-Camp Julien, and fifteen French soldiers who accompanied him, it is ordered that the village shall be burnt; and that Gen. Lannes shall set off with five hundred men and an aviso, to execute this order. If he succeed in arresting the sheiks, he is to bring them as hostages to Cairo. He is to consign Alkam to pillage, and not to leave a house standing; and he is to make known by a proclamation, circulated in the neighbouring villages, that Alkam is burnt as a punishment for the murder of Frenchmen who were navigating the Nile."

Alkam was accordingly destroyed. The only remaining trace of the unfortunate Julien and his companions, was a waistcoat button, found in a deserted hut, in the neighbourhood of Alkam. All the inhabitants of the village had fled in anticipation of the vengeance with which they were visited. The button had belonged to one of the men who formed Julien's escort. It was marked with the number of the corps.

The general-in-chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigour of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country, as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country,—all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo, the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo, Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph, the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted; but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

Cairo, 7th Thermidor.

"You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and victories of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of the army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world, in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot pro-

cure money, even to pay the troops. I shall probably be in France in two months.

"Engage a country house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I should like to pass the winter.

"BONAPARTE."

This announcement of his departure to his brother, is corroborated by a note which he despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt. His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind, that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, were written long before the destruction of the fleet.

Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list:—

"1st. A company of actors; 2d. A company of dancers; 3d. Some dealers in toys, at least three or four; 4th. A hundred French women; 5th. The wives of all the men employed in the corps; 6th. Twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten physicians; 7th. Some founders; 8th. Some distillers, and dealers in liquor; 9th. Fifty gardeners, with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable; 10th. Each party to bring with them two hundred thousand quarts of brandy; 11th. Thirty thousand ells of blue and scarlet cloth; 12th. A supply of soap and oil."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Establishment of a Divan in each Egyptian Province—Dessaix in Upper Egypt—Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Saheleyeh—Sulkowski wounded—Disaster at Aboukir—Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army—Dejection of the General-in-Chief—His plan respecting Egypt—Meditated descent upon England—Bonaparte's censure of the Directory—Intercepted correspondence—Justification of Admiral Brueys—Bonaparte's letter to the Directory.

FROM the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonising Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures, for the accomplishment of objects which were never realized. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword, he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army, with-

out appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining every thing, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order:—

“Head quarters, Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI.

*“Bonaparte, member of the National Institute, and General-in-Chief, orders,*

“Art. 1.—There shall be in each province of Egypt, a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French commandant;) and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.

“Art. 2.—There shall be in each province an aga of the Janissaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He shall have with him a company of sixty armed natives, whom he may take wherever he pleases, for the maintenance of good order, subordination, and tranquillity.

“Art. 3.—There shall be in each province an intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddam, and the other contributions which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French republic. The intendant shall have as many agents as may be necessary.

“Art. 4.—The said intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the finance department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed,) “BONAPARTE.”

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country, General Dessaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Murad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Murad, was the most influential of the beys, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Balbeys and Saheleyeh. The general-in-chief immediately determined to march, in person, against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El Arysh; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Saheleyeh, Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his aids-de-camp, Sulkowski, to whom he was much attached, and one who had been with us during the whole of the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle, one object of regret cannot long

engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowski in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

"I cannot," said he, one day, "sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowski." He often said that Sulkowski would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron, in the roads of Aboukir, occurred during the absence of the general-in-chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casabianca, the captain of the *Orient*. Casabianca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up, his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing along with him, rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the aid-de-camp, sent by General Kleber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the general-in-chief was near Saheleyeh. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home. The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessieres, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.\* When the news arrived of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon, now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and its amusements; and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the general-in-chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him. To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms, was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of

\* Napoleon related at St. Helena, that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of them, who was remarkable for his stature:—"You have held seditious language; but take care I do not perform my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot."

this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother country. Was it possible that these perplexing circumstances could fail in making a deep and melancholy impression on the mind of Bonaparte? In asserting the contrary, his would-be panegyrists are deceived if they suppose they are paying him a compliment.

From what General Bonaparte had communicated to me, previous to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt, to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that before his departure for Egypt he had laid before the directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, as long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manœuvres to secure a superiority on one point.

His intention was to have returned to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England; he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending out troops to Egypt. This project was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the ruins of Memphis, and three months later one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him, that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had waited for us four and twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible, but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait patiently to see what the directory will do for us."—"The directory!" exclaimed he, angrily, "the directory is composed of a set of scoundrels. They envy and hate me, and will gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of

the expedition, vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and Fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life, who happened to stray half a mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us, and the discontent of the army, was clearly developed in the numerous letters which were written to France at the time, and intercepted.

I can confidently affirm, and my duties afforded me every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that there was not a man in the army who did not deplore his absence from France, and long to quit a country which had been described as a terrestrial paradise, by men who had never seen any thing beyond their native city.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He however, sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done!"

I have remarked that, in some chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena, he endeavoured to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys. Persons who are determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature, have unjustly reproached the admiral for the loss of the fleet. I will enter into a few details relative to the affair of Aboukir, for it is gratifying to render justice to the memory of a man like Admiral Brueys.

Brueys, it is said, would not go to Corfu, in spite of the positive and reiterated orders he received: Bonaparte's letter to the directory, and his words at St. Helena, have been tortured to show that Brueys expiated by his death the great fault of which he had been guilty. Much has been said about the report of Captain Barre; but the reply of the admiral ought also to be taken into account. Brueys, for good reasons, did not think that vessels the size of those of the squadron could enter the ports of Alexandria. But it is said the orders to repair to Corfu were reiterated; though, when, and by whom, is not mentioned. From the order of the 3d of July, to the time of his unfortunate death, Brueys did not receive a line from Bonaparte, who on his part did not receive all the admiral's despatches until the 26th of July, when he was at Cairo, and consequently too late to enable his answer to come to hand before the 1st of August. Brueys is also reproached with having persisted in awaiting the course

of events at Aboukir. Can it be supposed that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the general-in-chief, who was his superior in command?

The friendship and confidence with which Admiral Brueys honoured me, his glorious death, and the fury with which he has been accused, impose upon me the obligation of defending him. In every publication I have read relative to the event, what is termed his great fault has been the subject of animadversion.

Who is the accuser? Bonaparte.—What is the act of accusation? The letter of the general-in-chief to the directory, of the 10th of August, 1798. In his preceding letters he constantly praised the admiral's talent and judgment.

It will be seen that in the letter of the 10th of August, which was written fifty days after his entrance into Egypt, Bonaparte, anticipating what he afterwards said in his conversations at St. Helena, distorted facts, altered dates, affirmed what was at least doubtful, and accused the innocent, in the hope of averting reprobation from himself.

Bonaparte had risked a badly equipped squadron against the English fleet. He had the good fortune to land in Egypt, but the squadron was destroyed. It will be remembered what Admiral Brueys said to me on the passage; but says Bonaparte, "If my orders had been attended to, the fleet would not have been lost."

Napoleon's anxious desire of being transmitted faultless to posterity, had heretofore been satisfied, and he was tormented by the idea of the impression which the event at Aboukir would produce on the public mind. But he might have justified himself without accusing any one. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of the circumstances in which we were placed, and the misery to which we were exposed during the first month of the invasion, when our naval force was supplied with provisions day by day, and almost bit by bit.

Instead of the promised land which we had been taught to expect, we had to cope with every kind of privation, added to the most vexatious hostility on the part of the people.

The whole truth never appeared in Bonaparte's despatches, when it was in any way unfavourable to himself. He knew how to disguise, to alter, or to conceal it when necessary. He not unfrequently altered the despatches of others, when they ran counter to his views, or were calculated to diminish the good opinion he wished the world should entertain of him. I drew up for him the following draught of a letter to be presented to the directory:

"Admiral Brueys could not enter with his squadron into the old port of Alexandria, which is impracticable for vessels of the size of his. Imperious circumstances obliged him to wait in

the roads of Aboukir for a favourable moment to proceed to Corfu. His moorings, however, were not effectual. The left of his line was forced, in spite of the two mortars placed on the bank, and each of his ships was exposed to the fire of several of the enemy's. The fleet has been destroyed. I send you an exact account of our loss in men and ships. This great disaster, which could only have been caused by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, will prove the necessity of immediately forwarding to us the re-enforcements and other things required for the army."

This sketch of a letter contained neither justification nor blame. After having read it, Bonaparte smiled, and returned it to me, saying, "This is too vague, too soft: it is not pointed enough. We must enter into more details, and mention those who have distinguished themselves. Besides, you would make it appear that Brueys is blameless. This will not do. You do not know the men we have to deal with. I will tell you what to write."

He then dictated to me a despatch, the first part of which consisted of a long detail of his military operations against the beys. From that subject he broke off in the following manner:—

"I left at Salehyeh General Reynier's division and some officers of engineers, to construct a fortress; and on the 26th Thermidor I set out to return to Cairo. I was not two leagues from Salehyeh, when General Kleber's aid-de-camp arrived with the account of the attack which our squadron had suffered on the 14th Thermidor. Owing to the difficulty of communication, the aid-de-camp had been eleven days on the journey.

"On the 18th Messidor, I set out from Alexandria. I wrote to Admiral Brueys, desiring him to enter the port of that city within four and twenty hours, and if his squadron could not get in, to land the artillery and every thing belonging to the army, and then proceed to Corfu.

"The admiral did not think he could land the artillery, &c., in the situation in which he was, being anchored among some rocks before the port of Alexandria, and several vessels having already lost their anchors. He therefore anchored in the roads of Aboukir. I sent some officers of engineers and artillery, who assured the admiral that he could receive no assistance from land; and it was agreed, that if the English should appear within the two or three days that he was obliged to remain at Aboukir, he must make up his mind to cut his cables, and that it was desirable to stay as short a time as possible at Aboukir.

"I departed from Alexandria in the firm belief that, within three days, the squadron would enter the port of Alexandria, or sail for Corfu. From the 18th Messidor to the 6th Thermidor,

I had no tidings either from Rosetta or Alexandria. A cloud of Arabs, thronging from all points of the desert, were continually within a short distance of the camp. On the 9th Thermidor, the report of our victories, together with various arrangements that were made, opened our communications. I received several letters from the admiral, which, to my surprise, announced that he was still at Aboukir. I wrote immediately to desire that he would not delay another hour, either entering Alexandria or proceeding to Corfu.

"The admiral informed me, by a letter of the 2nd Thermidor, that several English vessels had come to reconnoitre him, and that he was preparing to receive the enemy at Aboukir. This strange resolution filled me with alarm, and I feared the business was past all remedy; for the admiral's letter of the 2nd Thermidor did not arrive until the 12th. I despatched Citizen Julien to Aboukir, with orders not to leave the place until he saw the squadron under sail; but as he set out on the 12th, he could not possibly have arrived in time.

"On the 8th Thermidor, the admiral wrote to inform me that the English had withdrawn, which he attributed to the scarcity of provisions. I received the letter on the 12th.

"On the 11th he wrote to me that he had just heard of the victory of the pyramids, and the taking of Cairo, and that he had found a passage for entering the port of Alexandria.

"On the evening of the 14th, the enemy attacked him. As soon as he perceived the English squadron, he despatched an officer to acquaint me with his arrangements. The officer perished on the road.

"I am of opinion that Admiral Brueys did not wish to proceed to Corfu until he ascertained that he could not enter the port of Alexandria, and that the army, of which he had heard nothing for a considerable time, was beyond the necessity of retreating.

If on this fatal occasion he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death.

"Fate, apparently, wishes to prove, that if she grants us the preponderance of power on the land, she has given the empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great are our reverses, we must not say that fortune has forsaken us. Far from it: she has assisted us in this operation beyond what she ever did before. When I arrived before Alexandria, and learnt that the English had passed there in superior force some days previously, I immediately landed, though at the risk of being wrecked in the storm that prevailed. I recollect that at the moment when we were making preparations for landing, we descried, at some distance to windward, a ship of war (*La Justice*,) returning from Malta.—'Fortune!' I exclaimed, 'wilt thou forsake me? Grant me but five days!' I marched all night, and at day break attacked Alexandria with three thousand men, harassed with fatigue, without cannon, and

almost without cartridges. In five days I was master of Rosetta and Damanhour; that is to say, completely established in Egypt.

"In these five days, the squadron ought to have been secure against any attack on the part of the English, whatever might have been their numbers; but, on the contrary, it continued exposed to danger during the remainder of Messidor. It received from Rosetta, at the beginning of Thermidor, a supply of rice for two months. The English showed themselves in superior numbers for the space of six days.

"On the 11th Messidor, Admiral Brueys received information of the entire possession of Egypt, and our entrance into Cairo; and it was not until Fortune saw that all her favours were unavailing, that she abandoned the fleet to its fate."

In the above letter, a great deal is said about Fortune and Fate. All this is very fine; but the best thing Fortune could have done for the general at that time, would have been to send him provisions.

The facts above stated, together with those related in my note, will, I trust, vindicate the memory of Admiral Brueys. A perusal of the official documents connected with the event, must convince every reflecting person that the general-in-chief did not really entertain any idea of despatching the squadron to Corfu before he was in possession of Cairo, and that he did not write to Brueys, on the 6th of July, the letter which he mentions. He was too provident to deprive himself immediately of so great a resource in case of a reverse of fortune. He acted like a man who could foresee events. He was not to blame for the loss of the fleet; but neither was Admiral Brueys. Before Bonaparte departed for Salehyeh, he frequently spoke to me of the possibility of his embarking again with the fleet.

## CHAPTER XVII.

El Coraim—His execution—Misunderstanding and explanation between Bonaparte and Kleber—The Egyptian Institute—Festival of the birth of Mahomet—Bonaparte's prudent respect for the Mahometan religion—His Turkish dress—Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre—Thoughts of a campaign in Germany—Want of news from France—Anniversary of the 1st Vendemiaire—Bonaparte and Madame Fourés—The Egyptian Fortune Teller—M. Berthollet and the Sheik El-Bekri—The air Marlbrook—Insurrection in Cairo—Death of General Dupuy—Death of Sulkowsky—The insurrection quelled—Nocturnal executions—Destruction of a tribe of Arabs—Convoy of sick and wounded—Massacre of the French—Projected expedition to Syria—Letter to Tippoo Saib—

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Coraim: I will now relate a few particulars of his history, which may afford an idea of the character of most of the Egyptian chiefs, such as we found them on our arrival in the country.

General Kleber sent on board the *Orient* the Sherif of Alexandria, Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, who was arrested by order of Bonaparte on the charge of treason.

The following order was issued against him:—

“The general-in-chief having proofs of the treason of Sidy Mohamed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours, orders:—That Sidy Mohamed el Coraim shall pay a contribution of three hundred thousand francs; in default of which, five days after the publication of the present order, he shall forfeit his head.”

Coraim came from Aboukir to Cairo to defend himself against the accusation. On his arrival at Cairo, I desired Venture, our interpreter, to urge him to save his life by the payment of the fine; and to assure him that the general was determined to make an example. He was a fine handsome man, and his situation excited my interest. “You are rich,” said I to him, through the medium of Venture, “therefore make the sacrifice.” He smiled contemptuously, and replied: “If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I should be giving away my piastres uselessly; and if I am not to die, why should I give them at all?” He was executed at Cairo, on the 6th of September, 1798, at noon, and his head was paraded through the streets of the city with the following placard:—“Coraim, Sherif of Alexandria, condemned to death for having violated the oaths of fidelity he had taken to the French republic, and for having maintained correspondence with the Mamelukes, to whom he was a spy. Thus shall be punished all traitors and perjurors!”

Coraim had taken his precautions so well, that nothing was found after his death. But this example facilitated the collection of the forced contributions, and intimidated some other rich chiefs, who were not such stanch fatalists as he.

The satirical way in which Kleber spoke of the Egyptian expedition, and the unreserved frankness of his correspondence, had produced a degree of coolness between him and the general-in-chief, who expressed his displeasure in language not more moderate than that which was attributed to Kleber. The latter being informed of this, wrote the following letter to the general-in-chief on the 22d of August, 1798.

“You would be unjust, citizen-general, to regard as a mark of weakness or discouragement the vehemence with which I have described my wants to you. It matters little to me where I live, or where I die, provided I live for the glory of France, and die as I have lived. Under any circumstances, therefore, you may rely on me as well as upon those whom you order to obey me. I have already told you that. The event of the 14th\* has

\* The loss of the fleet (1st of August, 1798.)

excited in the minds of the soldiers nothing but indignation and the desire of revenge. I am, in truth, much displeased with the navy, which I have seen under the most unfavourable point of view. The enormous quantity of baggage landed at Alexandria, and the style in which the naval officers have been seen in the streets of that city, prove that few of them have sustained serious loss. Besides, the English have disinterestedly restored every thing to the prisoners, and have not suffered them to be deprived of an iota. It was not so with our military officers. No one has pleaded their cause; and being too proud to plead it themselves under such circumstances, they arrived here almost without clothing, and many of them, rather than surrender, preferred throwing themselves into the sea."

To this letter Bonaparte replied:

"Rely on the value I attach to your esteem and friendship; I fear a little misunderstanding has arisen between us. You would be unjust to doubt how much it vexes me. In Egypt, when clouds appear, they pass away in six hours; on my part, should any arise, they shall be banished in three. The regard I cherish for you is at least equal to that which you have sometimes evinced for me."

This lukewarm reciprocal assurance of esteem did not diminish the dislike they mutually entertained of each other.

The loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectually organizing Egypt, where every thing denoted that we should stay for a considerable time, except in the event of a forced evacuation, which the general was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Murad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation, government, the organization of the divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately despatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August, Bonaparte established at Cairo an institute of the arts and sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Sucy, who was obliged to return to France in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.

In founding this institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilization. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

On the 18th, Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the water of the Nile when it reaches the height fixed by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the Sheik El-Bekri, who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.

It has been alleged, that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and worship of the Mussulmans; but it cannot be said that he *celebrated* the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile, and the anniversary of the prophet. The Turks invited him to these, merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the Imans the theology of the children of Ismael. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matter of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him.\* His religious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosophic spirit.

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, show respect for the religion of the country; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting, and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them every where as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion, had the conquest of the east been the price of that change. All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran, to the great men of the country, he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

The letter of the general-in-chief, in which he consigned the command to Kleber, contained the following passage:—

\* From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Mussulmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the general as well as to the muftis and Imans; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter Scott says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity, and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he *believed in the mission of Mahomet*.

"The Christians will always be our friends: but we must prevent them from being too insolent, lest the Turks should conceive against us the same fanatical hatred they cherish towards the Christians, in which case they would be irreconcileable."

On the 13th of March, 1799, he wrote to Menou:—

"I thank you for the honours you have rendered to *our* prophet."

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion, on the subject of his conversion; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief, in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently, to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations, and delivered addresses, on the same principle. In India, he would have been for Ali; at Thibet, for the Dalai-Lama; and in China, for Confucius.

The general-in-chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day, he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour, he made his appearance, in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised, he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down, very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and oriental robe, that he speedily threw them off, and was never after tempted to assume the disguise.

About the end of August, Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, surnamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolatory assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the grand seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the grand seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength, and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte, and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt, retarded, for the moment, the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

As the end of August approached, the general-in-chief made preparations for celebrating the festival of the republic. His peculiar turn of mind was evinced, even in the orders which he dictated to me on that occasion. The desire of living in futurity ruled all his thoughts. He wished to connect the ceremony with the names of those ancient monuments, which still survive, almost in perfection, while the names of those, by whom they were produced, are unknown, forgotten, or doubtful. It was determined that the ceremony of the festival should be celebrated round Pompey's pillar; upon which were to be inscribed the names of the brave men killed in the taking of Alexandria. The tri-coloured flag was to wave on the ancient column, and the ruins of the city of the hundred palaces, were to witness the festival of that republic, which eighteen months later, was itself doomed to possess only a historical existence.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir, until the revolt of Cairo, on October 22nd, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to every thing, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great, he rode on horseback; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often happened,) no orders to send off, or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me:—

“Do you know what I am thinking of?”—“Upon my word, that would be very difficult; you think of such extraordinary things.”—“I don't know,” continued he, “that I shall ever see France again; but if I do, my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country, and live quietly.”

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war; the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long; but always replete with interest.

In these intervals of leisure, Bonaparte was accustomed to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening. When I read poetry, he would fall asleep; but when he asked for the “Life of Cromwell,” I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day, he used to read, and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruizers. Many letters were intercepted, and scandalously published. Not even family secrets, and communications of the most confidential nature were respected.

The festival of the first Vendemiaire, year VII. (22nd of September, 1798,) was celebrated by the French on every point which they occupied in Egypt, and was, as may be supposed, more brilliant in Cairo than elsewhere. In that city, upwards of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Turks partook of a magnificent entertainment. The standard of Mahomet, and the flag of the republic, waved in friendly union; the crescent, and the cap of liberty, were side by side; and the Koran was the pendant to the Rights of Man.

The Turks were tolerably insensible to all this; but one thing, which made a profound and salutary impression on them was, the number of our troops, their manœuvres, the evolutions of our artillery, and the admirable order and discipline of all our corps.

About the middle of September, in this year, Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elfey Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. However, their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman, in Egypt, who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged, for her, a house adjoining the palace of Elfey Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connexion soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fourés, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have had a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidently vouched for the accuracy with which he could foretell future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik, were with the general. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte; who, however, proposed, that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill, I must mention, that since my arrival in Cairo, I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile, and the bad food we had had for twelve days, had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it

right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part, and pressing on mine, he announced to me, that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, the general said to me, "Well, what do you think of that?" I observed, that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in foretelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance, in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I get the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again."

The art of imposing on mankind has, at all times, been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the natural instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller, he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjuror to conjuror. For this purpose, he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments performed by M. Berthollet. The general expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the Sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; "but," said he, "ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?" M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Oh! then," said the sheik, "he is not half a conjuror."

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of Marlbrook. When that was played, they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques, had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers address prayers to the prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time, no notice was taken of it. The Turks perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our

feeble police, and circulated real or forged firman's of the grand seignior, disavowing the concord between France and the porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at head-quarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The general-in-chief was not, as has been stated, in the Isle of Raouddah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A moment after he learned the death of General Dupuy, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, he advanced on all the threatened points, restored confidence, and with great presence of mind, adopted measures of defence.

He left me at head-quarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight, that I felt no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Esteve, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekyeh Place. M. Esteve was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulaq came up to his assistance. After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to head-quarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?" — "Not at all, general, I assure you," replied I.

General Dupuy was killed at the head of his troops, whom he was leading against the insurgents. I had dined with him on the preceding day. On my way to his quarters, I saw an immense crowd assembled in the square of the bazaar. A man who had stolen some dates was receiving the punishment of the bastinado. I was on horseback, attended by a servant. The aga, whom I met every day at head-quarters, saw me. He opened a passage for me through the crowd, and I got near the unfortunate criminal. His cries and entreaties, and those of some of the spectators, prevailed on me to intercede in his behalf. I urged the aga to consider the punishment already inflicted as sufficient for the offence. This was readily acceded to. The criminal was unbound and carried home. His feet were bleeding.

The insurrection was general from Sienna to Lake Marcetis.

It was about half past eight in the morning when Bonaparte returned to head-quarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs on horseback were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aid-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to

mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-en-Nassr, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the general-in-chief, that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Sulkowsky, as I have already observed, was a native of Poland, and a brave and intelligent young officer. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss was deeply deplored by the general. On the 2d of September, Sulkowsky had read to the Egyptian institute, of which he was a member, an excellent report, descriptive of the road from Cairo to Salehyeh.

Mortars were planted on Mount Moquatam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the Square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricadoed. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at head-quarters. They awaited with the calmest resignation the death which they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third day the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks, and thrown into the Nile. There were many women included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of ensuring our own safety urged the commission of a horrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The general-in-chief ordered his aid-de-camp, Croisier, to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe,

destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, to bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugene Beauharnais accompanied Croisart, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition in the hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

Next day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat, and fatigue. About four o'clock, a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekiyeh Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but at the same time I must acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet, the general-in-chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal, which united the Nile to the Gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt of Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the commissary, Sucy, leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the *Cerf*, shebeck. I was conversing with him on deck, when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but, some time after, he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January, 1799, all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one, who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left fifteen thousand men in that country, and have had thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He

was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia. How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the government, and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure from Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799, he wrote to Tippoo Saib, as follows:—

“ You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Marcate or Mokha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.”\*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez—Crossing the Desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The Fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Discovery of an ancient Canal—Danger in recrossing the Red Sea—Napoleon's return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Syria—Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—MM. de Livron and Hamelin—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—General Berthier's permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored Portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—The first Cashmere shawl in France—Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria—Fountains of Messoudin—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad Jeroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe, as to be just in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This

\* It has often been stated that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following.

desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez to Tor, and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished in crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge, himself, was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals, which he had picked up on the way, and deposited in the berline of the general-in-chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires, than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to raise our camp, and advance farther on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th, Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and ports of Suez, and giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared, what indeed really occurred, after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some corps from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These corps contributed to the loss of his conquest.

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea, dry-shod,\* to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myriametre from the eastern coast, and a little south-east of Suez. The Gulf of Arabia terminates at about five thousand metres north of that city. Near the port the Red Sea is not above fifteen hundred metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai, always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This abridges their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water is five or six feet deep at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh, it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours, seated by the largest of the springs, called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste, that it was scarcely drinkable.

I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived, at a distance, some high hills, which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor, and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the wells, and that they might there thank the French general for the protection granted to their caravans, and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safe-guard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts.

\* From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El Mahadyeh*, the passage.

Though the waters of the eight little springs, which from the Wells of Moses, is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water. The water of these fountains is continually flowing, and has not a very disagreeable smell.

On our return to Suez, we went a little to the left to visit the ruins of a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, during the war between the Venetians and the Portuguese, which broke out after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Descending to the sea-coast, General Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, three or four hundred metres in length. It was lined with good masonry, and might have been repaired at little expense. These canals serve to convey water to the vessels stationed on the eastern bank of the Arabian gulf.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down: we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated.

I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide which was coming up would have been the grave of the general-in-chief, had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed, all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a mere fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden leg prevented him sitting firmly on his horse in the water; but some persons came to his assistance, and supported him.

Next morning the general-in-chief was walking with me on the western side of the gulf, when we saw a man on horseback, advancing towards us. We stopped, and the horseman approached. He proved to be one of our guides, named Semin, who, on our return from the fountains, had lingered a little behind the rest, and hearing us calling upon each other as we were fording the sea in the dark, he concluded that some accident had happened, and would not venture forward alone. He, therefore, ascended the eastern bank, doubled the gulf, and was on his way back to Suez, when he met the general. When he had left us, Bonaparte said to me, "That fellow is no fool."

On his return to Cairo the general-in-chief wished to discover the site of the canal, which, in ancient times, formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile, by Belbeys. M. Lepère, who was a member of the Egyptian institute, and is now inspector general of bridges and causeways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to

form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

On his arrival at Cairo, Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the expenses of the army. To defray his own private expenses, Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa, through the medium of M. James. The connexion of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

Since the month of August, the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July, in the following year. Bonaparte was fully persuaded that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue, to supporting a power which, under the specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief had no longer any doubt as to the course which the porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt, were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gazah and El Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

At the time fixed for his departure, Bonaparte learned that MM. Livron and Hamelin had arrived in the port of Alexandria. We had received no official news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. The general delayed his departure for Asia for some days, in the hope of receiving letters. There appeared to be something vague in the declarations of Hamelin, who had not come directly from France. He had left Trieste on the 24th of October, 1797, and had touched at Ancona and other ports. On the very day of his departure, Bonaparte declared that if in the course of the month he should positively learn that France was at war with the powers of Europe, he would return. I mention this fact before-

hand, to explain the departure which gave rise to so many absurd conjectures and incorrect assertions.

Bonaparte saw, with his usual quickness, the dangers which threatened him from the isthmus of Suez, and he made preparations for averting them; but these measures, which were perfectly natural in the circumstances in which we stood, served to veil one of those gigantic schemes in which his imagination loved to indulge. Had this scheme been put into execution, the fate of France would have depended on new and incalculable combinations. It was on the shore of Saint Jean d'Acre that he first mentioned to me that vast and incredible enterprise, of which he had probably conceived the idea when he wrote to Kleber, some time after the fatal night of the 1st of August:—"If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will, perhaps, oblige us to do greater things than we otherwise would."

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained permission to return to France. The *Courageuse* frigate, which was to convey him home, was preparing at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been, for some time past, any thing but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration, more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He looked round, but did not think proper to interrupt his devotions.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps, for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the general-in-chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he. "You know," replied the general, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days." "Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The general-in-chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March, 1799.

On his return to France, Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English, and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family, on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799, we began our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that the army amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with twelve thousand men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers, by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only three hundred men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoodiah, or, "the Fortunate Spot." Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoodiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little downs of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the finger holes of four or five inches in depth, at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear, if we could have spared time to allow it to rest, and disengage itself from the particles of foreign matter which it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying on the sand, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind

us of our much loved native land. At Messoodiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unforeseen wells.

Whilst near the wells of Messoodiah, on our way to El Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The general's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot for about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some pre-possession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, "So! I find I cannot depend on you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues from her—you ought to have told me—Josephine!—That she should have thus deceived me!—Wo to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of sops and puppies!—As to her divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—You ought to have told me!" These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blameable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him. Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when any thing seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider

with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip such as that which had been repeated to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he, "I know not what I would give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue: so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph: he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce, which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false.—"The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly." These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it, except that about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a Marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour. He died insane, on the 27th of July, 1813.

Our little army continued its march on El Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert, and the scarcity of water, excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless, these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that the greatest privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times, during the crossing of the isthmus, I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, unable to wait till the hour for the distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it, and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated, that it was because the men, composing the El Arish garrison, did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called forth, made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for a hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathia, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian Gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean. The recollections of our education, by which the great events that have occurred in these regions had been impressed on our minds, made every remarkable place to which we came, produce a mysterious effect on our imagination. We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the general-in-chief, whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh, no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We, therefore, did not interfere with Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.\*

\* Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being king of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. Of what value is the gratuitous supposition of that writer? The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head.

We found, at Ramleh, between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future rewards may console under present ills. But I learnt from many of them, that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people, than amongst the better instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities. The same passions exhibit themselves wherever men are congregated.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival at Jaffa—The Siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the Mountaineers—Barbary of Djezzar—Arrival at St. Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks—Death of Caffarelli—Sir Sidney Smith—Duroc wounded—Rash bathings—Monuments in Egypt—Loss of the Italy—Bonaparte's presentiment.

ON arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Gresieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he to me, opposing my approach by a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch here." I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." We learnt shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, that he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it. He had been appointed commandant of the provinces of Gazah and Ramleh on the 13th of March.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aids-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him. They learnt that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aid-de-camp scarf on the arm, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if

not, they threatened to fire on the aids-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the proposition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he saw this multitude of men approaching, and before he even saw his aids-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow: "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why, in the Devil's name, have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the general-in-chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugene and Crosier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aids-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the general-in-chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to set down, and were placed without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they

discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to re-enforce the Pacha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompense for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eyes of the prophet.

Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march?—and, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea coast, at some distance

from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eye witness. Others who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene still makes me shudder, when I think of it, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to this day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. It may be supposed that I had not a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him. Indeed I ought, in truth, to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest regret.

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.\*

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred, but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obsti-

\* Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us, to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness. In the first place, it would have been far better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre; in the next place, Kleber's division caught the seeds of that dreadful malady at Damietta. It was developed and propagated on our march: and in fact was carried into Syria with us.

nately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience, and it must be confessed his anger was but natural. The Naplosians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

On the 18th of March, we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre. On our arrival, we learnt that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly de Chateau Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery: but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken, occasioned us to overlook, in some degree, the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sidney Smith was, without contradiction, the man who did us the greatest injury. Much has been said respecting his communications with the general-in-chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers, were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war. As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm, that his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have

seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sidney's conduct before the capitulation of El Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

All our manœuvres, our works and attacks, were made with that levity and carelessness which over confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery was of necessity required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders, six and eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May, our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the Tiger and Theseus, which were stationed on each side of the harbour. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones, one over the other, on the walls, put their fire arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observations of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The general survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired, he said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*." When I returned to the tent of the general-in-chief, he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*. He is just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "What! To wish to hear that preface! How singular!" He went to see Caf-

farelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening, and received his last breath. He departed with the utmost composure. His death was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science who accompanied us. It was a just regret, fully due to this distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and an amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May, when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches. Croisier, who was mentioned on our arrival at Damanhour, and, on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his general to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked all the enemy's shots. "Croisier, come down, I command you; you have no business there," cried Bonaparte in a loud and imperative tone. Croisier remained without making any reply. A moment after a ball passed through his right leg. Amputation was not considered indispensable. On the day of our departure he was placed on a litter, which was borne by sixteen men, alternately, eight at a time. I received his last farewell between Gazah and El Arish, where he died, of tetanus. His modest tomb will not be often disturbed.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre lasted sixteen days. During that time, eight assaults and twelve sorties took place. In the assault of the 8th of May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the town. Victory was already shouted; but the breach having been taken in reserve by the Turks, it was not approached without some degree of hesitation, and the two hundred men who had entered, were not supported. The streets were barricadoed. The cries, the howlings of the women, who ran through the streets, throwing, according to the custom of the country, dust in the air, excited the male inhabitants to a desperate resistance, which rendered unavailing this short occupation of the town, by a handful of men, who, finding themselves left without assistance, retreated towards the breach. Many who could not reach it, perished in the town. During this assault, Duroc, who was in the trench, was wounded in the right thigh by the bursting of an howitzer, fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, this accident only carried away the flesh from the bone, which remained untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aids-de-camp; but, for his better accommodation, I gave him mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. Entering his tent one day about noon, I found him in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had compelled him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion, which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed, and

approached very near to the wound. I had the good fortune to strike it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were out of reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days: one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place: if we had likewise taken into consideration the active co-operation of the English and the Ottoman porte; our absolute want of artillery, of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder, and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly would not have undertaken the siege: and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege, the general-in-chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in the northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic, Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was, to attack our rear, by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots.

I was astonished that we received no news from Upper Egypt. "Dessaix is there," said Bonaparte to me. "I am under no apprehension." Only a few days afterwards we received intelligence from that general, who was constantly beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad and his adherents. His despatches apprized Bonaparte that a very fine and large djerme (a boat of the Nile,) which had been named the *Italy*, had run aground at the village of Benouth, on the west bank of the Nile, after an obstinate engagement. This djerme had on board a great part of the musicians of the 61st demi-brigade, a number of troops, some wounded soldiers, and a quantity of provisions. Morandi, the commander, by maintaining a desperate fire, killed a great number of Fellahs and Arabs; but, seeing no hope of success or escape, and being unwilling to surrender to the barbarians, he set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up the djerme. He perished in the waves. All who escaped the flames, were massacred by the Arabs of Yambo, the most ferocious tribe of the natives. The private letters, which accompanied this

N.B.—despatch, contained horrible pictures of the cruelties committed by these barbarians. They tied the prisoners to trees, and compelled the unfortunate musicians to play on their instruments, while their wretched comrades expired amidst the most dreadful torments. Next, the unfortunate musicians themselves, every individual, to the last man, perished in the same manner. This sad intelligence, with the name of the djerme, made a deep impression on Bonaparte, who said to me in a prophetic tone, "My dear friend, France has lost Italy. It is all over. My forebodings never deceive me." I observed to him, that there could, in reality, be no connexion between Italy and a bark destroyed, at the distance of eight hundred leagues from the country of which it bore the name. But nothing could remove his first impression. The reality of his presentiment, he firmly believed, would soon be confirmed.

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## CHAPTER XX.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names in Bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Carmel—The wounded and infected—Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Naplousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital—A potion given—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

THE siege of Saint Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly three thousand men, in killed, and deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made five hundred killed and one thousand wounded, and the enemy's more than fifteen thousand.

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed, that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin, was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he mentioned the circumstance to the general-in-chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; "that is not your place." I replied that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and, he believed, there would be no sortie, as the gar-

rison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt, he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the memorial of St. Helena: "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the east lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May, Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me, "Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the pasha's treasures; and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will stir up, and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical governments of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiery. I shall overturn the Turkish empire, and found, in the east, a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After I had made some observations, which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you not see that the Druses only wait for the fall of Acre, to rise in rebellion? Have not the keys of Damascus already been offered me? I only stay till these walls fall, because until then, I can derive no advantage from this large town. By the operation, which I meditate, I cut off all kind of succour from the beys, and secure the conquest of Egypt. I will

have Dessaix nominated commander-in-chief; but if I do not succeed in the last assault I am about to attempt, I set off directly. Time presses. I shall not be at Cairo before the middle of June. The winds will then be favourable for ships bound to Egypt from the north. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Rosetta. I must be there. As for the army which will arrive afterwards by land, I do not fear it this year. I will cause every thing to be destroyed, all the way to the entrance of the desert. I will render the passage of an army impossible for two years. Troops cannot exist amidst ruins."

As soon as I returned to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory; and I may venture to say, that every word I put down is correct. It is but right to add, that during the siege our camp was constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favour our arms, and prayed fervently at every assault for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. It is also true that the people of Damascus had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus every thing contributed to make him confident in his favourite plan.

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte reckoned so much, and who are commonly regarded as half Christians, adorers of the cross, and descendants of the crusaders, are neither one nor the other. This error has been again advanced in a recent work, where they are called a Christian population. My own opinions entirely agree with those of a judicious writer, whose accounts respecting the east never deceive, while M. Savary's are mere romances. We learned, at Cairo, that he got up his travels seated very comfortably in his chamber, from information the most extraordinary and absurd; and that when he says, "I saw such and such a thing—I spoke to this or that sheik"—he saw nothing, and spoke to nobody.

The Druses, who inhabit that part of Syria, situated between the river Rab and the valley of Beyac, as far as Sour, are a sect of Mussulmans, formed at the commencement of the eleventh century. They consider it useless to fast, pray, circumcise, to perform pilgrimages, or to observe festivals; that prohibitions from tasting pork or wine are absurd, and that marriages between brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, are not unlawful, though few of the kind occur among them. In the first part of the seventeenth century, the Emir of the Druses, Fakr-el-Din, commonly called Fakardin, went to Florence, to the court of the Medici, to solicit assistance against the Turks, which, after some time, was promised. Pains were then taken to discover who were the Druses, and what was their religion—a religion so equivocal, that no one knew whether it was Christian or Mussulman. The crusades were then recurred to, and it was imagined that a people, seeking refuge in the mountains, and hostile to the Turks, must be a race

of crusaders. Fakr-el-Din confirmed a prejudice which favoured his purpose, and had, besides, the address to claim a relationship with the house of Lorraine. The learned in etymologies, dazzled by the resemblance of names, would have it that Druses and Dreux are exactly one and the same thing, and on this foundation built the story of a supposed French colony, established in Lebanon, under a Count de Dreux. This fable, however, cannot be sustained, as Benjamin of Toledo mentions the Druses before the time of the crusades. Besides, the Druses speak pure Arabic, without the mixture of any European language. The true derivation of the word is from the founder of the sect, Mohammed-ben-Ismael, sur-named Eldorzi.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels, lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which, from one end to the other, offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed, that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public, were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible, upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugna, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say, that he had resolved during his stay in the east, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

We proceeded along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel, we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent which served for a hospital, and abandoned too confidentially to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness, and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of in-

fection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illuminated by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets, which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction, seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying, who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, "I am not infected—I am only wounded;" and to convince those who they addressed, they re-opened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. "It is all over with him," was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on, but the parched and burning sand; on our left lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable, since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition, in which the remains of an army, called *triumphant*, were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the general-in-chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura, when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels, should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected, who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. "Carry that to Berthier," said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent, when Vigogne, the general-in-chief's equerry, entered, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitation in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated him so violently, that, raising his whip, he gave the equerry a severe blow on the head, saying, in a terrible voice, "Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first. Do you not know the order? Be off!"

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the disease of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent

horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of those bronze guns, often the instrument of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Cæsarea on the 22d May, and we marched all the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed in a bush, upon the left of the road, (the sea was two paces from us on the right) fired a musket almost close to the head of the general-in-chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Naplousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea, by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the water's edge, they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire; a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Syrian threw himself into the water, and swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off, that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear guard, and to tell him not to forget the Naplousian. The poor fellow was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a severe duty to perform—I will perform it—I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain work:—"Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected; one by sea, to Damietta, and also by land: the second to Gazah; and the third, to El Arish!" So many words, so many errors!

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up; and on the 27th May, upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards, the general-in-chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to

the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind, it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town, and returned to the hospital; where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first hall. I walked by the general's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the few last months he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted right in doing so?—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable, to his army;—he, on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him.

Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words:—"The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at St. Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there.—In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough rise and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number, are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients, announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay, that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague, in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story,

it is added that they knew how to *elude* the danger, and that any one else who braved it, without using precautions, met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick, or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Roger, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection, it will be evident that the leaving of Roger alone in Jaffa, would have been to devote to certain death, and that a prompt and cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in an hour. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

People can never have enough, it would seem, of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds; but, unfortunately, their share of misery must be taken along with them. The sounding boasts of glory and of triumph are preferred to the simple words of peace and happiness; let it not be forgotten that to those proud pretensions peace and happiness must often be sacrificed. Before fixing the stigma of cruelty on a military chief, who is precipitated by reverses and disastrous circumstances into fatal extremities, we ought first to place ourselves in his identical position, and then ask, with the hand on the heart, whether we could have acted otherwise? If we could not, it becomes us then to pity him, who was forced to do that, which will always be revolting; but at the same time, we ought to acquit him. Victory, it must be frankly avowed, is never acquired, and can never be acquired, but by such deeds of horror, or others of a like nature.

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked, that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is any thing said about the matter. Why this silence? Bonaparte was not the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess, that the being obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure, was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate

expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more adviseable to be silent on the subject.

I am not unaware that there are several versions of this transaction, which might at once have been frankly avowed, showing at the same time that indispensable and cruel necessity impelled to it. For my part, I have just related what I believed to have been true at that time, and what I believe true at the present. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered. I should state an untruth if I did. I cannot name any person concerned in the matter, without hazarding a misrepresentation. But I well know that the decision was come to after that deliberation, which was due to so important a measure, that the order was given, and that the infected are dead. What! shall that which formed the subject of the whole conversation of the head quarters, on the day after leaving Jaffa, and was spoken of without any question of its reality; which was regarded by us as a dreadful but unavoidable misfortune; which was never mentioned in the army but as a fact, of which there was no doubt, and only the details of which were inquired after—I appeal to every honourable man who was present for the truth of what I state—shall that, I say, be now stigmatized as a malignant calumny fabricated to injure the reputation of a hero, who, were this the only reproach that might be addressed to him, would go down with little blemish on his character, to posterity?

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject, at St. Helena? According to his own statement, "he ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done." The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours. Then comes the fable of the five hundred men of the rear guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die. "I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse.—I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was his reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago, at Jaffa.

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heat, during the passage of the desert, between El Arish and Belbeys, exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand, the mercury rose to forty-five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahireh. In spite of our experience, an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach, and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture, which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers, after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spots where they drank the deleterious fluid.

The ill success of the campaign of Syria gave rise to unmeasured complaints, and to reflections naturally caused by our situation. "Why, it was asked, go to meet an army which was not then in existence? Why, if that army must come some time or other to attack Egypt, spare it the difficulties and inconveniences of crossing the desert; and why go and besiege that army in its own intrenchments, instead of waiting for it in the plains of Egypt? Was it not known that the sea, which must act so important a part in such an expedition, was the ally of our enemies? This reasoning would have been unanswerable, had the real object of the expedition been only what the proclamations and official documents announced it to be; namely, to annihilate or to weaken the power of the butcher of Syria. But under that pretence was concealed one of those gigantic projects, which the ardent imagination of Bonaparte, and his indefatigable passion for action, was continually generating.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins, which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have rased the palace of Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre,—not a stone remains upon another. All the inhabitants have left the city by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation, in writing, by his dictation, these official words, every one of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making some observation; but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton; you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections, which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the Angel El Mo-

hady, in the Bohahireh, or to the less important disturbances in the Sharkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria, but lose men and time, neither of which the general had to spare?

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Bonaparte's talent for expressing his ideas—His Notes on Egypt.

OF all the historical works handed down to us by antiquity, those rare and precious books are the most entitled to our regard, which have been produced in the leisure hours of superior men, who were gifted not only with the genius to conceive and to execute great designs, but also with the art of suitably describing them. In the first rank of such works are to be placed Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and Cæsar's Commentaries. Bonaparte, whose name may, without flattery, be here introduced, after those two great men, excelled in the art of giving expression to his thought. This opinion, held by all those who were for any length of time near him, and attended to the development of his grand ideas, will be adopted, I am persuaded, by every one, who has read the examples of this faculty which I have already given, and who shall read the chapter I am now commencing. I may be permitted to say this, as the work I am about to insert is Bonaparte's, and not mine. I have merely ventured to add a note or two to his comprehensive and elevated views.

It was during the time which elapsed, between our return to Cairo and our departure for the pyramids, that Bonaparte wrote his "Notes on Egypt." I have preserved the modest title of "Notes," because it was that which Bonaparte himself gave to his observations. He did not dictate these notes to me, but wrote them himself, and with a great deal of care. I have only part of the autograph manuscript in my possession, and I know not what has become of the rest; but the copy which I made in Cairo, from the original, is corrected in many places by the general's own hand, and I can assure the reader that there is not a word inserted which is not his.

## “NOTES.

“I. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Asouan to the sea.\*

“II. There are no habitable and cultivated spots, except where the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the Abyssinian mountains. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

“III. The desert only produces some bushes, which serve towards the subsistence of camels. No man can live in the desert.

“IV. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the desert, and a coast as the boundary of the valley of the Nile. The inhabitants of the villages, situated there, are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

“V. The Mamelukes held possession of the villages as fiefs. Well armed and well mounted, they repelled the Arabs, of whom they were the terror. Yet they were by far too few to guard that immense line.

“VI. This is the reason why each frontier, each road, is protected by Arab tribes, of the province, armed and mounted, who are obliged to repel the aggressions of foreign Arabs. On this account they have villages, lands, and privileges.

“VII. Thus when the government is powerful, the domiciliated Arabs fear it, and remain at peace; and Egypt is then almost entirely free from any danger of foreign incursion.

“VIII. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt. Then they quit their lands, to rove about the desert, and unite with foreign Arabs, to pillage the country, into the adjoining provinces of which they make incursions.

“IX. The foreign Arabs do not live in the desert, because the desert cannot support them. They live in Arabia, in Africa, and Asia. They learn that there is anarchy; they quit their country,—traverse the desert, for twelve or fifteen days,—establish themselves at some point on its frontiers,—and thence proceed to ravage the interior of Egypt.†

“X. The desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and their waters are scanty, and generally dirty, brackish, or sulphurous. There are, however, few routes in which wells are not to be met with, once in thirty hours.

\* Abd El Rachid el Bakery, an Arabian geographer, who wrote a work in the year 815 of the Hegira, and 1442 of the common era, reckons the length of Egypt, from El Arish to Asouan, and its breadth from Eylah to Bargah.

† The Arabs in general, but particularly those of the desert, scarcely know the name of the prophet and the Koran. They say that the religion of the prophet was not made for them, “for how,” say they, “can we make ablutions who have no water? How bestow alms when we are not rich? Why keep the fast of the Rhamadan when we fast all the year? And why go to Mecca, since God is every where?”

" XI. Camels are employed to carry the water that is wanted in leatheren bottles. One camel can carry water sufficient to serve a hundred Frenchmen for a whole day.

" XII. We have said that Egypt is merely the valley of the Nile; the soil of the valley was originally the same as that which surrounds it; but the overflowings of the Nile, and the slime which they deposite, have rendered the valley through which that river flows one of the most fertile and habitable portions of the globe.

" XIII. The Nile rises in Messidor, and the inundation begins in Fructidor. All the country is then overflowed, and the communications are difficult. The villages are situated at an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet. A small road forms, sometimes, a communication; but often there is merely a narrow path for this purpose.

" XIV. The Nile rises, more or less, in proportion to the degree of rain which falls in Abyssinia; but the inundation also depends on the irrigating canals.

" XV. The Nile has, at present only two branches, those of Rosetta and Damietta. If those two branches could be blocked up, so as to allow as little water as possible to flow into the sea, the inundation would be greater and more extensive, and the habitable country would be enlarged.

" XVI. If the canals were well cleared, taken care of, and more numerous, it would be possible to retain the water in the grounds during the greater part of the year, and thereby to augment, to a certain degree, the valley and habitable country. In this manner have the Oasis of Sharkyeh and part of the desert beyond Pelusium been irrigated; and all Bohahireh, Mangoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, peopled and cultivated.

" XVII. By a well-arranged system, the result of a good goverment, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred leagues square.\*

\* I ascertained from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only about a thousand leagues square of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand. The population which now is not above two millions, in ancient times exceeded eight millions. The sand has invaded the fertile soil. The action of the sand may not inaptly be compared to a cancer. It eats up all before it. The neglect of the irrigating canals, has augmented the evil. As to the population, it must have fallen off with the diminution of cultivation: but the extreme wretchedness which prevails, is a still more powerful cause of depopulation. The appearance alone of the children of Cairo, cannot leave a doubt as to the continual decrease of the population. It is really pitiable to behold their looks of misery. Never elsewhere did I meet with so afflicting a spectacle as these little creatures presented. They have the appearance of being constantly struggling against death. The eyes are sunken, the complexion is yellow, the countenance bloated, the belly puffed out, and the extremities wasted. How often have I sighed to see these little unfortunate heaped one on another, squatting naked under walls or gateways; their eyes, mouths, noses, and ears, covered with millions of flies feeding on them, and which, in their state of exhaustion, they do not even attempt to drive away. The mortality of children

" XVIII. If it be probable that the Nile once flowed into the waterless river, which extends from Fayoum to the middle of the Natron lake and terminates at the sea beyond the Arab's tour, it would then appear that Meiris had stopped up this branch of the Nile, and given rise to that celebrated lake, of which even Herodotus did not know the construction.

XIX. The government has more influence upon public prosperity than in any other country. For anarchy and tyranny have elsewhere no influence upon the course of the seasons and the rain. All land in Egypt might be equally fertile: but a dyke uncut, a canal not cleared, may render a whole province a desert; for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are governed, in Egypt, by the period and the quantity of the inundations.

" XX. The government of Egypt having fallen into very negligent hands, during the last fifty years, the country is annually deteriorating in many parts.\* The desert has gained on the valley, and has even formed little hills of sand on the banks of the Nile.† Twenty years more of a government, such as that of Ibrahim and Mourad Bey, and Egypt would lose a third of her cultivable land. It would, perhaps, be very easy to prove that fifty years of a government, such as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, would treble the amount of cultivation and population. Men would not be wanting for the soil, for they abound on all the coasts of Africa and Arabia.

" XXI. The Nile, from Asouan until within three leagues north of Cairo, flows in a single branch. At this point, which is called the Cow's Belly, it divides into the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.‡

" XXII. The waters of the Damietta branch have a marked tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle of our administration in Egypt, to aid this tendency, which is advantageous to Alexandria, and favourable to all the direct communications with Europe.

" XXIII. Were the dyke of Fara, or Nysk, cut, the province of Bohahyrah would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which comes from Fayoum, would approximate the

at Cairo is inconceivable. I fear that it is the same throughout the rest of Egypt. This mortality would infallibly sweep off the entire population, but for the extreme fecundity of the women, which in some degree establishes the equilibrium between life and death. Struck with the deplorable condition of these children, I obtained tables of the mortality during ten days of the season most favourable to health. The following is the result:—Men 31: women 35: children 161—total 227.

\* This was written in 1799. Since that time affairs appear to have had a tendency towards melioration.

† I remarked that the violence of the south-west and west winds, carry across the Rosetta branch a vast quantity of sand, which annually spreads over the rich and beautiful province of Menocaffyeh.

‡ The greatest width of the valley of the Nile, from the entrance of the river into Egypt to Cairo, is not four leagues, and its smallest width is at least one league.

inundation to the walls of Alexandria. This operation, however, would do the greatest injury to the provinces of Sharkyeh, Damietta, and Massourah; its execution ought, therefore, to be delayed till a favourable moment. But it must be done some day.

"XXIV. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to render it navigable throughout the year. Vessels of a hundred tons, might, during six months of the year, go from Alexandria to Cairo and Asouan, without passing any boghaz.

"XXV. A work, which will one day be undertaken, will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches, at the Cow's Belly. By the aid of dams, all the waters of the Nile might thus be made to flow successively to the east and west, and thereby the inundation would be doubled.

"XXVI. During the inundation of the Nile, the waters reach to within seven leagues of Suez. The remains of the canal are to be seen in perfect preservation; and there is no doubt that vessels may yet convey goods from Suez to Alexandria.

"XXVII. We have stated that Egypt is, properly speaking, the valley of the Nile. However, a great portion of the deserts which surround it form also part of Egypt, and in these deserts there are oases, as there are islands in the sea. On the western side, the deserts, which form part of Egypt, extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three Syrahs oases and the Natron lakes. The first oasis is three days' journey from Syouth. There is no water to be met with on the route. In this oasis there are palm trees, some wells of brackish water, and some ground capable of cultivation. Malignant fevers prevail here almost constantly.\*

"XXVIII. To go from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated ground, requires thirty days through the desert. Five of these days are passed without finding water.

"XXIX. The Natron lakes are situated at twelve hours' journey in the desert of Tarranneh. Excellent water is found there; also several lakes, and four convents of Copts. The convents are fortresses. We have furnished them with Greek garrisons, and several pieces of cannon.

"XXX. On the eastern side, the deserts which belong to Egypt extend to within a day's journey of El Arish, and to beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyeh is a kind of oasis. It contains five or six hundred palm trees, water for six thousand men and a thousand horses, and is five leagues distant from Salehyeh. Water is met with twice on the road in small quantities. We have established a sort of palms on this important oasis.

"XXXI. From Quattyeh to El Arish the distance is twenty

\* The great oasis of Jupiter Ammon is on the west bank of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is by mistake Bonaparte is made to say that this oasis is situated on the right bank of that branch.

leagues. El Arish is an oasis. There was a very fine village here, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm trees, which we cut down. The quantity of water, and the quantity of materials, together with the importance of the situation, have induced us to establish a fortress here, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El Arish to Gaza is a distance of sixteen leagues; water is met with several times. From Gaza, the road proceeds to the village of Kan-you-Nesse.\*

"XXXII. Tor and Mount Sinai are ten days' journey from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They bring corn from Cairo. In this oasis the water is every where good, and abundant.

"XXXIII. The whole population of Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oases, both of the eastern and western deserts, not comprised in the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand.

"XXXIV. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper Egypt, Middle Egypt, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the provinces of Girgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh. Middle Egypt comprises Fayoum, Beni-youcef, and Cairo. Lower Egypt includes Bohahyreh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbiyyeh, Minoufyyeh, Manssourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Sharkyyeh.

"XXXV. The coast extends from Cape Durazze to within a day's journey of El Arish. The first post where we had an establishment is Marabout, situated two leagues west of Alexandria. The ports of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which secure them against any attack by sea or land. Fort Cretin is a model in fortification. Aboukirt situated five leagues to the east of Alexandria, has a good road. Lake Maadyeh, where the branch of the Nile called the Canopic formerly flowed, extends to within one league of Alexandria, and two of Rosetta; and, on the south, to within a league of Birket. There is a boghaz in the mouth of the Rosetta branch, which it is not easy to pass. From Roseite to Bourlos, the distance is five leagues. The lake of Bourlos is navigated by a hundred dejirms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The mouth of the lake makes a very good port, having from ten to twelve feet depth of water. The mouth of the Damietta branch is defended by fort Lesbé. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, that is to say, a distance of twenty-five leagues, commences within half a league of Damietta. It has two mouths, namely, Dybeh and Farege. There is a great number of boats on this lake. The canal of Moez enters this lake a league below San.t Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is four leagues distant from Quat-

\* A Syrian village.

† Herc General Andreossy found an antique cameo of Augustus, which was presented to Bonaparte. At St. Helena, however, Bonaparte stated that he had found the cameo, and that a striking resemblance between the head of Augustus

ttyeh from Quattyeh. We have already stated the distance of Quattyeh from El Arish. The banks are every where low and bad. Hills of sand extend for a league at least, and often for two or three leagues.

"XXXVI. The population of Egypt is two millions five hundred thousand. The Arabs, who are domiciliated, and under the protection of government, in the different provinces form a total of twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand infantry. There are about eighty thousand Copts, fifty thousand Damascan Christians, and six thousand Jews.

"XXXVII. The porte had abandoned the government of Egypt to twenty-four beys, each of whom maintained a military establishment, more or less numerous. These establishments were formed by Georgian and Circassian slaves, whom they purchased at an expense of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred francs, and trained to military service. There might be, opposed to our army, eight thousand Mamelukes, as well mounted, well exercised, well armed, and very brave, belonging to the reigning beys. We may estimate the descendants of other Mamelukes, established in the villages, or living in Cairo, at double this number.

"XXXVIII. The pasha possessed no authority whatever. He was changed every year, like the Kadi-askier, who is sent by the porte. There were besides in Egypt, seven corps of auxiliaries, which have been so thinned by war, that now there exist but about a thousand of them, old and infirm, without masters, except a few who are attached to the French army.

"XXXIX. The sherifs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or rather the descendants of the first conquerors of the country. They wear green turbans.

"The ulemas belong to the law and the church, but bear no resemblance to our judges or churchmen.

"The head of the ulemas of Cairo is called the grand sheik. He is regarded by the people with a veneration equal to that which was formerly paid to cardinals in Europe. These ulemas say prayers in the mosques, and by this practice acquire a little revenue, and a great deal of consideration.

"The great mosque of Cairo, called El Azbar, is a large and handsome building, and has attached to it a great number of ulemas, of whom twenty-four are principal."

(Here Bonaparte's notes cease to be numbered.)

"There are a great many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the people spend most of the day in smoking.

"Beggars and travellers take up their quarters in the mosques at night, and during the heat of the day.

and his had been discovered by Denon. Napoleon alleges that he gave the cameo to Andreossy, but upon Denon's discovery got it back again, and afterwards sent it to Josephine. The official report of General Andreossy, made at the time, proves, however, that he was the real finder.

"There are a vast number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe, and repeat the gossip of the city.

"The mosques are endowed like our churches.

"The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to any person on whom the prince may bestow them. In consequence, there is a kind of tax the peasant is obliged to pay the superior.

"The peasants are, however, the actual proprietors of the soil, for their possession is respected; and, in the midst of all the revolutions and commotions, their privileges are not infringed.

"Thus there are but two classes of people in Egypt, the occupiers of the soil, or peasants, and the feudal lords or superiors.

"Two-thirds of the villages were appropriated to the Mamelukes, to defray the expenses of the government. The miri, properly so called, and which is but a moderate impost, was collected in the name of the porte.

"The revenues of the republic are of five kinds:—1. Custom duties. 2. Various farmed taxes. 3. Miri, the tax of kaschefs and other imposts. 4. The rent, or signorial tax, on two-thirds of Egypt, the republic standing in the place of the former superiors. 5. Custom duties of Suez, Guosseyr, Boulacq, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, amounting to between four and five millions.

"The miri, the taxes of kaschefs, and the signorial rents, amount to fifteen millions.

"The forced contributions amount to two millions. These extortions were one of the chief sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

"Egypt, then, taken altogether, might furnish twenty-four millions to the republic. In time of peace she might yield even thirty; and, twenty-five years hence, fifty millions might be raised. In this estimate I do not include what may be expected from opening a trade with India. But during war, the suspension of every kind of commerce renders the country poor, and every thing suffers from it.

"From our arrival in Messidor to Messidor last, that is, during twelve months, there have been raised in Egypt—500,000 francs in contributions from Alexandria; 150,000 from Rosetta; 150,000 from Damietta; 500,000 from the Copts of Cairo; 500,000 from the Damascans; 1,000,000 from the Turkish dealers in coffee; 500,000 from different merchants; 500,000 from the Mamelukes' wives; 300,000 from the mint; and 8,500,000 in taxes on lands and professions, or custom-house duties.

"These make altogether the sum of 12,100,000 francs.

"There were, besides, very considerable sums due from the villages, the collection of which has been prevented by the military operations of the army."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Sidney Smith—Bonaparte's letter to Marmont—Marmont's letter to me—Murat and Murad Bey at the Natron Lakes—Bonaparte's departure for the Pyramids—False stories contradicted—The truth concealed—Bonaparte's wish to see Upper Egypt—Interchange of communication with the English—Sudden determination to return home—Outfit of two frigates—Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta—Generous behaviour of Lanusse—Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

The offence Sidney Smith had given by preventing the taking of St. Jean d'Acre and the conquest of Syria, and by returning good offices for very bad ones, had engendered in Bonaparte's mind some prejudices which nothing could efface. He believed that by aspersing his adversary, he disguised his own failures. On the 2nd of June, 1799, he wrote to Marmont in the following terms:—

"Smith is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward. The best way to punish him is to treat him with silence. He should be dealt with as a captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, a man capable of any folly, and to whom no able or reasonable project can be attributed. Thus, for example, he would be capable of forming a plan of descent with eight hundred men. He boasts of having entered Alexandria in disguise. I know not whether the fact be true; but it is possible he may have taken advantage of a flag of truce to enter the city in the disguise of a sailor."

The rear admiral was a far better man than the picture his enemy has drawn of him. Bravery, a vivid imagination, a generous heart, are surely none of the characteristics of folly.

On our return to Cairo, I found many letters lying for me: among the rest was one from Marmont, dated from Alexandria. It ran thus:—

"I send you, my dear friend, a letter addressed to you, and which was enclosed in one from my wife. I trust it may contain good news for you, and that you may have the happiness of hearing your wife and children are well.

"I have had letters from my poor Hortense. She is uneasy and impatiently expects me. God send, my friend, that I may soon be able, consistently with my duty, to visit her. If within two months our exertions in the field should terminate, and General Bonaparte still retains the friendship he had for me, I may indulge the hope of seeing her. It is not a light and frivolous passion, nor a superficial sentiment, makes me thus eager to return to France, but a prudential calculation, which makes me

dread evils apparently irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of my family, the satisfaction of my own mind, these, my dear Bourrienne, are the only things worth wishing for. These I still possess, but still I risk their loss; and surely I may expect that General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my marriage took place, would wish to render it happy.

"Adieu, my dear friend. Remember me a thousand times to Duroc and all my comrades, and believe me yours,

A. MARMONT."

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo, when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Murad Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with re-enforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahyreh. In all probability this movement of Murad Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Murad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was despatched. The bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence, than he determined to retreat, and to proceed by the desert to Gyzeh and the great pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that he had ascended to the summit of the great pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that Murat might have taken Murad Bey, had the latter remained four and twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes. Now, the fact is, that, as soon as the bey heard of Murat's arrival, he was off. The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us: we had not, indeed, a single friend, in Egypt.

Murad Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Dessaix was despatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the general-in-chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gyzeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahyreh were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum. This movement was only known to some Arabs.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Murad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Murad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gyzeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable, that he wrote to Murat, saying, he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

On the 14th of July, Bonaparte left Cairo for the pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that, on entering one of the great pyramids, he cried out, "Glory to Allah!—God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now, the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so; for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert. He caused some persons to enter into one of the great pyramids, while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the general-in-chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was intrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th of July, at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was not so, however, with the generals most in his favour, whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms:—

"The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Rhamadan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army, in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe they can be more than two thousand men."

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugua, who had the command of Cairo:—

"The English commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place."

"As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he despatched to Dessaix, he said—

"The time has now arrived when disembarkments have become practicable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are that none will take place this year."

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed, immediately after the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had *destroyed* those fifteen thousand men, who two months after landed at Aboukir?

It was doubtless to confirm this idea, which he endeavoured to impress on every body, that, before his brief excursion to the pyramids, he gave it out that his intention was to visit Upper Egypt. He had a strong desire to inscribe his name upon the marbles of Syenna, beside the names of the ancient conquerors of that country, which has always submitted to whoever attacked it. He seemed to relish this project much, and before his departure for the Lybian Desert, was unceasingly employed himself in making arrangements for this long and interesting journey. Day after day he expressed the regret he would experience were he to leave Egypt without seeing these magnificent ruins. For my part, I was enchanted with the idea: but a something, I know not what, impressed me with the belief that I should never behold Thebes of the Hundred Palaces.

No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter, than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three o'clock in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pursued during his absence, by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment, I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw every thing. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution which at this period of his life, never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ooardan, to the north of Gyzeh, on the evening of the 16th: on the 19th, we arrived at Rahahmanieh, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle, which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recal to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.

After the battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English admiral's ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness; such as might be expected

in the communications of the people of two civilized nations. The English admiral gave the flag of truce some presents, in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Frankfort, dated 10th of June, 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France. Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.

"Heavens!" said he to me, "my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!"

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding, that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I, were in the secret. He recommended him to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell any thing.

He concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. "I can answer," said he, "for myself and for Bourrienne." Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the *Muiron* and the *Carrere*, and the two small vessels, the *Revanche* and the *Fortune*, with a two months' supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy, as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. Nothing escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his operations with much care; but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dugua, the Commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left, for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th August to the following effect:—

"I have this moment heard, that it is reported at the institute, you are about to return to France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however, I hope you will obviate."

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugua's letter; and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August, he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows:—

"I set out to-morrow for Menouf, from whence I intend to make various excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and to acquire some knowledge of the people."

He told the army but half of the truth:

"The news from Europe," said he, "has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present, I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command has the confidence of the government, as well as mine."

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures, to those who always wish to attribute extraordinary causes to simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France, when he made the journey to the pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December, 1798, Bonaparte thus wrote to the directory:—"We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco: but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period, I had been with Bonaparte more than two years; and during that time, not a single despatch, on any occasion arrived, of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion, quote a letter from the directory, dated the 26th of May, 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why then should it be put upon record!

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe, Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to daz-

zle the imagination. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. All on a sudden he wrote to the divan of Cairo the letter already alluded to, in which he announced his intention of visiting Menouf, and journeying through the Delta.

Up to this period, our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the general-in-chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the general-in-chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nostrils, and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

On the 22d of August we reached Alexandria, where the General informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo, that France was their destination. At this announcement, joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, to confer with the general-in-chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say; and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers, had forced him to

depart three days earlier than he intended. But when he wrote, Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter to the directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that beset that letter, will by and by be seen.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grandmaison—Our course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English—Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un—Chess—We land at Ajaccio—Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money—Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary scheme—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape—The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the east to add Egypt to the conquests of the republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing every thing to change in his own favour the government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the east no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to pursue us, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August\* we embarked on board two frigates, the *Muiron* and *Carrère*. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which

\* It was neither in June nor July, as stated by the Duke de Rovigo.

was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the general-in-chief. In his anxiety to get off, Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain, had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet and I interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course, and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear, I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port, whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was proposed that we should again put into the port: but Bonaparte declared he would rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favourable east wind soon carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the westward coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Every thing had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a

common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, *vingt-et-un* was his favourite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card: if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courtiers enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of a battle. If he were disappointed, he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game, Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua. He was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn which he thought would check-mate him, adding that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me, because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage, still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island, the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the first of October we were forced to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way

out of the gulf. We were, therefore, obliged to put into the port, and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the seventh of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements, as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was everything to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended god-sons and god-daughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in the height of his power, he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio, M. Fesch paid Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to seventeen thousand francs. This sum was all that the general brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact, because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use resort to the money chest of the army, the contents of which were indeed never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times borrowed from Genoa, and drew upon funds which he had left in Paris. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it, is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt, it appears that in one year twelve millions six hundred thousand were received. In that sum were included at least two millions of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him twenty millions. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio, and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio we learned the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of

**August.** Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety: he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica, he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he should be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over; and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me, would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir; that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica, his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He reminded me of the conversation between Lacuée and La Vallette.\* He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory, and the influence of his name. He sometimes betrayed fears of another kind. Though willing to submit to the urgency of the law, yet the directory, he thought, would not abridge the period of his stay at the lazaretto. Amidst all these anxieties, Bonaparte was still himself, though he was not the same as usual.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased, at Ajaccio, a boat which was intended to be towed by the *Muiron*, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had well nigh proved useful.†

After leaving the Gulf of Ajaccio, the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day: but, on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances, Bonaparte

\* See the letter, p. 99.

† Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city, after 1793. Probably, to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was *near* Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.

had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequences than a fright.\*

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the *Muiron*. Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte; imperiously. No! spread all sail! every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!" This order saved us, and I am enabled, to affirm, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun, we discovered the English fleet sailing to the north-east, and we immediately stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast, but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance: we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd both of men and women who were pressing about us the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*

\* Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognised? We were not recognised, but certainly seen.

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France, I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost touched by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence. Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible to the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who, on this occasion, found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France and Europe escaped the scourge.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—Letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—Fortune and genius—Bonaparte's eagerness for news—He changes his intended route—Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—What Bonaparte was, and what he might have been—Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—Bonaparte's visit to the directory—His contemptuous treatment of Sieyes.

THE effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return, is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm, that his return to France was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence.

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we

were on the point of setting off to encamp at the pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expressions of grief, such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return, I must have known it; and in that case I would not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning, to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens, and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions, Mad. de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post, she met a berline containing four travellers, among whom she recognised Louis Bonaparte, going to meet the general on the Lyons road. On seeing Mad. de Bourrienne, Louis desired the postillion to stop. He drew up to her carriage, and asked her whether she had heard from me? She told him what she knew, and assured him that we should pass through Sens, where the general wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock, my wife met another berline, in which were Mad. Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Mad. de Bourrienne did not stop. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the general, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by the way of the Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

The mention of my letter from Cairo has led me, in some measure, to anticipate the progress of events. But to return to General Bonaparte, who now, after a forty-eight days' voyage, on a sea beset with enemies, had reached his native land in safety. We often talk of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life. Without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset Bonaparte, and from which, in his different enterprises, he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertained this belief: But having myself long studied the "man of destiny," I have remarked, that that which he called his fortune, was, in fact, his genius; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things; from the calculations he made, rapid as lightning; from

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the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions; and from the conviction which he himself cherished, that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during the voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously insisted on deviating from the course usually taken; if, at the outset, he had consented to put back to the port of Alexandria; or, towards the end of the voyage, to return to Ajaccio, after he had left it, would he have triumphed over the dangers that threatened him? Probably not. And was all this the mere effect of chance? Certainly not.

No sooner had he arrived at Frejus, than Bonaparte, in his anxiety for news, eagerly questioned every person he met. He now ascertained the full extent of our reverses in Italy, which he had already learned, in a less detailed way, at Ajaccio. The idea he had conceived, before his landing in Corsica, now entirely vanished from his mind. "The evil is too great," said he; "there is no remedy." This must have been a painful sacrifice; for I shall never forget the boundless delight with which, on the voyage, he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced in Paris by the intelligence of a victory, gained in Italy, at the same moment when the news of the battle of Aboukir should arrive. He delighted in every thing that was calculated to strike the imagination.

Determined to repair, in all haste, to Paris, he left Frejus, on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens, to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons, that he determined to take the road of the Bourbonnais. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphant journey, can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy, devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but, in the provinces, abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for, could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then

stood. There were two dangers to cope with: anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but, as yet, no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the capitol and on the pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his character, his courage, and his victories, had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations, ever since he had risen to eminence, left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment, the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were, therefore, directed on the general, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the republic abroad and liberty at home; on the general, whom his flatterers, and, indeed, some of his sincere friends, styled, "*the hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

And could it ever have been believed, that after being raised to the first magistracy, Bonaparte would have employed his power only to trample upon the principles which he had so often proclaimed, and to which he owed his elevation? Could it have been foreseen, that he would supersede, by the most absolute forms of despotism, that constitutional liberty, for which France yearned, and the tranquil enjoyment of which she had long sought to secure, even by fatal means? Yet, true it is, that when his ambition was gratified—when he had sacrificed all to obtain his object—he restored and defended those very principles which he had opposed so energetically on the 13th Vendemiaire and the 18th Brumaire. In spite of that eagle glance, which often enabled him to scan, rapidly and accurately, the most complicated things, he did not perceive, in the ascending progress of his power, that if unfortunate chance should ever place him on the declivity, he would not be supported by national feeling, nor aided by the patriotism which he had disavowed and deceived. Could he venture to hope, that in the course of the immense enterprises, which filled up his life, fate would never frown upon him for a single moment? Did he not see, that when a man is in himself *all*,

all must fall with him; and that when the destiny of a nation depends on the winning or the losing of a battle, it depends on nothing?

Among the projects which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French government; but it would be a mistake to suppose, that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices, called castles in the air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said, that the whole French nation smoothed for Bonaparte, the road which led to power. Certainly, the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission, that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt, delighted him to a degree, which I cannot express; and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and all opinions, the 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the king. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

In times of disorder, when all powers are confounded, and nothing can establish a counterpoise, the cleverest, the strongest, and the boldest, may easily oppress the rest. Bonaparte's military superiority over his contemporaries, the ascendancy of his good fortune and glory, and the influence of his name, assisted him at this time, as throughout two-thirds of his career.

If, when master of the power which was offered to him, he had followed the principles he previously professed, and for which he had heretofore fought and conquered; if he had defended, with all the influence of his glory, that liberty, which the nation claimed, and which the age demanded;—if he had rendered France as happy and as free, as he rendered her glorious, posterity could not have refused him the very first place among those great men, at whose side he will be ranged. But not having done for the welfare of mankind what he undertook for his own glory, posterity will judge of him by what he has achieved. He will have full credit for his victories, but not for his conquests, which produced no result, and not one of which he preserved. His claim to the title of one of the greatest captains that ever lived, will be undis-

puted; but he left France less than when she was intrusted to him, and less than she had been left by Louis XIV. His brilliant campaigns in Italy gave Venice to Austria, and the Ionian Isles to England. His Egyptian expedition gave Malta to the English, destroyed our navy, and cost us twenty-two thousand men. The civil code is the only one of Bonaparte's legislative acts which can be sanctioned by philosophy and reason. All his other laws were null, and rested only on his existence. Did he, either in his character of consul or emperor, contribute to the happiness of France? Posterity will answer in the negative. Indeed, if we weigh, in one scale, all our victories and all our glory, and in the other, Europe in Paris, and the disgraceful treaty of 1815, with its accessories and consequences, it will be seen on what side the balance will turn.

The causes which rendered a change necessary, and the motives which made it desirable, are obvious. However, intrigue crept into the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire; and if, as it cannot be denied, that day saw the extinction of anarchy and disorder, it also witnessed the extinction of liberty.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and, indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the republic. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendemiaire (the 16th of October.) As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus, had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier, when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot, at the fountains of Messoudiah, will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an

air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions, which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had, before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugene, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.

On the day after his arrival, Bonaparte visited the directors. The interview was cold. On the 24th of October, he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Sieyes was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect."—"But are you sure he is against you?" inquired I.—"I know nothing yet; but he is a systemising man, and I don't like him." Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the directory, in the room of Sieyes.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte—False report—The crown of Sweden and the constitution of the year III.—Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—Josephine's version—An unexpected visit—The Manege Club—Sallétti and Joseph Bonaparte—Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion—Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy—Conduct of Lucien—Dinner given to Bonaparte by the Council of Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Sieyes—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed, it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched, what ambitious hopes had risen up, while we were in Egypt, and finally, all those things which we were so eager to learn on our return home. When in Egypt, Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris, we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs,

and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition. Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently surnamed "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt, at least, more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been war minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Duhois de Crancé, three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old minister were endeavouring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that on the second day of our arrival, Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was war minister, Augereau, Salicetti, and some others, informed him that the constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Sieyes, Barras, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the schemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard from good authority that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he thus resumed:—"I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He has been to my brothers.

He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. And, yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested, and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court martial, on the two-fold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the sanitary laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence, the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events, have rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden no way incompatible with his fidelity to the constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the general, yet as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled, now and then, to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and also in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers, that is to say, Joseph and Lucien, had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Sieyes had, for a moment, thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time, I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object, they had assisted in getting him appointed war minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was also told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf, induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the directory on what the republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte, during the first three days

which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable, because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law,) that he determined to go and see his old general-in-chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantereine. But I soon discovered that their conversation had been warm; for, as soon as it was ended, Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated; and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You travelled with me from Frejus,—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited;—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talked about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up every where. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head."—"What can all this mean?" said I. "Did he speak about Egypt?" "O! yes. Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me.—'But,' observed I, 'have you not just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, and that immense levies are going on; and that you will have two hundred thousand infantry?'—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men, who may ensure the preservation of Egypt?" He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been war minister; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words, he looked significantly at me. I, too, gave him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But don't let me interrupt you farther. I am going back to speak to Josephine."

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the general, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added, that Bernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the general a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me, as follows, that part of the con-

versation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte:—"‘I do not despair of the safety of the republic, which, I am certain, will triumph over her enemies, both abroad and at home.’ As Bernadotte uttered these last words,” continued Josephine, “his glance made me shudder. One word more, and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer. It is true,” added she, “that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the general, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the government.” Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugene, and I, were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manege club. I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms, of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. “But, general,” said Bernadotte, “your brothers were its most active originators. Yet,” added he, in a tone of firmness, “if you accuse me of having favoured that club, I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found every thing in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manege club. To the instructions of *I know not whom*, is to be attributed the violence of which you complain.” At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not whom*, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. “Well, general,” exclaimed he, furiously, “I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods, than in a state of society which affords no security.”—Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner,—“Heavens! general, what security would you have?” From the warmth evinced by

Bonaparte, I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did, by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said,

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?"—"Really, general, I —." "With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself \* \* \* \* \*. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day, at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine, I told him without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him this morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?"—"Why, general, I hope you may have reason, on my part, to be pleased with him."—"Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a good face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return, Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do, when he chose; but that in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen, that Moreau himself undertook the guard of the directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the constitution, and possess him-

self of power. He saw the directory divided into two parties; the one, duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances, Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the government, who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw such good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire, I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and I believe General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment, Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation was rather dull during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was undeniable.

When we retired to the drawing-room, a great number of evening visitors poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte—

" You are not aware that the general yonder is a Chouan." — " A Chouan," repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry, " Ah! general, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans. You should, at least, be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visitors, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the council of five hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating, that to Lucien's nomination and exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The general had laid down a plan of conduct, from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to

a project started by Lucien, who by all sorts of manœuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the council of five hundred.

The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of two hundred and fifty persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction: besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner, he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at table the persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honour of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a director. Nobody dared yet accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the east. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode, in the Rue de la Victoire, than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him, had he been in France, and had not the fundamental law required the age of forty; but that not even his warmest partisans were disposed to violate the yet infant constitution of the year III.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part, had he been a member of the directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest, he found himself surrounded by all those who recognised in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavoured to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Sieyes and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made by Sieyes, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, "Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to the member of a government which would do well to order him to be shot?"

But all was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bo-

naparte the advantage of uniting with Sieyes for the purpose of overthrowing a constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day, some one said to Bonaparte in my hearing, "Seek for support among the party who call the friends of the republic Jacobins, and be assured that Sieyes is at the head of that party."

On the 25th Vendemiaire (17th of October,) the directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me next morning. "I would not refuse; but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings." [He attended only one after this.] "I am determined to join Sieyes's party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate Barras. He proclaims every where that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the republic. What would he do with me? Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition?"

No sooner did Sieyes begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte, than the latter learned from him that Barras had said—"The little corporal has made his fortune in Italy, and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the directors of its falsehood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune, it was not, at all events, at the expense of the republic. "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I, "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty, since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them: they passively awaited the realization of those promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Cambaceres and Lebrun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras—The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house—Bernadotte's firmness—Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier—Disappointment of the Directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the Ancients—Dialogue circulated in Paris—Proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris—Moreau, jailor of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Vallette—Bonaparte at Saint Cloud.

THE parts in the great drama which was shortly to be enacted were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two councils; Sieyes had the management of the directory; Real, under the instructions of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without comprising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me, on the 14th Brumaire—“Tell your general to be speedy: if he delays, he is lost.”

On the 17th, Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambaceres and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. “I will have no tergiversation,” replied Bonaparte, with warmth. “Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone.”

Cambaceres and Lebrun were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the minister of justice to be one of his colleagues, when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men, Bonaparte hoped to please every one: besides, neither of them were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What low intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, “I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence, Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect any thing. I saw Barras this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects

me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headach confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock, I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras' cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment, and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out—"I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled every thing; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit, he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow. I replied, that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too, said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber, and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, are in uniform." "Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words, Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons round him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte, said:—"How is this? you are not in uniform?" "I never am on a morning when I am not on duty;" replied Bernadotte. "You will be on duty presently." "I have not heard a word of it; I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was not time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators, the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was, no doubt, waiting for Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast. At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte in full uniform; and there were, besides, half-a-dozen persons there, initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the court-yard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the council of ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him, before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the council of ancients, by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived, that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the council of ancients arrived, Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement, a few, who were in ignorance of what was going on, did not follow—at least, I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, “I shall stay with you.” I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion about him. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs, which lead from the small round dining-room into the court-yard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, “Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him,” and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off, when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that every thing had been so well prepared, that success was certain. She felt much interested about Gohier, on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier?—“You know, madame,” replied I, “that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that, during that time, I have scarcely gone any where. I have seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the general, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of my acquaintance with him.”

“I am sorry for it,” resumed Josephine, “because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Sieyes and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment, forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me, that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do every thing for him.” I believe Josephine communicated directly with the president of the directory, through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Sieyes and Roger Duces, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the councils to St. Cloud. But they were disappointed, for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire, a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Bourdonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read the decree of the council of ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was intrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris.

He then delivered the following address to the troops:—

**“ SOLDIERS,**

“ The extraordinary decree of the council of ancients, which is conformable to articles 102 and 103 of the constitution, has appointed me to the command of the city and the army.

“ I accept that appointment with the view of seconding the measures which the council is about to adopt, and which are entirely favourable to the people.

“ The republic has been badly governed for two years past. You hoped that my return would put an end to the evil. You have celebrated that return in a way which imposes on me duties which I am ready to perform. You will also perform your duty, and second your general with the energy, firmness, and confidence you have always manifested.

“ Liberty, victory, and peace, will restore the French republic to the rank it has occupied in Europe, and which it could have lost only by folly and treason.”

Whilst Bonaparte was thus haranguing the soldiers, the council of ancients published an address to the French people, in which it was declared, that the seat of the legislative body was changed in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

A dialogue on the affairs of the day was posted up at the doors of the councils, and distributed in great numbers, in the reading rooms. I quote a part of it, for it is curious to know, at the present time, what words were then put into the mouth of Bonaparte.

*The Member of the Five Hundred.*—“ Between ourselves, my friend, I am afraid of the interference of Bonaparte in this affair. His reputation, his influence, the just confidence which the soldiers place in his talents, and, above all, his talent itself,

may give him a most formidable ascendancy over the destinies of the republic. Shall the fate of liberty depend on him? If he prove a Cæsar! a Cromwell!"

*The member of the Ancients.*—"A Cæsar! a Cromwell! Bad, worn out characters, unworthy of a man of sense, even if they were not unworthy of an honest man. It would be a sacrilegious thought, said Bonaparte himself, at one time, to make any attempt against a representative government in the present age of knowledge and liberty. He would be a mere fool, he said, at another time, who would wantonly stake the republic against European royalty, after having contended for it with so much glory and peril."

On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte caused the following proclamation to be printed, and posted about Paris. He was so certain of what the council of ancients would do, that he had dictated it to me before the decree, mentioned in it, was passed:—

"CITIZENS,

"The council of ancients, the depositary of the national wisdom, has just issued the annexed decree, which is authorized by Art. 102 and 103 of the constitution.

"I am directed to take measures for the protection of the national representation. Its removal is necessary and urgent. The legislative body is competent to extricate the representative body from the danger, into which the disorganization of all departments of the government is hurrying us.

"On this important occasion, the union and the confidence of all true patriots is necessary. Rally round the council. That is the only means of establishing the republic on the basis of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory and peace."

While all this was passing abroad, I was at the general's house, in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine, that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes, which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the council of ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg where the directors were under confinement. He accepted the command,

and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views, and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost every thing had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders, which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of, had been arranged nearly two days previously. The committee of inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning. "I saw," said he, that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his directory was hated, and his constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. Go and put on your uniform," said I; "I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuilleries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Bourbonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better, you will find that they promise much, but perform little. Do not trust to them." Bernadotte then said, that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. "A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that. A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their little clubs! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me—what do you think was his answer?" Something unpleasant, no doubt." "Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am very well satisfied with my day's work. Good night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend, La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail, I replied, "My friend,

either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen? Success legalized a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the president to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the general on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion, differ from each other, as well they may, for he delivered none, unless his confused answers to the president, which were alike devoid of dignity and sense, are to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms," and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive any thing more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanos, secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing until the council of ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty—equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner did he utter these words, than a member of the ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the republic shall have passed away!"

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, "of having proposed to put him at the head of

a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas."

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for, to hear the disclosures. "No, no!" exclaimed others; "no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!"

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: "You must no longer conceal anything."

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The council of five hundred, who, he said, wished for "scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of every thing."

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequential. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment: at another, to the military in the court-yard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of the thunderbolts of war!" and added, that he was "attended by the god of war and the god of fortune."

The president, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot in which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connexion in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a president's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, general; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave; and, all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round, exclaiming, "Let those who love me follow me!" The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry curtains which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse,

which stood in the court-yard. It is hard to say what would have happened, if, on seeing the general retire, the president had said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass!" Probably, instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he might have ended his career on the Place de la Revolution!

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

The two Councils—Barras's letter—Bonaparte at the council of Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien's speech—He resigns the presidency of the Council of Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene—Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Beradotte—Intercepted letter of the directors Gohier and Moulins to the Ancients.

THE scene, which occurred at the sitting of the council of the ancients, was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the court-yard, and mounted his horse, when cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the council of five hundred, which was far more excited than the council of ancients. Every-thing tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already played deeply. The game was desperate, and every thing was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the council of five hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the directory the installation of the councils, and to inquire of the council of ancients their reasons for resolving on an extraordinary convocation. But the directory no longer existed. Sieyes and Roger Ducos had joined Bonaparte's party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the council of five hundred had drawn up a message to the directory, the council of ancients transmitted to them the following letter, which was addressed to the council of ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was president of the council of five hundred.

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

"Having entered into public affairs, solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the state, only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against

their enemies the patriots, compromised in its cause; and ensure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests, which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

"The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the national convention, convince me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers of liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

"I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

"BARRAS."

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the council of five hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of intrigue, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents;—whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment, Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the council of five hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that every thing would go well. It was some time before I joined him again. However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eye-witness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare, that all that has been said about assaults and poniards, is pure invention. I am bound to rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall resounded, "The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the council of ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of "Vive la republique!" "Vive la constitution!" "Outlaw the dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming—"Let us save our general!" at which, indignation reached its height, and cries, even more vio-

lent than ever, were raised;—that Bonaparte falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, “They want to assassinate me!” All that regards the exclamations and threats, I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poniards, the assertion of the members of the five hundred being provided with fire arms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of any thing of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say any thing on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated, by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the council of five hundred, the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte, was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The president, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said: “The scene which has just taken place in the council proves what are the sentiments of all; sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the general had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty.”

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of—“Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the republic!”

Lucien made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the council, and for that purpose resigned the presidency to Chasal. He begged that the general might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of “Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!” rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the president. Lucien, who had reassumed the president's chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the presidency, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the council, I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing, had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the midst of the council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the president of an assembly, which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the president's chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake any thing. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horse-

back the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a man then dared to say, who never was any thing, except from the reflection of his brother's glory:—

**"CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,**

" The president of the council of five hundred declares to you, that the majority of that council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

" I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the council of ancients; and have dared to talk of outlawing the general, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word 'outlaw' was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

" I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the republic.

" General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the Orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them every where; and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

**"Vive la république!"**

Notwithstanding the cries of "*Vive Bonaparte!*" which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representation. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt any thing against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and, at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on this memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night the palace of St. Cloud, where so many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the

deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all were to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me: "We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital." He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage:—

" 19th Brumaire, 11 o'clock, p. m.

" On my return to France I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

" All parties came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

" The council of ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence, and all fear. The ancients therefore resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound in duty to my fellow citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command.

" The councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guarantied their safety from without; but assassins created terror within. Many members of the council of five hundred, armed with stilettos and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

" The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

" I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the council of ancients. I beseeched them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs.

They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

"I presented myself before the council of five hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

"The stilettos which had menaced the deputies, were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me, and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome,<sup>\*</sup>) had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

"At the same moment, cries of 'Outlaw him!' were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

"They crowded round the president, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare 'the outlawry.' I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six granadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards, some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall, and cleared it.

"The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the republic.

"Frenchmen, you doubtless recognise in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the republic. Preservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible."

The day had been passed in destroying a government—it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Sieyes, were at St. Cloud. The council of ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the five hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty, who, with their president, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was important, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The council of ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional

\* Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.

executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission, a measure which should have originated with the five hundred, when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his chamber, *introuvable*, was assembled.

This chamber, which called itself the council of five hundred, though that council had now no more existence than the council of Trent, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows:—

“The directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named, are no longer members of the national representation, on account of the excesses and illegal acts, which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.”

Then follow the names of sixty-one members.

By other articles of the same decree, the council instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said commission should consist of three members, who should assume the titles of consuls; and nominated as Consuls Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud had for their object merely the carrying into effect of those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the members of the five hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Every thing was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stillness, and presented the appearance of a vast solitude.

The number of persons who called upon me, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as consul before the five hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage, to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and tribulations. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house, in Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber, and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he

said, before me, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things,"—"Not so very bad, general."—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. These fellows intimidated me. I have not been used to public assemblies: but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him banished. He wrote against me to the council of five hundred; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse, the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me—"No, general."—"Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence to day of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in command. He talked of mounting his horse, and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the constitution: nay more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the government might come to him, and he would find soldiers to carry the decree into execution."—"All this, general, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are."—"Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has ascendancy over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph loves him. I should have every body against me. These family considerations are follies! Good night, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to morrow."

I then left the general, whom, henceforth, I must call the first consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the council of five hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morn-

ing of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, a horseback on the constitution of the year III.; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it. Gohier had, in fact, in conjunction with Moulins, written the following letter to the council of ancients:—

**"CITIZENS REPRESENTATIVES,**

"A great aggression has been committed, which, doubtless, is only the prelude to still greater offences. The directorial palace has been taken possession of by an armed force. The magistrates of the people, to whom you have confided the executive power, are at this moment guarded from the public view, even by those whom they alone have a right to command.

"Their crime consists in having maintained the unshaken resolution of fulfilling the duties which your confidence imposed on them—in having indignantly rejected the proposition to abandon the reins of government, which it was attempted to wrest from their hands—in having refused to give in their resignation.

"It is now, representatives of the French people, necessary to proclaim the republic in danger! It is necessary to defend it. Whatever may be the fate which the enemies of the public reserve for us, we swear fidelity to the constitution of the year III., and to the integrity of the national representation.

"May our oaths not prove to be the last cries of expiring liberty.

"The two directors, prisoners in their palace.

"MOULINS.

"GOHIER, Pres."

It was a singular circumstance which prevented Gohier and Moulins from defending their beloved constitution. It was from their respect for the constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three directors to deliberate.—Thus a king of Castile was burnt to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bonaparte's alleged eloquence—General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the Treasury—M. Collet's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The senate, tribunate, and council of state—Notes required on the character of candidates—Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first consular ministry—Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription Lists—Cambaceres' report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Sieyès—Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits—Lebrun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His boyish tricks—Resumption of the titles Madame and Monseigneur—The men of the revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears—Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

NOTHING is more difficult than to ensure the triumph of truth, when it is opposed by generally accredited errors. This difficulty I now experience. Every thing I have stated, respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth. But how is this tardy truth to be reconciled with so many erroneous descriptions? How can the latter be driven from the position which they already occupy in history? What singular mania are some writers possessed with! No sooner have they chosen their hero, than they strip him of all the weaknesses of humanity: they endow him, during his power, and after his death, with every virtue, talent and good quality: like those kind fairies who, according to our worthy ancestors, assisted at the births of princes, and bestowed every perfection upon them. Why insist that a great general was also a great orator? Because he was first in the field of battle, did it follow that he must be first in the tribune? Writers have asserted, and still do assert, that Bonaparte displayed a Ciceronian eloquence before an imposing assembly, which had his fate at its disposal. His fanatical admirers will have it that he appeared in the midst of the deputies, who wished to outlaw him, quite as much at his ease as he did at the head of the legions which he had so often led to victory; and, although his education had been very limited, in every thing that regarded the art of speaking, they pretend that this art was communicated to him, as if by enchantment, at a time when he was a prey to the most poignant anxiety. M. Gourgaud, speaking of the sitting of the council of ancients, on the 19th Brumaire, says:—“There were moments when he spoke like a god; others, when he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal.” Half of this is true; but I was present, and I can affirm that I did not hear the god.

How is it possible that I could now be deceived with respect to the events of which I am speaking? They are not of a description that would long remain buried, without recurring to the me-

mory. What I now relate, I related next morning to many persons. I wrote my relation then, and it is not likely that the paper has altered the statements then inscribed upon it. Since that period, I have often told the same story to all unprejudiced men who wished to be informed of the particulars of the affair of St. Cloud. I certainly am sorry to find myself opposed to every body; but I cannot make up my mind to play the part of a flatterer to a great man, by attributing to him eloquence which he did not possess. The position which he will occupy in history will be sufficiently great, without its being necessary to have recourse to the artifices of adulation. Besides, it must have been observed, and will be observed again, that if I adhere to the plain truth, in cases with respect to which Bonaparte has received unmerited praise, I perform the same duty, and with more satisfaction, when it is necessary to refute the calumnies of which he has been the object. Bonaparte was not guilty of an act of cruelty at Jaffa; but he stammered, and talked nonsense, before the council of five hundred.\* What, after all, do his words signify? his actions are known. The eloquence of bayonets was sure to help him more than the finest speech. He was not, next morning, less the chief of the republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, for all his bad oratory.

Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this, can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. Many a fine phrase has been written about the "oppressed representation," the "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "the usurpation of power," and the "upstart soldier;" still it cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five directors themselves. But we will say no more of the directorial government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the consulate, Bonaparte wished to send a courier to general Championnet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not twelve hundred francs disposable, to give to the courier?

It may be supposed, that, in the first moments of a new government, money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served un-

\* Napoleon never acquired the habit of speaking well in public except to soldiers.

der Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the consul's assistance. In this instance, M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the consul five hundred thousand francs, in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot, as though he were anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the consular treasury, was not repaid for a very long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire, Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the Director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for Bonaparte was anxious to instal himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Every thing was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power, established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a senate, and tribunal; a council of state, and a new legislative body; and, finally, a new constitution.\*

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he required from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunal, and the council of state. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up, it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular candidates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the first consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say, that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly

\* The constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December 1799 (22 Frimaire, year VIII.) and accepted by the people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18 Pluviose, year VIII.) It established a consulary government, composed of Bonaparte, first consul, appointed for ten years; Cambaceres, second consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, third consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative senate, a legislative body of three hundred members, and a tribunate composed of one hundred members. The establishment of the council of state took place on the 24th December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the tribunate, was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800.

for talent; and although he did not like the men of the revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.

Bonaparte then proceeded to organize a complaisant senate, a mute legislative body, and a tribunate which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches, and high sounding phrases. He easily appointed the senators, but it was different with the tribunate. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power, he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious dupes who kept up a buzz of fine sentiments of liberty around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favourable for refusing a share in the constitution to this third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But, in yielding to necessity, the mere idea of the tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on law projects.

Bonaparte composed the first consular ministry as follows:— Berthier was minister of war; Gaudin, formerly employed in the administration of the post-office, was appointed minister of finance; Cambacères remained minister of justice; Forfait was minister of marine; La Place of the interior; Fouché of police; and Reinhard of foreign affairs.

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien.\* It may be said, that Lucien merely passed through the ministry on his way to his lucrative embassy to Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the ministry of the interior was a compliment paid to science; but it was not long before the first consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters: as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was intrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

\* When I quitted the service of the first consul, Talleyrand was still at the head of the foreign department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition; but, on the contrary, he always endeavoured to make him sensible of his true interests.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th of November, 1799,) the consuls issued a decree, in which they stated, that conformably with article III. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which specially charged them with the re-establishment of public tranquillity, they decreed, that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the republic, and, for that purpose, should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed, that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the lower Charente, in order to be afterwards fixed and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the minister of general police. I was fortunate enough to keep M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Yonne, out of the lists of exiles. This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity, quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud, on the 19th Brumaire. Cambaceres afterwards made a report in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity, to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the high police. Upon receiving the report, the consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription, to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the minister of justice, and to remain there until farther orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees, Sieyes was still one of the consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December, that Bonaparte assumed the title of first consul, Cambaceres and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after Sieyes entered Bonaparte's cabinet, and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be. I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter, which informs me, that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire."—"Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Sieyes' agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would

you say, general," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you, within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time, concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed, Bonaparte said to me, "You are right. That fool, Sieyes, is as credulous as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, M. Moreau is pretty well; I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my simple suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend!. As to Sieyes, in the intercourse, not very frequent, certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then enjoyed.\* He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence, as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Sieyes had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Sieyes, to the first consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Sieyes is quite a matter of fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."†

\* M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Sieyes. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning Sieyes, Cambaceres said to him, "Sieyes, however, is a very profound man." "Profound!" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."

† Every body knows, in fact, that Sieyes refused to resign his consular dignities, unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm, situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbe consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty, by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.

Bonaparte occupied, at the little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground floor, which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was on the second floor.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his aids-de-camp, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of St. Jean d'Angely,) Boulay (de la Meurthe,) Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambaceres generally came at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his virtue remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views, and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast table, it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and his daughter Hortense good day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences, I staid with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the council. In his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the court-yard of the little Luxembourg, and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he then saw himself quit of it. After leaving the council he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day, and the publications of the morning. When there was no council he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over, the first consul went up stairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the minister for foreign affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been intrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At mid-night, and

often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring, by saying in a hasty manner: "*Allons nous coucher.*"

It was at the Luxembourg, in the saloons, of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible republicans; but things were soon carried farther at the Tuileries by the introduction of "*Votre Altesse,*" on occasions of state ceremony, and "*Monsieur,*" in the family circle.

If on the one hand Bonaparte did not like the men of the revolution, he dreaded on the other still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes, he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the note with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned are in the handwriting of Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's. Among them is the following, under the title of General Observations:—

"In choosing among the men who were members of the constituent assembly, it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans's party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may prove, one day or other, dangerous.

"There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact, the following is a striking one. The journal called the *Aristarque*, which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Videl, one of the hottest patriots of the revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry, which caused the Marquis de Ferras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the court. There was no one, in the constituent assembly, more hateful to the court than Videl, as much on account of his violence, as for his connexion with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was.

"When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Videl, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne."

At the commencement of the first consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recom-

mend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers*, who are continually prating of every thing and on every thing. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue."

On taking the government into his own hands, Bonaparte knew so little of the revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments, that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm, and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne, I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but, remember, you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers, to whom I gave places! I have kept no memorandums of their names: and, indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have had little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them generously take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and by that delicate attention, save me the trouble of raising my hat.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

Difficulties of a new government—State of Europe—Bonaparte's wish for peace—M. de Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs—Negotiations with England and Austria—Their failure—Bonaparte's views on the East—His sacrifices to policy—General Bonaparte denounced to the First Consul—Kleber's letter to the Directory—Accounts of the Egyptian Expedition published in the *Moniteur*—Proclamation to the army of the East—Favour and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

WHEN a new government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if, in his heart, he wished for war, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Thus, immediately after his installation, at the Luxembourg, he notified to all the foreign

powers his accession to the consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his two first colleagues, Sieyes and Roger Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost all Europe. We had lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his ministers, who, in their turn, were governed by England, and France had no army in the interior. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the consular government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was very important to the interests of the first consul to intimate to foreign powers, while, at the same time, he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the convention or the imbecile artifice of the directory. In fulfilment of this object, Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new minister for foreign affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the condescending policy of Bonaparte, and the arrogant policy of England.

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the first consul had partly attained his object: if the British government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was, at least, reason to presume that subsequent overtures of the consular government might be listened to. The correspondence had, at all events, afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and, above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France would not be a *sine qua non* condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

Since M. de Talleyrand had been minister for foreign affairs, the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was, in some sort, an act of courtesy to the foreign courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner, combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the consular cabinet also offered peace to the house of Austria: but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me, one day, of his earnest wish to obtain peace, Bonaparte said, " You see, Bourrienne, I have two great

enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money, except what she gets through England.

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new government, of which Bonaparte was the head; and the peace of Amiens was brought about only by the battle of Marengo.

Though the affairs of the new government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the east—to that land of despotism, whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the state, he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment.

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt, Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming chief of the government, he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the first consul received the complaints made against the general who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us, he was the object of serious accusation. According to some, he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived every body by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force, and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in the fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have embarked at Toulon, where the sanitary laws would, no doubt, have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English, and the uncertainty of the pilots, caused him to go to Frejus, where the sanitary laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the

hands of the directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial. Of this, little doubt can be entertained, after a perusal of the following letter from Kleber, which Bonaparte presented to me, after having read it himself:—

*"Letter from General Kleber to the Executive Directory of France.*

" Head-quarters at Cairo, 4th Vendemiaire, year VIII.  
(September 26, 1799.)

" CITIZENS DIRECTORS,

" The general-in-chief, Bonaparte, set off for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without having informed any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but on my arrival there I found only his despatches. In my uncertainty as to whether the general has had the good fortune to reach France, I think it my duty to send you a copy of the letter by which he consigned to me the command of the army, and also the copy of a letter which he addressed to the grand vizier at Constantinople, though he perfectly well knew that that pasha had already arrived at Damascus.

" My first object has been to obtain correct information of the present condition of the army.

" You, citizens directors, know what was the amount of our force on its arrival in Egypt. It is now reduced to one-half, and we are in possession of all the principal points of the triangle of the cataracts to El Arish, from El Arish to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the cataracts.

" Our opponents are not, as formerly, confined to a few hordes of miserable Mamelukes; we have now to resist the combined efforts of three great powers, the porte, England, and Russia.

" The want of arms, ammunition, cast iron, and lead, presents a picture as alarming as the great and sudden diminution of our troops. Our foundries have failed; the powder manufactory at Ruonda has not, and probably never will be attended with the result that was hoped for; finally, the repair of fire-arms proceeds tardily, and the support of all these establishments requires funds and means which we do not possess.

" The troops are in want of clothing, a circumstance which is the more distressing, since it is ascertained to be one of the most active causes of dysentery and ophthalmia, the prevailing diseases in this country. Dysentery has this year had a fatal effect on constitutions already debilitated, by privation and fatigue. Notwithstanding the considerable diminution of the army, it appears from the reports of the medical officers, that we have now a far greater number of sick than at the same period last year.

" General Bonaparte had, indeed, before his departure, given

orders for clothing the troops; but, as in many other instances, the business ended with the order, and want of money must doubtless have forced him to postpone the execution of that useful measure.

“On the want of money, I must make a few observations. General Bonaparte exhausted all extraordinary resources during the first few months of our arrival. He then levied as many war contributions as the country could supply. To have recourse to those means now, when the country is surrounded by enemies, would be to prepare an insurrection on the first favourable opportunity. However, Bonaparte has not left a sou in the army-chest, nor any object equivalent. He has, on the contrary, left an arrear of nearly twelve millions, which is more than a year's revenue in present circumstances. The mere arrears of pay for the army amount to four millions.

“The inundation renders impracticable, at the present moment, the recovery of what is due from last year, and which would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of a month. The collections cannot be resumed until the month of Frimaire, and then it is pretty certain that the business cannot be attended to, for we shall be obliged to fight.

“The insufficiency of the inundations this year has occasioned a failure in the produce of several provinces; and they, consequently, have a fair claim to indulgence.

“All that I here state, citizens directors, I am prepared to prove, by minutes, and certified estimates, drawn up in the different departments of the service.

“Though Egypt is tranquil in appearance, yet it is far from being subjugated. The people are dissatisfied; and, do what we will, they look upon us as having come to rob them. They live in the hope of a favourable change.

“The Mamelukes are dispersed, but not destroyed. Murad Bey is still in Upper Egypt, with a sufficient force to occupy incessantly a portion of our army. If we were to leave him a moment's respite, his force would rapidly increase, and he would, doubtless, come and harass us in the capital, whence, in spite of our utmost vigilance, he has continued, up to this day, to obtain supplies of money and arms.

“Ibrahim is at Gaza, with about two thousand Mamelukes; and I am informed, that thirty thousand men of the army of the grand vizier and Djezzar Pasha are already arrived there.

“The grand vizier set out for Damascus about twenty days ago. He is at present encamped near Acre.

“Such, citizens directors, are the circumstances under which General Bonaparte has transferred to me the enormous charge of the army of the east. He saw the fatal crisis approaching, and your orders did not, doubtless, enable him to surmount it. That

that crisis exists, his letters, his instructions, and the negotiation he opened, bear evidence: it is notoriously public, and our enemies seem to be as fully aware of it, as the French who are in Egypt.

" 'If,' says General Bonaparte, in his instructions to me, 'in spite of every precaution, the plague should rage this year in Egypt, and you should lose more than fifteen hundred men,—a considerable loss, since it would exceed that which the events of the war might daily occasion,—you must not, in that case, venture to maintain the ensuing campaign; and you will be authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman porte, even though the evacuation of Egypt should be the first condition.'

" I call your attention, citizens directors, to this passage of my instructions, because it is characteristic, in more than one respect; and, above all, because it shows the critical situation in which I stand.

" What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, in the vast extent of country which I have to defend, and being, as we are, daily engaged with the enemy?

" The general adds, that Alexandria and El Arish are the two keys of Egypt.

" El Arish is a wretched fort, situated at four days' march in the desert. Owing to the great difficulty of supplying it with provisions, it cannot be garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Six hundred Mamelukes may, if they choose, cut off its communication with Quatieh; and as, on the departure of Bonaparte, that garrison was only supplied with provisions a fortnight in advance, the lapse of that time is all that is necessary to oblige it to surrender, without a gun being fired.

" The Arabs alone are enabled to conduct regular convoys in the burning deserts; but they have been so often deceived, that, far from offering to serve us, they fly from us, and conceal themselves; and the arrival of the grand vizier, who flatters their fanaticism, and bribes them with his gifts, is another cause why they have abandoned us.

" Alexandria is not a fortress; it is a vast intrenched camp. It was, indeed, well enough defended by our numerous siege artillery; but since we lost that artillery, in the disastrous campaign of Syria, and since General Bonaparte withdrew all the naval guns, to complete the arming of the two frigates with which he set off, Alexandria can offer but a feeble resistance.

" General Bonaparte has flattered himself, with respect to the effect produced by his success at the gates of Aboukir. He, indeed, destroyed all the Turkish force which had landed. But what is such a loss to a great nation, bereft of the finest portion of her possessions, and who is prompted by religion, honour, and interest, to revenge herself, and to reconquer what has been

taken from her? Thus, the victory of Aboukir has not, for a single moment, retarded either the preparations or the march of the grand vizier.

"In this state of things, what can I, what should I do? I am of opinion, citizens directors, that I ought to continue the negotiations which were opened by Bonaparte. If they should have no other result than that of enabling me to gain time, I shall have reason to be satisfied. You will receive, with this, the letter which I have written to the grand vizier, and sent along with the duplicate of Bonaparte's. If that minister should reply to these overtures, I will propose the restitution of Egypt, on the following conditions:—

"The grand seignior shall appoint a pasha in the country, as formerly, and to him shall be abandoned the miri, which the porte has always levied as by right.

"Trade shall be reciprocally opened between Egypt and Syria.

"The French shall remain in the country, keep possession of the fortresses, and levy all other duties, as well as those of the customs, until peace be concluded between France and England.

"If these preliminary and summary conditions be accepted, I think I shall have done more for my country than by gaining the most brilliant victory. But I doubt whether these proposals will be listened to. Even if the pride of the Turks should yield, I shall have to contend with the influence of the English. At all events, I shall act according to circumstances. I am fully aware of the importance of the possession of Egypt. Before I left Europe, I said that that country was the fulcrum by which France might move the commercial system of the four quarters of the globe. But for that a powerful lever is necessary. That lever is naval power. Ours then existed. But, since that time, all is changed, and peace with the porte appears to me the only honourable means of extricating ourselves from an enterprise, which cannot now fulfil the object for which it was undertaken. I shall not enter into a detail of the diplomatic combinations which the present situation of Europe may offer.

"In the perplexing situation in which I am placed, and remote as I am from the centre of action, my chief object must be to watch over the safety and honour of the army under my command. I shall be happy if I succeed in fulfilling your wishes. Were I nearer to you, my highest glory would be to obey your orders.

"I send you, citizens directors, a precise estimate of the supplies wanted for the artillery, and a summary account of the debt contracted and left by Bonaparte.\*

(Signed)

"KLEBER."

\* It is curious to compare this *authentic* correspondence with the *official* correspondence.

"P.S. Just as I was despatching this letter, I have heard that fourteen or fifteen Turkish sail have anchored before Damietta, there to await the fleet of the Capitan Pasha, which is anchored at Jaffa, and from which, it is said, fifteen or twenty thousand troops are to be landed. Fifteen thousand are still assembled at Gaza, and the grand vizier is on his way from Damascus. A few days ago, he sent back to us a soldier of the twenty-fifth demibrigade, who was made prisoner at El Arish. After having shown him all the camp, they desired him to tell his companions what he had seen, and to make his general tremble at the news. This denotes either the grand vizier's confidence in his strength, or a willingness to negotiate. For my part, I cannot possibly assemble more than five thousand men, fit for service; but in spite of that, I will try my fortune, if I do not succeed in gaining time by negotiations. Djezzar has withdrawn his troops from Gaza, and ordered them back to Acre.

(Signed)

"KLEBER."

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted, that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief, against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially, backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no consulate, no empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it must be added, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued, had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the *Muiron* to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte, for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the east. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine, while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made commander-in-chief of Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazен his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be, from time to time, published in the *Moniteur*. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands. Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command, that immediately after perusing that letter, he dictated to me the following proclamation addressed to the army of the east:—

**"SOLDIERS,**

"The consuls of the French republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the east.

"France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

"The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

"In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir:—you will be invincible.

"Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

"Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation."

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte, than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges, Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the government, the government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him. It was the source of favours and disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace, or were utterly neglected.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff—Bonaparte's idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind—His dislike of a tete-a-tete—His hatred of the revolutionists—His fits of ill humour—Ringing of bells—Gardens of Malmaison—Ladies in white—Anecdotes—Bonaparte's tokens of kindness and droll compliments—His opinion of medicine—His memory—His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress coat and black cravat—Bonaparte's payments—His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was ac-

accompanied by a movement of his mouth from right to left. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me: "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time that I was about him he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.\*

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch; but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, "Ah, Bourrienne! let me

\* At St. Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of a very high temperature, may have contributed to produce the premature corpulence which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.

lie a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his valet de chambre shaved him, and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the *Moniteur*. He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for, whenever he heard any thing interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.

When Bonaparte had finished his toilette, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down stairs to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions which had been analysed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days, he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him, that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself, but not often.

At ten o'clock, the maitre d'hotel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The general's table is served."\* We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning, some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.†

\* This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

† M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established as a gastronomic principle, that, "he who does not take coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box;\* and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence, for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connexion, as, for example, the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N.," which every where obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?† Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me:—"A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say, at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by

\* He had a great collection of snuff-boxes. This was one of his fancies.

† When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuilleries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte was an excellent tenant, and that he had left every thing in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N.'s. which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:

"Il aura volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,  
"C'est moi qui suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau."

N.B.

new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of advancing farther forward. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly born government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recollection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful; and as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius, than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked every thing and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth that trifles often decide the greatest events: therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg St. Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.\*

He did not esteem mankind, whom indeed he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to re-

\* I have been informed on good authority, that after I quitted France, orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, &c. The object of this measure was to prevent the assembling of parties of any kind, to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests and visitors.

peat, "There are two levers for moving men: interest and fear." What respect indeed could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady, who was for a while the favourite of the general-in-chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visiter to the treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there, a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician; on another, the treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear." For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort I have frequently observed, that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tete a tete* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena that he admitted a third person on such occasions, only that the blow might resound the farther. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to have performed the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tete a tete* and when he expected any one, he would say to me, beforehand,

\* Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is true, were reserved and somewhat cold; but there were few better or kinder men.

"Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire, he would say, in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip what I heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon, were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary men of the revolution, and especially the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me, in terms of horror, of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambaceres, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark; "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambaceres, and was usually the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion, said, in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shady trees. He detested coloured dresses and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but, on Bonaparte's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twi-

light of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote:—"A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly, the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more;' and, next moment, the king named him among the dead."

When travelling, Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding, that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical. He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his pen-knife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our

footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound. He was almost angry with me, because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

No where, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.\* At the commencement of the consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements he had ordered. At first, he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood; but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days Bonaparte spent at Malmaison, he amused himself, after breakfast, with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates, it amounted to eight thousand francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but, to live here, would require an income of thirty thousand livres." I could not help smiling, to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine, or the efficacy of medicinal remedies. He spoke of medicine as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

He had little memory for proper names; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of Cinna, he said me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast know-

\* As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, now Madame de Talaru, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the answer delicate and difficult: "Why, general," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect, who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed."—"Just so, madame: you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte, hastily. "I never look forward less than two years."

ledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena, he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille, he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said any thing agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—to another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest—Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!"\* He showed no mercy to those who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilette, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to every body, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacepede, and with Lemercier, the author of *Agamemnon*.

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one, he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.

The first consul paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with ministers for supplies for the public service.

\* Bonaparte, after he became Emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Cheveruse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries; "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair is red!" "Perhaps it is, sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Cheveruse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of maid of honour to the queen of Spain.

He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion, the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them, he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts, he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a minister paid out of his budget, the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decres so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion, Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Orient and the Muiron, I have known him take a part in very animated conversations on this subject. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time; but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that, one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven, and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.\*

Among Bonaparte's singular habits was that of seating himself on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little, as well as in great things, he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour Foissac. The first consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance: but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say, "I have done wrong;" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend

\* Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.

him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity; but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that out of the field of battle Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life, to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contraditors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstance exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the collegian, the general, the consul, and the emperor.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the Festival of the 21st of January—Official visits—The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sidney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget—The Consul and the Member of the Institute—The figure of the Republic—Duroc's mission—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander—General Latour Foissac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property—The preparatory consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The First Consul and his comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuilleries—Sections of the Council of State—Costumes of public functions—Masquerades—The Opera balls—Recal of the exiles.

IT IS NOT MY PURPOSE TO SAY MUCH ABOUT THE LAWS, DECREES, AND SENATUS-CONSULTA, WHICH THE FIRST CONSUL EITHER PASSED OR CAUSED TO BE PASSED, AFTER HIS ACCESSION TO POWER. WHAT WERE THEY ALL, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CIVIL CODE? THE LEGISLATIVE REVERIES OF THE DIFFERENT MEN WHO HAVE FROM TIME TO TIME RULED FRANCE, FORM AN IMMENSE LABYRINTH, IN WHICH CHICANEY MAY BEWILDER REASON AND COMMON SENSE; AND THEY WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE BEEN BURIED IN OBLIVION, BUT THAT THEY HAVE OCCASIONALLY SERVED TO AUTHORIZE INJUSTICE. I CANNOT, HOWEVER, PASS OVER UNNOTICED THE HAPPY EFFECT PRODUCED IN PARIS, AND THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF FRANCE, BY SOME OF THE FIRST DECISIONS OF THE CONSULS. PERHAPS, NONE BUT THOSE WHO WITNESSED THE STATE OF SOCIETY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR CAN FULLY APPRECIATE THE SATISFACTION WHICH THE FIRST STEPS TOWARDS THE RESTORATION OF SOCIAL ORDER, PRODUCED IN THE BREASTS OF ALL HONEST MEN, THE DIRECTORY, MORE BASE, AND NOT LESS PERVERSE THAN THE CONVENTION,

had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas, on attaining the possession of power, was to abolish this; but such was the ascendancy of the abettors of the fearful event that he could not venture on a straight forward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Sieyes and Roger Ducos, signed on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the republic, were the 1st Vendemiaire and the 14th of July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, and sometimes by a minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise: so that having no time to make their preparations he might see things as they really were. I was in his closet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What animals these directors are! To what a state have they brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shocking unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailors, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work. When I was in the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI! He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle. He knew not how to deal with mankind. And Sir Sidney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape, I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison. I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other. Know you what I did at the temple? I ordered the jailor's books to be brought me, and finding that some hostages were in confinement, I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it to you.' Was not this well done, Bourrienne?" As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "well, very well," on all

occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying any thing that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favour.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim, when he looked into the measures of the directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine any thing more pitiable than their system of finance? Can it for a moment be doubted that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent speculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! every thing put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed seventy-five millions in advance? And, then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But is there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty, it was found necessary to raise a loan, and twelve millions were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers general, the discount of which then amounted to about thirty-three per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to any thing like the exorbitant stipends of the empire. The following table shows the modest budget of the consular governments for the year VIII.—

	Francs.
Legislative body .....	2,400,000
Tribunat.....	1,312,000
Archives.....	75,000
The three Consuls, including 70,000 fr. of secret service money.....	1,800,000
Council of State.....	675,000
Secretaries to the Councils and the Counsellors of State.....	112,500
The Six Ministers.....	360,000
The Minister for Foreign Affairs.....	90,000
 Total....	<u>6,854,500</u>

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at five hundred thousand francs. What a contrast to the three hundred millions in gold, which were reported to have been concealed in 1811, in the cellars of the Tuilleries.

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the institute, and his affectation of putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body, before that of general-in-chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is, that when young and ambitious he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together, when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew

something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was, nevertheless, a useless member of the institute.

On his return from Egypt he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words,—"*I have the honour to be, my dear colleague?*" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular, on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befele to M. de Cominges at Bale, because he did not observe the same precaution:

The figure of the republic seated, and holding a spear in her hand, which, at the commencement of the consulate, was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happily would it have been, if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of first consul made him despise that of member of the institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and, subsequently, he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a *body*, an *authorized assembly*; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the king of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the *Muiron*, and the consul easily guessed that the king of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eye witness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the first consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized, for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the king turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the chief of the republic was exceedingly flattered that one of his aids-de-camp should have sat at table with a king, who, some years after, was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the king of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for considering his age, and the exclusively

military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time after, that is to say, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc, was to introduce to the courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin, after the war broke out with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the consulate, affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility, when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the directory gave to General Latour Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post, the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July, it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz.—“General Latour Foissac and his staff shall be conducted as prisoners, to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France.” This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and, at the same time, the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made war minister, he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct, by a court-martial. Latour Foissac had no sooner returned to France, than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence, when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour Foissac, even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges, whenever they happened to displease the first consul. For my own part, I must say, that this decree against Latour Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days, I ventured to point out to him the undue

severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation, if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena, it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is, that instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.\*

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember that at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour Foissac, he condescended to busy himself about a company of players, which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather which he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our oriental colony. The consuls gravely appointed the minister of the interior to execute this business, and the minister, in his turn, delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the minister, the consuls observed, that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The first consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled, *Misanthropie et Repentir*, had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, general, how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned, that during my stay at Warsaw, I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy, I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at

\* "It was," says the *Memorial* of St. Helena, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet, I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

the Odeon. On his return, he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him, that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goethe's "Werther." I told him it was already done, though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the consular government, during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg, may be called the preparatory consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfall of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some perhaps may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Sieyes is well known; yet, when he proposed, in his message to the council of ancients, to give this colleague, under the title of national recompense, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompense worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues*.

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte showed, by a consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press, above all liberties, for he loved none.

The 27th Nivose, the consuls, or rather the first consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated, that—"The consuls of the republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris, are instruments in the hands of the enemies of the republic, over the safety of which the government is specially intrusted by the people of France to watch, decree:—

"That the minister of police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published; viz., Le Moniteur Universel; Le Journal des Debats et Decrets; Le Journal de Paris; Le Bien Informe; Le Publiciste; L'Ami Des Lois; La Clef des Cabinets; Le Citoyen François;

La Gazette de France; Le Journal des Hommes Libres; Le Journal du Soir, by the brothers Chaigneau; Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie; La Décade Philosophique, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce and advertisements."

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted, may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts, by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war, had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But every thing provisional, is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree, moreover, enacted, that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people*, they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point even after the Emperor's coronation.

The presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, also originated at the Luxembourg, and the practice was without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the legion of honour. A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the first consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune:—

"I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

"I wish very much to see you. The war minister sends you an order to come to Paris."

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called *my brave comrade*, by the first consul—the first general of France! Who but a thorough republican, the staunch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time, it must be confessed, that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuilleries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of

tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bed-chamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow, in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle, the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting, in official acts, the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the palace of the government. The first preparations were modest, for it did not become a good republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly, Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been held there. For this purpose, the sum of five hundred thousand francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the first consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the palace of the government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus, it was not merely at hazard, that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks, he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage, at once, to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recal the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the consular palace, by the statues of Scipio, Cicero and Cato, Brutus and Cæsar—the victim and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times, he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, in honour of his military talent; and to Condé, to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguay Trouine. Marlborough and Prince Eugene had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to show that Louis the Fifteenth's reign was not without its glory. The statues of Frederick and Washington more emblematic of false philosophy on a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre and Joubert, were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades; those illustrious victims to a cause which had already ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with

the consular government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects, Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la Republique!"

At the same time, Bonaparte completed the formation of the council of state, and divided it into five sections:—1st. The Interior; 2nd. Finance; 3d. Marine; 4th. The War Department; 5th. Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the counsellors of state at twenty-five thousand francs, and that of the presidents of sections at thirty thousand. He settled the costume of the consuls, the ministers, and the different bodies of the state. This led to the reintroduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old regime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons, was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, as those of the consuls and ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant aim to efface the republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him so to do at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At the period of the year VIII., which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: for as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people, in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorized the revival of balls at the opera, which they who lived during that period of the consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime, and others, who for that very reason disapproved

it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian saloons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves, as long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouché tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the Jacobins. Every thing is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera balls to the saturnalia of the goddess of reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor, that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the directory. The directory being overthrown, he was now anxious, at least, in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He, therefore, ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the minister of the police. In consequence of this report, he authorized forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the government. It was, indeed, natural that Bonaparte still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrere wrote a justificatory letter to the first consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not go so far as to favour Barrere. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the councils of the consulate the men who had been exiled by the directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the revolution, to high offices under the empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron de Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connexion and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator—Fete at the temple of Mars.

THE first relations between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after the accession to the consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable: already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and, at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The first consul having, in the mean time, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his ordinary sagacity. The English had some time before refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and, closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the first consul.

Thenceforth the consul and the czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north, which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, he determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of the Baron de Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the consular government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. de Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed, by Catherine, chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and, at the same time, appointed confidential minister to the consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in which he described the Emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct of the first consul. M. de Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France, had already disposed the Emperor to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. de Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been charged, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the first consul was so great, that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was equally sincere and ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English government, induced him to defy to single combat every king who would not declare against England, and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the Correspondent, conducted by M. Storer, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The Count told M. Schramm that the Emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondent; and that, if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no farther results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life, than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step, by which he was to become a sovereign himself. On the other hand, the affairs of La Vandee began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior, which he so ardently desired.

It was during the first consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the legislative body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the bank of France were adopted, and that establishment, so necessary to France was founded.

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here, were it not for the prophetic judgment which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to deliver himself up to Championnet, some time before our embarkation at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France, if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Perignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack, as he had flattered himself it would.\*

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to any thing. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General

\* Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April, 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm, in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town, had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburgh.

Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure. There was not a house on the road, and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from St. Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Every where the road was sad, solitary, and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the first consul during one of his evening journeys. They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience, than by comparing it to the delight of school-boys on getting a holiday.

Before removing the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the decade, Pluviose 20, that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old directorial palace. These kinds of fetes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendour of military dress: and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded, and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fete was at first only to present to the Hotel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt. He made the most of this piece of news, and dictated to me the following note, addressed to the consular guard and the army:—

“Washington is dead! that great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds; but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him, and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The first consul therefore orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the republic.”

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of national freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington, every body would suppose that

Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing a eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty, he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, "*Vive la Liberté!*" while placing it on his imperial head!

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was intrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviose, he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry, then in Paris, to the council hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the minister of war, who received the colours. All the ministers, the counsellors of state, and generals, were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple, a statue of Mars, sleeping, had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two invalids, each a hundred years old, stood beside the minister of war; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these memoirs, except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of the first consul's sisters, I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well proportioned form, his great physical strength, the somewhat refined elegance of his manners, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those *preux chevaliers*, so well described by Ariosto and Tasso, than of a republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant, and in the field of battle, twenty men,

headed by Murat, were worth a whole regiment. Once only he showed himself under the influence of fear,\* and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Wurmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Wurmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and in a moment of confusion, said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the general-in-chief, whose aid-de-camp he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris, to present to the directory the first colours taken by the French army of Italy, in the actions at Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien, and his general's lady. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome, in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the republic. It appears that Caroline was not even then indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess of Santa Cruce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte, received with great kindness the first aid-de-camp, and as they possessed much influence with the directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time, for Murat, notwithstanding his newly acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's aid-de-camp, the regulations not allowing a general-in-chief an aid-de-camp of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel. This insignificant act was therefore rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved to princes and kings. It was after having discharged this commission, that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the general-in-chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d' Hillier's; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the Orient, he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt the general-in-chief always treated him with coldness,

\* Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war, and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel, for having punished a young officer just arrived from Fontainbleau, because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was even more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."

and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the general-in-chief having opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua, had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir, that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel, plucked in Egypt, to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot, when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire, in the hall of the five hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Cruce received the command of the consular guard.

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders, also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things, Josephine, who was well convinced that she had attached Murat to herself, by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desiring to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connexion, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had sprung up at Milan, between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but go to the first consul, and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot at the Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!*

However that may be, the first consul received, more in the manner of a sovereign than a brother in arms, the proposal of

Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation, in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the first consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugene, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an inn-keeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine! Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet, in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu."

When I entered the first consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day, he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening, with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that, in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly showed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The first consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previous to the celebration, a little comedy was enacted, in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still thinking it necessary, however, to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased at this rob-

bery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the Queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine ornament. But to make the purchase, two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them, was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed, it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the first consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busy-body, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and, being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large company here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he ask where I got my pearls, I will tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think —" "Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, general, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her

part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

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### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouché—Police agents deceived—Money ill applied—Inutility of political police—Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the Prefecture of Police.

BEFORE taking up his quarters in the Tuilleries, the first consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the counter of Fouché's police. Duroc and De Moncey were at first the directors of this police; afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary. Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the great agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehoods contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the consulate, we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave three thousand francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins, I saw the following lines: "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered a hotel of the Faubourg St. Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the first consul wished to make himself king." Now I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt, or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his consulship.

I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit, Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the first consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes and instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison, at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him one day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I.—"Yes, I have."—"Nay, that is impossible."—"Why?"—"Because if you had you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me."—"Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night, but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced. Every morning I placed all the papers which the first consul had to read, on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The first consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me, he began to smile. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, general."—"What an ass that Junot is!"—"It is a long time since I have known that."—"How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?"—"I believe so. I have just seen him, and made some observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing."—"Tell him to come here." When Junot appeared, Bonaparte began:—"Imbecile that you are, how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly." Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—"Enough!—begone!"

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, whose police agents only picked up what they heard related in coffee-houses, gaming-houses, and the exchange, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the first consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported any thing but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it imbibed his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends. The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood, or distorted in the recital; so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police, as a political engine, is a dangerous thing. It foments and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related "that M. de la Roche-foucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the king, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the chief of the government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it, and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine, who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his government.

Napoleon on one occasion in the Isle of Elba said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, "You believe, then, that the police agents foresee every thing, and know every thing. They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertions." Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, "Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post-office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post-office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The minister of police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first perhaps of some petty ill-humour and discontent, which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police, when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf's conspiracy, the attempt at the camp of Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the revolution, has survived them. The civil police, for the security of property,

health and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover, whether a citizen goes to mass or confession, than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for a country; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction, might be much better employed. The police of opinions, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes, and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said, in company, to some one speaking warmly—"Be moderate, M. —— is supposed to belong to the police." This police enthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

What renders a political police so dangerous, is the practice of obtaining information through spies. Informers are the most pernicious of men; they are the natural enemies of society. If a man would, from public motives, bring an accusation against another, let him not do it secretly to the government, which very likely may be prejudiced, but openly before a magistrate, who acts according to rules, only formidable to calumniators. The Emperor Constantius used to say,—“I cannot have any suspicion of a man who has no accuser, though he does not want enemies.”

The most fatal periods in the history of a nation, are those in which informers may be found holding an elevated rank in society. It is not I who am to blame for making this observation, but those are who embark in such an odious business. In these times, when religious and political offences are so various, and of so changeable a nature, the employment of informers is infamous. There is scarcely a person, in such periods, who may not have an opinion somehow differing from the ruling one, which may in a day be superseded by another. Where is the man so cautious and calculating as not to be at the mercy, some time or other, of a concealed enemy, a bribed domestic, or a son, whose affections are estranged by political or religious scruples? for religion has latterly been a great instrument of the police. Every one is liable to be ruined by the misinterpretation of a word. How can a man parry a blow struck in the dark by a secret and treacherous hand?

Can it then be true, that all nations, after arriving at a certain degree of civilization, are destined to suffer under similar political scourges? Do we not learn, from the pages of the immortal historian of the last age of Rome, that the same evils and the same complaints then existed? (*Vide Taciti Agric.*) Juvenal, too, says:—

Post hunc magni delator amici,  
Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa  
Quod superest: quem Massa timet: quem munere palpat  
Carus; et a trepido Thymelc summissa Latino.

At the court of Constantine the police agents were called the "eyes of the prince." Such agents should be employed with extreme caution and reserve, and only for affairs of the greatest importance, a knowledge of which might be necessary for the well-being of the state, and ignorance of which would compromise its safety. But away with all these hateful investigations of the domestic privacy of the citizen, the object of which is to discover not only what he does and what he says, but even what he thinks, in order that the despicable caprice of a powerful man may be gratified, or an innocent man ruined in the opinion of the sovereign. Nothing can stop a spy. As for feelings of affection, they only enable him the better to extract a secret. Truth is readily sacrificed, for the spy must earn his wages. Hunger is a powerful stimulant, and when he cannot discover he will invent.

I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society, of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of prefect of police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may well be supposed, that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances, and the short period of my administration, must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do, I accomplished without employing violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert, that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished, that the only knowledge they had of my being the prefect of police was from the *Moniteur*. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning, what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed, while an unwilling confidant, in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.\*

The word *ideologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers, seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only.

\* Since this passage was written, a change in the administration took place in 1827. The secret funds of the police are less considerable, and therefore corruption will be more restrained and less easily practised. The tribunals, who are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude, are becoming more strict towards accusers, and more indulgent to their victims. May the time come when such odious means will be rejected, and the sacred laws of morality be no longer violated, even to arrive at an advantageous result:

The *ideologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power, except in direct force. All benevolent men, who speculate on the melioration of human society, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power, as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuilleries—Hackney coaches and the white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

Of the three consuls to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth, Bonaparte soon declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was, then, an indispensable part of his plan, that the directory should violate the constitution, in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the directory. The expressions which escaped him, from time to time, plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the consulship was only a state of probation, preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the chief of the government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuilleries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He, therefore, employed great precaution in dealing with the irritable republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient: for such was Bonaparte's situation, between the Jacobins and the royalists, that he could not strike a blow at one party, without strengthening the other. He, however, contrived to resolve this

difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government, the Jacobins will again rise, and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks." Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the chief of the government, they were making themselves dependant on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose, in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions, which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuilleries, but under the name of the palace of the government, and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the third consul should also reside in the Tuilleries, and, in consequence, he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the government," given to the Tuilleries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many crafty precautions. The day for the translation of the seat of government was fixed for the 30th Pluviose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the decade preceding, in the *Moniteur*, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so large a step towards monarchy, would be well-chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of his notions of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the 30th Pluviose, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the first consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the

time of projecting it; so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte, he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-day, at last, we shall take up our abode in the Tuilleries. You are better off than I: you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has a good effect on the people. The directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army, simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the chief of the government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look over Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuilleries, to arrange in the cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare every thing for the first consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversations in the saloon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only real splendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris; for hackney coaches had been hired to carry the council of state, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting a piece of paper over the number, of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany, after the treaty of Campo Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambaceres on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the first consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the road of Thionville, and the Quay Voltaire to the Pont Royal. Every where he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carousel to the gate of the Tuilleries, the troops of the consular guard were formed in two lines, through

which the procession passed,—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription, in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the court-yard. Two guard houses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right, were written these words:—

“THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.—ROYALTY IN FRANCE IS ABOLISHED; AND SHALL NEVER AGAIN BE ESTABLISHED!” It was already established.

In the mean time, the troops had been drawn up in line in the court-yard. As soon as the consul's carriage stopped, Bonaparte immediately alighted and mounted; or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed the troops, while the other consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where they waited for the council of state and the ministers. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte, at the windows of the third consul's apartments, in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carousel, were let for very large sums; and every where arose, as if from one voice, shouts of “Long live the first consul!” Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm!

The first consul prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been darkened by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaffs, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls, and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head, in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle, was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the first consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The general's part being finished for the day, that of the chief of the state began, and indeed, it might already be said that the first consul was the whole consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact, which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determining to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered, that when Roger Ducos and Sieyes bore the title of consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equal, if not in fact, at least in right. But when Cambaceres and Lebrun took their

places, Talleyrand, who had at the same time, been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart, as minister of foreign affairs, obtained a private audience of the first consul, in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand made on this occasion, were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

"Citizen consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of minister of foreign affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that, from this moment, I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed; in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be the first consul, and the first consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the ministry of the interior, and the ministry of police, for internal affairs, and over my department, for foreign affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will, therefore, be most convenient that the ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The administration of justice, and the right ordering of the finances, are objects certainly connected with state politics by numerous links, which however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, general, I should advise, that the control over the administration of justice be given to the first consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the third consul, who is equally well acquainted with finance, the control over that department.\* That will occupy and amuse them, and you, general, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said to me, as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—"Such is the opinion," I replied, "of all who know him."—"He is perfectly right." Afterwards he added smiling, "Talleyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises, you know I am anxious to do. But, again, I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man but he has no policy in his head; he is a book maker. Cambaceres carries with him too many traditions of the revolution. My government must be entirely a new one."

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed, that even on the occasion of the installation of the consular government,

\* Here may be recognised the first germ of the arch-chancellorship and arch-treasuraship of empire.

while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the state, in the hall of presentation, Cambaceres and Lebrun stood by, more like spectators of the scene, than two colleagues of the first consul. The minister of the interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the minister of war the staff of the 17th military division; the minister of marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the consular guard was presented by Murat. As our consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner parties. The first consul entertained, at his table, the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the council of state, being again seated, their hackney coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect of the Tuileries, "Brush all these things out; I do not like to see such rubbish."

The first consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartment. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here that he very seldom occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine, by a small staircase, leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Marie de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bed-chamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet, it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events, were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it, to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the first consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fire-place, having the window on the right. To the right of this, again, was a little closet, where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the porter of the office, and the grand apartments of the court. When the first consul was seated at his table, in his chair, the arms of

which he frequently mutilated with his penknife, he had a large book case opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the book case, was another door, opening into the cabinet, which led directly to the state bed-chamber, which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand presentation saloon, on the ceiling of which, Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XV. A tri-coloured cockade, placed in front of the great king, still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the convention. Lastly, came the Hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My business table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and, in summer, I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden, I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the general's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The consular cabinet, which afterwards became the imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of a slight description.

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### CHAPTER XXXV.

The Tuilleries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation—Presentations—Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Deseu—M. de Frotte—Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—The dignity of France—Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the Senate of Hamburgh—Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in a drawer of a secretaire—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

We were now, at last, in the Tuilleries! The morning after that ardently wished for day on which we took possession of the palace of the kings of France, I observed to Bonaparte, on entering his chamber, "Well, general, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th

Brumaire at eleven francs, on the 20th at sixteen, and to-day at twenty-one! In such a state of things, I may let the Jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly neither!"

As soon as he was dressed, he went to look through the Gallery of Diana, and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of his new residence. I recollect his saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuilleries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, have not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But, hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuilleries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But, be calm, let them not come here again!"

The ambassadors and other foreign ministers then at Paris, were presented to the first consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion, all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a counsellor of state, M. Benézech, who was once minister for foreign affairs, officiated.

When the ambassadors had all arrived, M. Benézech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three consuls, the ministers, and the council of state. The ambassadors presented their credentials to the first consul, who handed them to the minister for foreign affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused the defence of Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three consuls: but the circumstance which distinguished the first consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the queen, after presentation to the king.

Thus old customs of royalty crept, by degrees, into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the crown, and which the constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the first consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service, merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the first consul: I do not speak of the Emperor. Bonaparte, the first consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following

circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state.

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hand, by the troops of the republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January, General Ferino, then governor of Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that every body felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return, I perceived the first consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he.—"I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you."—"What is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful:—"No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country, is a child who stabs his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which his clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write, 'The first consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" He signed this laconic order, which I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained tranquil as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the first consul next morning, when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino, that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came expressly from Sens to Paris, to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I

was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts.”\*

Emboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the first consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Count Louis de Frotte, had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendee. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safe conduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit, or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte’s “criminal enterprise.”

I had more trouble than in M. Defeu’s case, to induce the first consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so well to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time. Not supposing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the minister of police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Count Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the first consul granted me the order for delay, he had received some new secret accusation against M. de Frotte; for when he heard of his death, he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, “You should take your measures better. You see it is not my fault.”

\* M. Defeu thus snatched from death, is now the father of three children, and living in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When during the first period of our abode at the Tuilleries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of La Vendee to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience, inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand saloon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the first consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bed-chamber, which separated the cabinet from the saloon. We saw the first consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the saloon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connexion. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The first consul perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of things, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country, you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors, I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it."—"No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, "you cannot think so." When we were alone, the first consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges' refusal. He said, "He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Venice send ambassadors to Paris to apologize to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France, put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French government respected, exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they

were given up; but, as the French government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the united Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of Chef d'Escadron. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the senate placed him under arrest, on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English minister. After being detained in prison a whole year, he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being excepted from the amnesty by the Irish parliament, he was claimed by the British government, and the senators of Hamburg forgot honour and humanity, in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic, both from England and France. The senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the intercession of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the enlargement of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The first consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.\* This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contributions with which the general had familiarized the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single *sous* went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the first consul, through the hands of M. Chappeau Rouge.

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds, in a secrétaire, for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them;

\* Bonaparte had replied to the defence of the Senate before the arrival of the golden negotiators. This answer was dated, 9th Nivose, Year VIII., and was as follows:—

“ We have received your letter: it does not justify you.

“ Courage and virtue preserve states: baseness and vices ruin them.

“ You have violated hospitality; this would not have happened amongst the most barbarous hordes of the desert. Your fellow citizens must reproach you for ever.

“ The two unfortunate men whom you have delivered up will be rendered illustrious by their deaths; but their blood will do more injury to their persecutors than could have been effected by an army.”

after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but, some time after, he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburgh, but I will make you amends for it." He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own handwriting, and said to me, "Here is a bill for three hundred thousand Italian liri, on the Cisalpine republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Haller and Collot—I give it you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine republic, for the value of which the administrator general of the Italian finances drew on the republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for three hundred thousand livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt; but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine republic kept the cannons and the money, and the first consul kept his bill. When I had examined it, I said, "General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable." "France is bound to discharge debts of this kind," said he; "send the paper to De Fermont; he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about nine thousand francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated, because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months, the names of which terminated in *aire, ose, al, and or*.

I showed M. de Fermont's answer to the first consul, who said, "Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, "General M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, "Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These three hundred thousand livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me, it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than twenty-five thousand francs from Italy.

I never had from the general-in-chief of the army of Italy,

nor from the general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, nor from the first consul for ten years, nor from the consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine republic, he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800,— “Bourrienne, the weather is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my secretaire, take out every thing that is there.” I got into the carriage at two o'clock, and returned at six. When he had dined, I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his secretaire, including fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them, he said, “Here is money—what is the meaning of this?” I replied: “I know nothing about it, except that it was in your secretaire.” “Oh, yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it.” I remembered well that one summer morning he had given me his key, to bring him two notes of a thousand francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn farther on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the senate of Hamburgh, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some observation.

The estate of Malmaison had cost a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux, while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and, besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the first consul would be extremely displeased, that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the east. Bonaparte felt that his situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night, about half-past eleven o'clock,

that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals; they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the first consul; but well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her,—“Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the first consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole, as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the first consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the results will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you: by reservations you will renew them incessantly.” Josephine said—“I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I shall say to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs, but I wish to confess only to six: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest, little by little, out of my savings.” “Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as six hundred thousand francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to twelve hundred thousand than to six; and, by going so far, you will get rid of them for ever.” “I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him. I can never support his violence.” After a quarter of an hour's farther discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitations, and promise to mention only the six hundred thousand francs to the first consul.

The anger and ill-humour of the first consul may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, “Well, take six hundred thousand francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing, if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit.”

Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me, also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of the articles supplied. I observed in the milliner's bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was, likewise, a charge of one thousand eight hundred francs for heron plumes, and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices, and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the first consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received thirty-five thousand francs for a claim of eighty thousand; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit, nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle every thing for six hundred thousand francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of extravagance was almost the sole cause of all her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household, until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was empress in 1804.

The good Josephine had not less ambition in little things, than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring, and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either on the side of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful alleys of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiableness. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a very pretty apartment to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but, almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have

to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I had kept during two years and a half. If I had seen my friends there, it must have been at midnight, or at five o'clock in the morning; and the first consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuilleries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray cloak, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The first consul" to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuilleries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angouleme. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honore; but we did not extend our excursions farther than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when pulling up the corners of his cravat he would say, "Well, Madame, is there any thing new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks which Bonaparte had drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which he spoke of the first consul.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

War and monuments—Influence of the recollections of Egypt—First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—Saint Cloud taken—The Pont des Arts—Business described for me by Bonaparte—Pecuniary remuneration—The first consul's visit to the *Pritanee*—His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—Introduction of vaccination—Recall of the members of the constituent assembly—The canary volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—Longchamps and the spiritual concerts.

THE destruction of men, and the construction of monuments, were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war; but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria, had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte, I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments; for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but at the same time, he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without examination; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuilleries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when he

unexpectedly returned, to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager any thing you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, general, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villainous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately, 'The quay of the *Ecole de Natation* is to be finished during next summer.' Send that order to the minister of the interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts, I may mention what occurred relative to the palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte, as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that consular *bagatelle* was too confined, in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuilleries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, acting upon instructions to that effect, addressed a petition to the legislative body, praying that their deserted castle might be made the summer residence of the first consul. The petition was referred to the government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet consul for life, proudly declared, that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompense. Some time after, we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The first consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the state with his personal expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for twenty-five thousand francs. I told the first consul, that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say, that the expense would amount to more than twelve hundred thousand francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly three millions. He thought it a great sum; but, as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence, he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to six millions. So much

for the three millions of the architect, and the twenty-five thousand francs of the flatterers.

When the first consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts, we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I, "is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, general, why in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it."—I wrote, and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility, and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations, would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine, at that point, in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont-Neuf and the Tuilleries, appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament, Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed."

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the first consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished, than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean, and out of unison with the other bridges above and below it. One day, when visiting the Louvre, he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts, and said: "There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used, for arches of large dimensions. But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant."

The infernal machine, of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuilleries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results, that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine, than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte's grand schemes in building, I may mention that being one day at the Louvre, he pointed towards St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and said to me: "That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the barrier of the throne.

It shall have arcades and plantations. The imperial street shall be the finest in the world."

The palace of the king of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena, and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure out of Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of glory too, which was to occupy the site of the church of La Madelaine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt, of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the church of the invalids, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a temple of glory would give birth to a sort of paganism, incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Nécropolis of Cairo, frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries on the plan of that which had fixed his attention at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be forty feet wide, and be provided with foot pavements: in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of the country, which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory for France, as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said: "Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin, a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge, which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mentz, a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes, and vast forests: mountains were cut and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature, more than man, to resist him. One day when he was proceeding

to Belgium, by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry boat. He was within a gun-shot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which this delay occasioned, he dictated the following decree:—"A bridge shall be built over the Meuse, to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways, Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France, so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous risings and fallings of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mount Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis ~~had~~ said, "There are now no Pyrenees."

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me, that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it obliged me to incur.\* Official business was not the only labour that devolved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the first consul, during

\* Of this confidence, the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:—

"1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the first consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyze all those which are of secondary interest, and write the first consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and, third, at eleven at night.

"2d. He is to have the superintendence of the topographical office, and of an office of translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the first consul, at the hours above-mentioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the first consul is to read.

"3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under government; a second, for appointments to official posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the first consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

"4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of inspection, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the first consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.

"5th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

"6th. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, either from Citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the first consul, taking care to arrange every thing so as to secure secrecy.

"BONAPARTE, First Consul.

"Paris, 13th Germinal, Year VIII."

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a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed, that I scarcely ever went out; and when, by chance, I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the *Comédie Française*; but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries, I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence, that Bonaparte, neither as general, consul, or Emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades*: I took from his funds what was necessary to maintain my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to reorganize public education, which he thought was ill-managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the polytechnic school, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards destroyed, by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis le Grand, which had received the name of Pritanee. The first consul directed the minister of the interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanee, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening, he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"You, general!"—"Yes! and I did not acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollect enough of my Bezout, to make some demonstrations before them. I went every where, into the bed-rooms, and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education, and the management of the colleges. The pupils must have a uniform. I observed some well, and others ill-dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanee. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject, Bonaparte did not confine himself to an empty scheme. After consulting with the head master of the Pritanee, he granted pensions of two hundred francs to seven or eight of

the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of foreign affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.\*

What I have just said, respecting the first consul's visit to the Pritanee, reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance, which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanee, there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the *Plaine des Sablons*. He was pointed out to the first consul, who said to him,—“I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer.” Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the first consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and Miackzinski then wrote a second letter, as follows:—

“ You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months: seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When you receive this letter, I shall be no more. I cannot live under a government, the head of which breaks his word.”

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the first consul, he retired to his chamber, and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event, Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps; for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the war office had caused the death of this promising young man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me,—“ These Poles have such refined notions of honour: Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same.”

At the commencement of the consulate, it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of his plans for the social regeneration of France: all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good, as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the first consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. de Liencourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time a council of prizes was established, and the old members of the constituent assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake, and that of the royalists, that the first consul recalled them, but it was to please the Jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first, the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove

\* This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.

that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

From the commencement of the month of Germinal, the re-organization of the army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence, in Paris, of the fine corps of the consular guard, added to the desire of showing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the first consul created a corps of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform, which in some of the saloons of Paris, where it was still the custom to ridicule every thing, obtained for them the nickname of canaries. Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps a first specimen of privileged soldiers, an idea which he acted upon when he created the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organized the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, "Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do any thing against the regicides; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organization of the court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you think I mean to appoint in his place? Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; I care not." Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time, the first consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, "Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack: among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign, this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity, and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

This unvarying attention to the affairs of the government was manifest in all that he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the

month of January, and the permission for the revival of the opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorization of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the revolution. He, at the same time, gave permission for spiritual concerts at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove Tuesday was marked by a ball, and passion week by promenades and concerts.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII's first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg Saint Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII's second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recall of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Mélas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambaceres—Joseph Bonaparte appointed counsellor of state—Travelling conversation—Alexander and César judged by Bonaparte.

IT sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence, acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the first consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make another observation on the Memorial of St. Helena. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the house of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne: but it has been shown, in several parts of these Memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that, on more than one occasion, their very names alarmed him.\* The substance of the two letters given in the Memorial

\* The Memorial states, that "A letter was delivered to the first consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbe de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said:—

" You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness

of St. Helena is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII's. letter:—

" February 20th, 1800.

" SIR,

" Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state for me to discharge by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself.

" LOUIS."

The first consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the king, as, by so doing, he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monck. Their entreaties became so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not: I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed, in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself king. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.\*

of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten then to name the offices which you would choose for your friends."

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:

"I have received your royal highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do any thing that can alleviate your fate, and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes."

\* A strong impression of the fate that awaited her, had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went

In the first consul's numerous conversations with me, he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII's. proposition and its consequences. "The partisans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monck's part." Here the matter rested, and the king's letter remained on the table. In the interim, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:—

"You must have long since been convinced, general, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

"No, the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

"General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed)                          "LOUIS."

This dignified letter the first consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks: at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the king's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:—

"SIR,

"I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

"You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

"Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

"I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement.

"BONAPARTE."

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied: "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say

at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows:—"You are," said she, "the wife of a great general, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only for a short time."

against it; but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to ensure, &c.*" On reading the passage over again, he thought he had pledged himself too far, in saying that he *would willingly contribute, &c.* He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined:—*I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off, and it lay on the table, with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following:—*I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement.* By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power, and consolidated his position, diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the King's first letter and the answer of the first consul, which was written on the 2d Vendemiaire, Year IX. (14th of September, 1800,) just when the congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIIIth's letter, we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison; he was in good humour, for every thing was going on to his mind—"Has my wife been saying any thing more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, general."—"But, when you converse with her, you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of secretary of legation at Stuttgart; but, had it not been for the change, you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men to rise by their own merit under kings? Every thing depends on birth, connexion, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future."—"General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as secretary of legation at Stuttgart preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated

by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain, that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not——” “You are right,” said he, abruptly interrupting me. “If I do not live thirty years to complete my work, you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers would not govern France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me.”—“Well, general, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?”—“Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired rights and material results to be secured against the efforts of a family restored to power, and returning with eighty thousand emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death of the king—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far re-action would extend?”—“General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years: in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monck; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware that what you call ideology will not again be revived; and ——”“I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend on it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right.”

“Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum*. Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar, he would probably have reversed it, and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem*.

While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, the first consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which, not four years before, had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing, he created every thing. At that period of his life, the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations, he sent four hundred thousand francs to the Hospital of Mount St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and every thing was going on to his mind, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy; that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But Massena is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unroll Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do so likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?"—"How the devil should I know?"—"Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery and reserves. Crossing the Alps here, (pointing to the Great Mount St. Bernard,) I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia," (placing a red pin at San Juliano.) Finding that I looked upon this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, we rose: I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Juliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when, that very evening, I was writing, at Torre-di-Galifolo, the bulletin of the battle, to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The first consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as war minister, and he superseded him by Carnot, who had given great

proofs of firmness and integrity; but, who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800; and, to console Berthier, who, he knew was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him:—

"Paris, April 2d, 1800.

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the government, call you to the command of an army. During the winter you have *reorganized* the war department, and you have provided as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the republic."

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The consular constitution did not empower the first consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte, therefore, wished to keep secret his long projected plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which he then, for the first time, called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier, nobody could be deceived, because it must be evident that he would have made another selection, had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floreal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements, and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon, to inspect the army of reserve. You may add, that I shall, perhaps, go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively, that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambaceres, will preside to-morrow at the council of state. In my absence, you are the head of the government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my satisfaction of the council of state: it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a counsellor of state. Should any thing happen, I shall

be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London.

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar? "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years, had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon, as the decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to re-assemble his troops, so that he might overthrow, at a blow, the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states, Alexander would have separated himself from his re-enforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt, he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and, in so doing, to march half way to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter, he worked upon the ardent feelings of the orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three, what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans, and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly, I admire you."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Bonaparte's confidence in the army—*Ma belle France*—The convent of Bernardins—Passage of Mount St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent—Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mount Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The Fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity—Bonaparte and Melas—The Spy—Bonaparte's opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Dessaix—Coolness of the First Consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the convent *del Bosco*—Particulars respecting the death of Dessaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

THE army which the first consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious. His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardour was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his schemes for the future welfare of France. He saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, “I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago, did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again. The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcole and Lodi. I rely on Massena. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! *Ma belle France!*”

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might for ever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as his. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun *my*, describes more forcibly than any thing that can be said the flashes of alienation which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapt up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind, the first consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardins, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate. The army was in full march to the Great St. Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and the road to Yvree, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there was no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege,

and said, I am weary of staying here; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. How vexatious to be tormented by so contemptible an affair!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy, by crossing Mount St. Bernard, emanated exclusively from the first consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospital which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, cassoons, and artillery were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goat-herd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand, masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horses, one by one, along the paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the first consul had transmitted funds to the Hospital of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys, a considerable supply of cheese, bread and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospital, and each soldier, as he defiled, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed their portions with admirable order and activity.

The first consul ascended St. Bernard with that calm self-possession, and that air of indifference, for which he was always remarkable, when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many questions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, that they were seldom deceived.

Bonaparte, who wore his gray great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent, the first consul visited the chapel

and the three little libraries. He stayed to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

At a little distance from the convent are two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high. The fathers mentioned to us the death of several travellers, who, in spite of their advice, had ascended to the summits of those icy peaks, without the precaution of having iron guards for their feet and hands.

We partook of a frugal repast at the convent. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid along. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow, at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mount Albaredo, to avoid passing under the Fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain, it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and cassoons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected us against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta, that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians; by very simple precautions, they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d, we came within sight of the Fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right, and Mount Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a little torrent which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gun-shot of the fort, he ordered us to quicken our pace, to gain a little path on the left, leading to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot, with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that

had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he said, the firing of a few guns would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain, and went to sleep that night at Yvree. On the 2nd of June, we learnt that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mount St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the first consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected, that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations, and recover his communication with the hereditary states—that he was master of all the strong places in Italy—that he had nothing to fear from Massena;—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the first consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost every where undefended towns, while the French army would have been exhausted, without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done, had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not a Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2nd of June, the day on which the first consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term 'engagements' can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Placenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy.

The first consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The first consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so, you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I determined to serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe.

I always follow my fortune; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemies' corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the first consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my position, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand Louis if you serve me well." I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their position, and the names of the generals commanding them. The first consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our position. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand Louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The first consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the first consul had an interview with M. Necker.\* I know not how it happened, but at the time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not fulfil the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist. A banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and besides, all celebrated people lose on a close view."—"Not always, general," observed

\* Madame de Staél briefly mentions this interview in her *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*:—"M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the first consul made a very favourable impression on my father, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."

I.—“Ah!” said he, smiling, “that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time.”

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The first consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat’s task was the occupation of Placenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town, he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence, which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve, with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat’s courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German: About four o’clock I entered the chamber of the first consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event that his first exclamation was: “Bah, you do not understand German.” He immediately rose, and by eight o’clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts that the first consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well remember:—“Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a sky-light.”

By a singular chance Dessaix, who contributed to the victory and stopped the route of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El Arish, which happened on the 4th of January, 1800. He wrote to me a letter dated 16th Floreal, year VIII. (6th of May, 1800,) announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the first consul. “Ah!” exclaimed he, “Dessaix in Paris!” and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the head-quarters of the army of Italy, wherever they might be. Dessaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The first consul received him with

the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared: but on this subject Dessaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign from his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Dessaix was closeted with the first consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival, an order of the day communicated to the army that Dessaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.\*

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Dessaix.—“Yes,” replied he, “he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him war minister. I would make him a prince, if I could. He is quite an antique character.” Dessaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy, and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo. M. Collot had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many acts of service. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness; for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets, which he had resolved to conceal.

The day after this cool interview, I had a long conversation with M. Collot, while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation.

Some days before the consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt, Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. “Henceforth,” said Bonaparte, “I will have nothing to do with her.”—“What, would you part from her?”—“Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?”—“I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Moliere's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct, you can call her to account when you have nothing

\* Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who no doubt was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was, “Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?”

better to do. Begin, by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment, when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks, M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed, "No, my determination is formed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotten. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, *I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire.*" Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand, as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away, Bonaparte engaged him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the court-yard, he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons, without meeting the general, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance, Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a little closet, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing, "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase, followed by Eugene and Hortense. They were all weeping: and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugene was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine, brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced to society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugene and Hortense, and her mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man, without some weakness."—"Be assured they will reward you for this."—

"They ought, Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue, Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugene breakfasted with us, but neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.

On the 13th the first consul slept at Torre di Galifolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether there was a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed, very well satisfied; but, early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched in the plain, where an engagement had taken place, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy, I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse, and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions, I repaired to San Juliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Juliano nothing was talked of but the retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Juliano, where I had just received a courier for the general-in-chief. On the morning of the 14th, General Dessaix was sent upon Novi, to observe the Genoa road. I returned with this division to San Juliano. I was struck with that numerical weakness of the corps, which was marching to aid an army, already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so, indeed, it was. The first consul having asked Dessaix what he thought of it, that brave general bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself. Who could have imagined that Dessaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry, commanded by General Kellermann, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied, that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellermann, that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, whose results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the Me-

moirs of the Duke de Rovigo. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed in this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard said on the evening of the battle of Marengo, respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the first consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character, to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insatiable thirst of glory, I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success, amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed, that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber, and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the division, commanded by Dessaix, left San Juliano, I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune, within so short a time, show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock, all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five, victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcola. Italy was reconquered by a single blow; and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the first consul to head-quarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Dessaix, and then he added, "Little Kellermann made a lucky charge. It was made just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellermann. However, when that officer approached the table, at which were seated the first consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a very good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment, he turned towards Bessieres, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, and said, "Bessieres, the guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellermann, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men, he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Dessaix's division, and had made six thousand prisoners. The guard was not engaged at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellermann, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the first consul, "I have placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having

been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and, of course, I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, both verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence, the small degree of favour shown to Kellermann, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle, as a reward for his charge at Marengo.

M. Delafosse, the postmaster general, sometimes transacted business with the first consul. The nature of this business may easily be guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews, the first consul saw a letter from Kellermann to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division, though I have just placed the crown on his head." The letter was sealed up, and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellermann did or did not give the crown of France to the first consul, it is very certain, that, on the evening of the battle of Marengo, he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellermann, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the Convent del Bosco which, on this occasion, was put under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy artillery, the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper, the first consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone, I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory. You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely, you must be satisfied now?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Dessaix!—Ah, what a triumph would this have been if I could have embraced him tonight on the field of battle!" As he uttered these words, I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Dessaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Dessaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aid-de-camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the first consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events, more probable. The death of Dessaix was not perceived at the moment

it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A battalion sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cap. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves it doubtful whether Dessaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency while advancing at the head of his troops, or by the enemy when turning towards his men to encourage them: However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.

Early next morning, the prince of Lichtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the first consul. The propositions of the general did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed every thing, and who had fled, defeated, from the Adriatic to Mount Cenis. The prince of Lichtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the first consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your general, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria: you have many sick and wounded: you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions: my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the gray hairs of your general, whom I respect."

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the prince out, and he said to me, "These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege." It is a curious fact, that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the first consul returned to Milan, he made Savary and Rapp his aids-de-camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Dessaix. The first consul was at first not much disposed to take them, alleging that he had aids-de-camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Dessaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Suspension of hostilities—Letter to the consuls—Second occupation of Milan—Bonaparte and Massena—My conversation with M. Collot—Recollections of the 18th and 19th Brumaire.

WHAT little time and little things sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me, at Torre di Galifolo, the following letter to his colleagues:

“The day after the battle of Marengo, *Citizens Consuls*, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts, requesting permission to send General Skal to me. During the day, the convention, of which I send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct of their army.

“BONAPARTE.”

The only thing worthy of remark in this letter, would be the concluding sentence, in which the first consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words “citizens consuls,” were evidently foisted in with a particular design. The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this, it was necessary that the two other consuls should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the inferiors of the first consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that city was marked by continued acclamations, wherever the first consul showed himself. At Milan, the first consul now saw Massena for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable defence of Genoa. He marked him out as his successor in the command of the army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the first consul in that command. The first blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency, requiring the presence of a skilful, experienced general, well acquainted with the country. And, besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the cabinet of London.

On the eve of our departure from Milan, I had, with M. Collot, a conversation, which may conveniently be related here. In again bringing before the reader the events of the 18th Brumaire, I may observe, that M. Collot saw those events in a nearer and different point of view than that in which I observed them. I made notes of the conversation which I am now about to describe. Did I not mention this fact, M. Collot might naturally be surprised at the supposed fidelity of my memory.

On the day of our conversation, M. Collot had been on an excursion with Joseph Bonaparte to the Borromea islands, and I recollect his telling me, that when he called for the new counsellor of state, he found him in very bad company. Be this as it may, the following are some facts I collected from the mouth of M. Collot, and which have not hitherto been related in the course of these memoirs.

On his return to Paris from Egypt, Bonaparte repaired to the directory so precipitately, that the directors had not made up their minds as to the way in which they would receive him. He was announced by an usher. The directors, hesitating about what they should do, allowed him to remain a few minutes in the waiting room. He became impatient, and went out for the purpose of getting into his carriage, to drive home again.\* The directors being informed of this, sent after him. He returned, and in his way met one of the five sovereigns, who was going in pursuit of him. On being introduced to their presence, he addressed them with the confidence of a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct, rather than to justify his own.

In the evening, M. Collot, who went a great deal into company, saw several persons who were of opinion that the directory should have punished the insolence of the general; that they should have tried him by a court martial, and have shot him as a deserter, and a violater of the sanitary laws of the country. But all this clamour was vain. Bonaparte had formed too accurate an estimate of the weakness of the government, to fear the adoption of any authoritative measure. Could he be mistaken as to the sentiments of France, when the acclamations, of which he was the object, were mingled with well merited reproaches on the directory?

On the day after Bonaparte's visit to the directory, all the influential men eagerly thronged to congratulate him on his return. He could easily perceive that their wishes directed him to the helm of government. On this occasion, one thing which struck the general as very remarkable, was the absence of M. Collot. He directed Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely to write a letter to him, as if it were his own voluntary act. In this letter, Bonaparte instructed Regnault to say to M. Collot, "You would have been

\* I did not accompany Bonaparte in this first visit to the directory, and I was rather astonished that he did not relate to me what passed, as he was then in the habit of doing whenever he went any where without me.

glad to be in my pocket yesterday. You would, for the space of an hour, have received compliments that must have gratified you. You would have heard it affirmed, that you were a good, feeling, and benevolent man, and that you were the object of interest and esteem. All this was said by Bonaparte to Arnaud and me. Go then, and see him; he will receive you with pleasure."

Next day M. Collot called on Bonaparte. He found him in his drawing-room, standing with his back to the fire-place, surrounded by all the retinue who had been, on the preceding day, to pay their court to him, and sound his projects. Bonaparte listened, and spoke little, confining himself merely to such remarks as were calculated to keep up the conversation, and give it the direction he wished. It lasted three hours, and concluded with these remarkable words:—"My situation is very peculiar. Many persons come to offer me power, as if it were at their disposal. If it were, they would have already seized it; *but that is no easy matter, particularly now.*"—"These last words," said M. Collot, "were pronounced in something like a tone of defiance, and yet with an air of simplicity which prevented them from giving offence. The circle withdrew, and Bonaparte detained M. Collot. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise that he took so little pains to conciliate the deputies, generals, and magistrates who then ruled France. The fact was, he conceived that under a rotten government nobody can possess any real power, or be of any real utility; and he would not accept the services of any party, to avoid being afterwards importuned by their demands. By accepting the support of any particular party, he feared he should appear, in the eyes of France, as the head of a faction, while he then sincerely aspired to be regarded as the peaceful restorer of the state, which was sinking beneath a weight of disgrace."

When we set out on the Egyptian expedition, M. Collot accompanied us; but he stopped at Malta on account of some little differences between him and the general-in-chief. If, on Bonaparte's return to Paris, M. Collot had called upon him, he feared he should be set down as one of the mean worshippers of fortune's favourite; and for that reason he waited for a letter of invitation, he explained himself in the same way to Bonaparte. "You had no such fear," said the general; "you had too well proved to me that you were neither hunting after money nor favours. Say, rather, that you were deterred by a feeling of embarrassment, or rather by pride; it was that which separated us at Malta. But for that, you would have gone with me to Egypt. You remember the letter you wrote on leaving me?"—"Yes, general."—"There was something rather pointed in it."—"If I had thought so, I would have thrown down my pen. It was the sincere effusion of my feelings."—"Oh! but it was rather sharp, I assure you. However, let us forget the past."

Bonaparte certainly did forget the past, as long as M. Collot

could be of use to him; and he only recollects it when he found he could dispense with him. M. Collot saw the general every day, and the following is a proof of the confidence Bonaparte reposed in him:—On the 16th Brumaire he said to him, “ Collot, hire a house at St. Cloud, and get it ready as soon as possible for a supper party of five and twenty or thirty persons.” M. Collot immediately sent a confidential person to St. Cloud; the house was hired, and got ready; and on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte said to Collot, “ We shall sup there to-morrow.”

M. Collot was acquainted with all the plots and intrigues that were hatched in Paris, as well by Bonaparte and his adherents, as by the men who acted in opposition to them. It has already been seen that, at the period to which my conversation with M. Collot refers, Bonaparte had formed the resolute determination of overthrowing the directory; but, at the same time, he wished it to fall quietly. I knew this well; but being always confined to the cabinet of Bonaparte, if I understood better than any one his secret projects, I was not so intimately acquainted with what was going on elsewhere. It is, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction that I find in my Milan notes, many interesting particulars. I there find it stated, that MM. de Talleyrand and Fouché were the first to testify by the reports which they circulated in Paris, that they were ready to enter into Bonaparte’s plan, and that they could gain over Sieyes without much difficulty. I also find that attempts were made to negotiate with Moreau; and though his language indicated that he would take no part in the affair, yet his character afforded ground for believing that he would raise no obstacle to it. Nothing was said on the subject to Jourdan, Bernadotte, or Augereau. They were known to be too closely connected with the party of Salicetti, Garreau, Arena, Destrém, and some other deputies. Towards them a certain degree of reserve was maintained, because it was known that they would be difficult to manage, and because it was also known that they were anxiously watching every motion of Bonaparte, and the persons who frequented his house. They foresaw that something was brewing against the government; but that government was sunk so low, that no one could venture to defend it, or even to acknowledge it; so that Bonaparte’s antagonists, without a leader or a rallying point, were reduced to the necessity of looking to their own safety, under the vain pretence of fidelity to a constitution already violated, and to a directory, which they were the first to despise. Against the projects of Bonaparte, they could not do more than they did; that is to say, make a noise; and in politics, nothing is more absurd than resistance, when accompanied by the conviction of its inutility.

Sebastiani, the commander of a regiment of dragoons, garrisoned in Paris, and Jubé, who commanded the guard of the directory, assured Bonaparte of the favourable sentiments of those

two corps. On the 15th Brumaire, every thing was finally arranged, for it was then ascertained that Bonaparte had no obstacle to fear. It was then that he directed M. Collot to hire the house at Saint Cloud. On the 17th, it was determined that Bonaparte should repair to the Tuileries at day-break, and the troops, for whom the two commanders had become responsible, were to be stationed in the neighbourhood.

On the 18th, Bonaparte accordingly proceeded to the Tuileries on horseback, as I have already mentioned; and it is curious, that while all Paris was informed of this movement, the directory alone was ignorant of it. Ouvrard, and Madame Tallien hastened to convey the intelligence to Barras, whom they roused out of his sleep.\* They informed him that his guard had deserted the Luxembourg, and was obeying the orders of Bonaparte. Barras immediately rose, and despatched his secretary, Bottot, to the Tuileries, to learn from Bonaparte himself what was going on.

Bottot arrived, said Collot, at the very moment when the general was alighting from his horse. Here I will let M. Collot speak for himself:—" You cannot imagine, my dear Bourrienne," said he, " how Bonaparte looked when he saw Bottot. He went straight up to him, and apostrophizing him as if he constituted the whole directory in his own person, said, ' What have you done with France?' You know Bonaparte is not always eloquent. But I know not what genius inspired him at that moment. Sublime expressions and images flowed from his lips, in a torrent of eloquence. He described the state of France when he left the country; her arsenals full, her territory extended, her troops well clothed, well fed, every where victorious; he exhibited her adorned with triumphs, peaceable at home and respected abroad, powerful in every direction. Then suddenly transporting himself to our recent fields of battle, he pictured the soldiers, who, under him, were acquainted only with victory, lying dead on the scenes of their defeat. He painted in glowing colours the humiliated survivors of those disasters, returning to France covered with wretched rags:—our laurels tarnished—our frontiers invaded—our arsenals deserted—our fortresses dismantled—our magazines empty—our finances exhausted—the citizens discontented—disorder, license, and oppression prevailing every where—finally, infamy and opprobrium resting on the palace of the directory. All this was described in language so forcible and impressive, and pronounced in so imposing a tone of authority and grief, that every individual who heard him was filled with indignation against the directory. Bottot was paralyzed, and did not open his mouth. He saw from that moment the directory ceased to exist, and he hastened to announce its fall to Barras, and the rest of his colleagues.

\* The visit which I made to Barras on the night of the 17th in Bonaparte's stead, and by his direction, may account for Barras being in bed at this time.

" You know better than I do (continued M. Collot,) what passed on his return to the house in the Rue Chantereine; but I regret that you were not able, like myself, to see the general in the council of five hundred. Assuredly, after the reception he met with on the 18th, he could not have anticipated the scene at St. Cloud on the day after. He entered, and was instantly saluted with the name of the saviour of his country. Such of the representatives as had been initiated the preceding evening, the creatures of Fouché, who had been sent before hand to take possession of the saloon, hailed his arrival with unprecedented acclamations. The rest, surprised or intimidated, led away by example, joined in the acclamations, and then the decree was passed which filled us with joy, giving the general the command of the armed force. Had you been present at this spectacle; had you beheld Napoleon coming out triumphant, clothed in his new title, and certain of the removal of the national representation to St. Cloud; had you seen the chamber of the ancients, and the chamber of the five hundred instantly abandoned, you would have felt yourself carried back to the period of the decay of the Roman empire, when the senators of Rome, compelled to acknowledge a prince whom they had not chosen, eagerly saluted him with the titles of liberator, friend of the people, father of the country, the divine, in short with all those titles which adulation invents, and fear repeats. You would have seen before you a living and animated translation of the most beautiful passages of Tacitus.

" It is necessary, however, to render justice to truth. All the praises bestowed on Bonaparte were not dictated by flattery. Many were the result of gratitude and admiration. Still, more sprang from hope. France entertained no doubt of his genius, and was disposed to believe in his virtue."

This was the tenor of M. Collot's communication to me; but on looking over my notes made at Milan, I recollect a circumstance which I learned at the time from Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, but which I had forgotten, namely, that on the evening of the day when Bonaparte gave so energetic a scolding to Bottot, several persons who were powerfully excited by Bonaparte's language, assembled at Regnault's, and endeavoured to reduce what he had said to writing, in order to send it to the journalists. After long efforts, every one was dissatisfied with his performance, and it was agreed that Röderer's edition of the mass of ideas, which were possessed amongst them in common, should be adopted. M. Collot, to whom I spoke respecting the account which appeared in the *Moniteur*, told me that it was vapid and faint compared with the colossal, energetic and majestic picture which Bonaparte had exhibited at the Tuilleries. However, I speak of Bonaparte's eloquence on the authority of M. Collot. I have already stated that his eloquence fell far below mediocrity on the following day in my presence.

Fouché's lynx eyes were constantly fixed upon the proceedings of the opposite party. He got information of their meeting, and hastened at ten o'clock at night to Bonaparte. He instantly convoked the principal actors in the enterprise commenced under such happy auspices. After having described the actual state of affairs, Fouché proposed that at the assembly of the next day, in which a new constitution was to be promulgated, only those representatives should be admitted who had already given pledges of their concurrence. "We will," said he, "issue tickets of admission. All who present themselves without these tickets, shall be excluded." This proposition was strongly supported.

But Bonaparte, who flattered himself with the idea of attaining power without any obstacle; who had been told till he was tired of hearing it repeated, that France wished to invest him with supreme authority; who felt that France had every thing to gain by bestowing it on him; and who, above all, aspired to be elected with a great appearance of liberty, declared that he would not be otherwise elected, and rejected Fouché's proposition, which appeared to him of too timid a character. Neither Moreau nor Lannes were present at this meeting. The former had been appointed chief of the staff, and specially charged with the care of the directory, and Lannes had received from Bonaparte the command of Paris.

Fouché and several other influential persons, vainly endeavoured to overcome the general's scruples. They told him his scruples were puerile, and that he would compromise the success of an enterprise on which the safety of France depended.

Notwithstanding the force of their reasoning, Bonaparte remained firm in his opinion. Blinded by the success of the morning, he believed himself certain of a triumph the next day, and put an end to the meeting by this short and solemn declaration:—"I do not wish for power, unless I am legally invested with it by the two bodies appointed to delegate it." But night brought counsel, or rather the events arose of themselves.

The members of the opposition, according to an agreement they had entered into on the preceding night, took care to assemble before their colleagues in the room appropriated to the council of five hundred, on the 19th Brumaire. The orangery was the place chosen for the purpose. As the weather was cool stoves were lighted, and a kind of porch, lined with wadded tapestry, sufficiently large to contain about forty or fifty persons, had been constructed to serve as an antechamber, or lobby.

It is well known that at the opening of the sitting, it was proposed to take a new oath to the constitution; but I need not repeat what has already been stated. The reader probably has not forgotten that I was with Bonaparte when he made his stammering speech before the ancients; but that being desired to forward information to Madame Bonaparte of what was going on, I did

not accompany him to the council of five hundred. M. Collot was there, and it is impossible to describe the pleasure which Collot and I took, when, in a long conversation at Milan five days after the victory of Marengo, we exchanged recollections then still fresh respecting the strange and complicated destinies which had presided at the birth of a government already powerful, although it had not been in existence more than eight months.

I return to my notes. Fouché had great influence on Bonaparte's conduct, on the day of the 19th Brumaire. In fact, Fouché had discovered, by his agents, that the members of the opposition, emboldened by their first clamours, had despatched expresses to Paris, to strengthen the belief of their success, and to stimulate the zeal of their partisans. He informed Bonaparte of it, and urged him to precipitate the crisis.

What occurred in the Council of ancients has already been stated. The following is M. Collot's description of what afterwards took place. "On leaving the council of ancients, Bonaparte proceeded to the five hundred, accompanied by his grenadiers, marching three abreast. He no sooner appeared, than all who were in the antechamber hastened to open a passage for him. He entered, but his escort, less favoured, could not follow; and Bonaparte, turning round, after having for a long time listened to cries of "Outlaw him!" and other acclamations which resounded through the hall, saw that he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers, who alone had succeeded in introducing themselves with him. Astonished at finding himself thus alone, he regained the door, and descended into the court, where you rejoined him. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, in the saloon of five hundred, his party was not strong enough to save him; and, if, the instant after, his bloody head had been exhibited at the balcony, and himself pronounced a traitor to the country, the soldiers, little affected at this punishment, would neither have demanded nor executed vengeance; but the opposition members lost half an hour in clamours, disputes, and abuse, and Lucien was dexterous enough to encourage and prolong this tumult.

"When at last Murat charged into the hall, at the head of the grenadiers, taking it by storm, as it were, Bonaparte's adherents, among the representatives, in order to accelerate the dispersion of the members, cried, 'The soldiers are going to fire! Take care of yourselves!' At these words, the assembly, which just before was so bold, was instantly intimidated, and the members all fled precipitately. Those who could not get out at the doors, escaped through the windows, which were not very high from the ground; and those men whose language had been so fierce and threatening, availed themselves of the darkness of night, fled to the thickets of the park, or wherever they could conceal themselves.

"Among these prudent legislators a great many were attached

to Bonaparte's party, but alarmed at the consequences of such an act of violence, they did not venture to return and range themselves under his banner. The members of the council of five hundred bore no slight resemblance to the pigeons, who when scared from the dove-cot by the firing of a gun, take to flight, but return afterwards, one by one."

I related to M. Collot what passed at the meeting of the conspirators, and he completed the picture of the night of the 19th Brumaire, by giving me the following details, respecting the nocturnal sitting at which the consular government was riveted.

" You know," said he, " what noise and tumult accompanied the flight of the deputies, and what an ominous calm succeeded it. You, doubtless, are aware of all the difficulties which were experienced in forming even the shadow of an assembly. About twenty-four deputies, I think, of both chambers, were got together. That was the utmost. I recollect Bonaparte's anxiety during this time. His usual confidence deserted him for some moments, and he was much indebted to the presence of M. Talleyrand, who encouraged him. At ten o'clock, according to his wish, the sitting was opened. I was there. What a spectacle did this nocturnal sitting present in the place which had been so lately polluted by the presence of armed men! From this legislative out-house proceeded the consular government.

" Picture to yourself a long, wide place, like a barn, filled with overturned benches, and the president's chair placed close against the bare wall. A little in front of the chair stood a table and two seats. There were two candles on the table, and one on each side of the chair; but neither lustre, nor lamp, nor indeed any light but these four candles. Imagine the pale countenance of Lucien, who was sitting in the chair, reading the new constitution, and at the table two deputies taking notes. On the opposite side was a group of representatives; indifferent to all that was going on. Most of them were reclining on three benches: one of which served as a seat, another a footstool, and a third as a pillow. Amongst them, in the same position, were mingled indiscriminately some private individuals, who took an interested part in the business of the day. At a little distance behind were some servants, who had come in to shelter themselves from the cold, and were sleeping while they waited for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus which gave a new government to France.

" I must, however, acknowledge that amongst these ephemeral senators who disposed of the destiny of France, if some followed the dictates of ambition, cupidity, or perhaps fear, most of those with whom I had occasion to converse during the day, and since, were influenced by a more noble motive—the desire of preserving the state from a fatal crisis, and by meeting together

to give at least an appearance of legality to the consular committee.

"Be this as it may, you know to what a state of disorganization, contempt, and wretchedness France was reduced. She required a powerful hand to rescue her from the abyss into which she had fallen. No other hand than Bonaparte's could have raised her up.

"I stayed till the conclusion of the sitting, which lasted till midnight. I then returned to the house which I had hired, by Bonaparte's direction, and, as you may suppose, there were little thoughts of the supper which I had ordered. However, eight or ten persons came in, amongst whom were M. de Talleyrand, M. de Semonville, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Arnaud. The others who had been invited hastened back to Paris, harassed with fatigue, and impatiently looking forward to the following day.

"The morning was ushered in more calmly than could have been hoped for. The vanquished party, not daring to rally, remained in quiet and timid retirement. Indeed, as you know, some members of that party greeted Bonaparte with the title of consul."—"I recollect that the man whom Bonaparte saw return to him with most satisfaction was Augereau; and that Bernadotte was the one whom he was most vexed not to see among his adherents."—"I never could imagine why Bonaparte, who had the power of choosing his colleagues, should have selected Sieyes and Roger Ducos, for they enjoyed no share of public favour. Sieyes, however, was not for a moment deceived as to what would be the result. On quitting the first consul, he said, in a tone of simplicity, 'Really, I believe that this man is working for himself;' and on parting from the second consul, he observed, 'We have given ourselves a master.' Two months after the master dismissed them both with a little gold, tainted by corruption.

"Do you think," asked M. Collot, "that the first consul and Fouché will agree long?"—"I don't know, but I fear they will; for Fouché exercises an ascendancy over him which I cannot understand. But then it must be acknowledged, he is of great use to him, and informs him accurately of all that is said of him."—"And, perhaps, of some things that are not said of him. I suspect Fouché has had some share in the coolness which Bonaparte now shows to me. You remember how alarmed he was, on his return from Egypt, at finding Fouché at the head of the police. To Bonaparte's imagination, Fouché always appeared accompanied by a train of terrors. Some friends of Bonaparte, astonished that he afterwards chose Fouché, and aware of the sinister impression that such a choice would produce in Paris, spoke to him on the subject. I was one of those persons, and I perceived, from the indifference with which he listened to my representations,

without making any reply, that he was already the dupe of the fox's wiles."

The foregoing is, if not the literal text, at least the faithful import of my conversation with M. Collot at Milan.

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## CHAPTER XL.

**L**etter from Lucien to Joseph Bonaparte—The First Consul's return to Paris—Accidents on the road—Difficulty of gaining lasting fame—Assassination of Kleber—Situation of the terrace on which Kleber was stabbed—Odious rumours—Arrival of a courier—A night scene—Bonaparte's distress on perusing the despatches from Egypt.

WHILST victory confirmed, in Italy, the destinies of the first consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France.

They loved money, as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien, to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin, shows how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the opinion that family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had Bonaparte, like Dessaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is, besides, curious to observe the philosopher Lucien causing *Te Deum* to be chanted, with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien's letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics, and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

"June 24th.

"I send you a courier; I particularly wish that the first consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty-four hours beforehand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The people wish to prepare triumphal arches for him, and he must not disappoint them.

"*At my request, Te Deum* was chanted yesterday. There were sixty thousand persons present.

"Anteuil's intrigues continue. It has been found difficult to decide between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter in marriage to me. Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I do not know yet whether the high priest has decided for one party or the other. I believe that he would cheat

them both for an Orleans, and your friend Anteuil was at the bottom of all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the high priest certainly spent three hours with your friend Anteuil. As to us, had the victory of Marengo closed the first consul's career, we should now have been in banishment.

"Your letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry you have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

"The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect peace as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the first consul. The family is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Morfontaine. Why do you return with the first consul? Peace! and Italy!! Think of our last interview. Ever yours."

On the margin is written, "Read the letter addressed to the consul, and give it to him after you have *carefully closed it*.

"Forward the enclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to him for a month.

"LUCIEN BONAPARTE."

The first consul, confirmed in his power by the victory of Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan to settle the affairs of Italy. We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. The first consul stopped at Turin for some hours, and inspected the citadel which had been surrendered to us in pursuance of the capitulations of Alessandria.

On our arrival at Lyons, we alighted at the *Hôtel des Célestins*, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel, obliged Bonaparte to show himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings, destined to efface one of the disasters of the revolution.

Previous to the performance of this ceremony, he dictated the following letter to the consuls:—

"CITIZENS CONSULS,

"I have arrived at Lyons, and intend to stop here to lay the first stone of the square of Bellecour, which is about to be rebuilt. This circumstance alone delays my arrival at Paris; but I could not withstand the desire of hastening the restoration of a place which I have seen so beautiful, and which now presents so melancholy an aspect. They give me hopes that it will be entirely finished in two years.

"I trust that before this period the commerce of this city,

which was the pride of Europe, will have resumed its original prosperity.

“BONAPARTE.”

We left Lyons that evening, and continued our journey by the way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town, the inhabitants gave way to frantic demonstrations of joy. I never saw a more captivating sight than that which was presented by a group of beautiful young females, crowned with flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the revolution renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor, at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The first consul's carriage broke down between Vileneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a courier to inform my mother that he would stop at her house till his carriage was repaired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and, as we were driving at a very rapid pace, the carriage was overturned on the bridge, at a short distance from Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The first consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt, by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, the 2d of July.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative, when travelling; but as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, from Marengo, he said, exultingly, “Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity.”—“I think,” replied I, “that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame.”—“Yes,” resumed he, “I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years, I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but, for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history.” He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading; and the duration of a reign, or of a life, is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Caesar, and all the devastations of Timur and Genghis Khan. We are, indeed, acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

On the very day when Dessaix fell on the field of Marengo, Kleber was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleiman Haleby, who stabbed him with a dagger, and by this blow decided the fate of Egypt. Thus was France, on the same day,

and almost at the same hour, deprived of two of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kleber, and the first consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable.

I have a few words to say respecting the tragical death of Kleber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kleber lived after his departure, had a terrace leading from a saloon to an old reservoir or cistern, from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into the garden. This terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Beguzeh, which was to the right on coming out of the saloon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favourite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him. I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even showed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to attempt his life, and then escape either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kleber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.

I shall not stop to refute all the infamous rumours which were circulated respecting Kleber's death. When the first consul received the unexpected intelligence, he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and, on reading the particulars of the assassination, he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir—a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kleber's talents—the fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavoured to transmit to him, repel at once the horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

It was very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kleber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Dessaix. Kleber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kleber spoke of him, which was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Kleber said to me, "That little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villainous expedition he has involved us in." Kleber often made the same remark to others, as well

as to me. I am not certain that it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others, did not spare Kleber.

Kleber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded, for his country's sake, the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was what might be called a grumbler by nature; yet he never evinced discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was, indeed, courage personified. One day, when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!"—"Why," replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to France. He was convinced, that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy or a powerful government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe, than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and before the ruins of Syria. Kleber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and was not blind to any of his faults.

Bonaparte alleged that Kleber said to him, "*General, you are as great as the world!*" Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kleber's character. He was too sincere to say any thing against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to keep Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kleber to speak, because he *acted* at the same time. He knew that Kleber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish to his views and plans. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris. Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence, gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuilleries. In his hurry, the first consul could not wait to rouse a servant to call me up. I had informed him, some days before, that if he should want me during the night, he must send for me to the corridor, as I had changed my bed-chamber, on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself, and, instead of knocking at my door, knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door, to his surprise beheld the first consul, in his gray great coat, and holding a candle in his hand. There was a little step leading into the

room, and Bonaparte, not being aware of it, slipped, and nearly fell. "Where is Bourrienne?" exclaimed he. My secretary, amazed at this unexpected apparition, stammered out, "How!—General!—Is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne, I say?" The secretary pointed out my door, and Bonaparte, having apologized for disturbing him, I speedily dressed myself, and we went down stairs. The first consul threw on the table the immense packet of despatches which he had just received. They had been fumigated and steeped in vinegar. When he read the announcement of the death of Kleber, the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind. I read in his face, *Egypt is lost!*

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## CHAPTER XLI.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria—An emigrant's letter—Domestic details—The bell—Conspiracy of Ceracchi, Arena, Harrel, and others—Bonaparte's visit to the Opera—Arrests—Harrel appointed commandant of Vincennes—The Duke d'Enghien's foster sister—The 3d Nivose—First performance of Haydn's Creation—The infernal machine—Congratulatory addresses—Arbitrary condemnations—M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished—M. Truguet—Bonaparte's hatred of the Jacobins explained—The real criminals discovered—Justification of Fouché—Execution of St. Regent and Carbon.

THE happy events of the campaigns of Italy had been crowned by an armistice, concluded on the 5th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavoured to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the first consul, is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest, was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant, who had fled to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars, relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th of July, 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains:—

"I trust, general, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an affair should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with money, and he asked me for twenty-five Louis, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and, previous to the breaking out of the revolution, I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.

"I am sorry, general, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But, such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where every thing is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.

"At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, without interruption, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on the scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants; I say emigrants, for I am obliged to be one against my will."

I read this letter to the first consul, who immediately said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel, that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the convention have done! I can never repair it all." Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done immediately.

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken, of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not improperly be called *domestic*, and afterwards describe a conspiracy, which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

At the Tuilleries, where the first consul always resided during the winter, and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand saloon was situated between his cabinet and the room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When

in this audience chamber, if he wanted any thing, or had occasion to speak to any body, he pulled a bell, which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the first consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rang, it was usually for the purpose of making some inquiry of me respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and saloon to answer the bell, and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by this running about, Bonaparte, without saying any thing to me, ordered the bell to be altered, so that it should ring within the cabinet, and exactly above my table. Next morning, when I entered the cabinet, I saw a man mounted upon a ladder. "What are you doing there?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, sir." I called Landoire, and asked him who had given the order? "The first consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to call the first consul, and read the papers to him, I said: "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake, I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: who then could it be for?"—"What a stupid fellow that Landoire is," said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambaceres was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Ceracchi, Arena, Topino Lebrun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said:—"The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger, were those of the sculptor Ceracchi, and of the fanatic of Schoenbrun." I was not at Schoenbrun at the time; but I am convinced that Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed, on unquestionable authority, that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the Emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Staps, and felt under his coat the hilt of the dagger. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young illuminati.

nato, who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain, that, on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena Narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic, more dangerous than Staps, attempted the life of Napoleon.\*

The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Ceracchi's conspiracy.

The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the first consul had been exposed.

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow, called Harrel; he had been a *chef de bataillon*, but had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Ceracchi, Arena, Topino Lebrun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the first consul, who, on his part, was no friend to Ceracchi and Arena, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the first consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the opera.

On the 20th of September, 1800, Harrel came to me at the Tuilleries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act, if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I however could not reject, without incurring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the first consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention any thing of the affair to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the first consul, who was not sorry to find Arena and Ceracchi deeply compromised. But time passed on, and nothing was done. The first consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that he had no money to purchase arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say, that the gun-smith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now found necessary to communicate the business to Fouché, in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gun-smith, which I was not empowered to do.

On the evening of the 10th of October, the consuls, after the breaking up of the council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them, in my presence, whether

\* At the time of this second attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madman who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, what were his plans, and what was the result of them.

they thought he ought to go to the opera. They observed, that, as every precaution was taken, no danger could be apprehended; and that it was desirable to show the futility of attempts against the first consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a great coat over his green uniform, and got into his carriage, accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre, between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour, the first consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the lobby. Scarcely had I left the box before I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the first consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuilleries. Harrel's name was again restored to the army list, and he was appointed Commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster sister to the unfortunate prince, and that she recognised him when he entered the prison, which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

With regard to the conspiracy of Ceracchi and Arena, it is certain that its object was to take the first consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could farther the accomplishment of their atrocious design. The plot, however, was only known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion.

Carboneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Ceracchi and Arena, and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivose, I shall relate these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance, they were, at least, alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life, as if with a view of rendering his resemblance to Caesar so complete, that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the royalist party, and, in their wish to destroy the first consul, they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivose, for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and, secondly, because conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases, confession can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous;

viz., the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes influenced the conspirators of the 3d Nivose, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated *infernal!*

On the 3d Nivose, the first performance of Hadyn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation took place at the Opera, and the first consul had expressed his intention of being present. I did not dine with him that day; but as he left me to go to dinner, he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the Opera to night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the carriage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the master-pieces of the German school of composition. I got to the Opera before Bonaparte, who, on his entrance, seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eyes of all present were fixed upon him, and he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the first consul, on his way to the Opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated, in the Rue St. Nicaise, by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape," added Lauriston, "the coachman, having turned the corner of the Rue St. Honore, stopped to take the first consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'Drive to the Opera.'"

On hearing this, I immediately left the theatre, and returned to the palace, under the expectation that I should soon be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home, and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris, the grand saloon, on the ground floor, was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. "This," exclaimed he, vehemently, "is the work of the Jacobins: they have attempted my life!—There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair!—I know myself what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers, who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Ceracchi, Arena, Topino Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cut-throats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial, are the authors of all crimes committed against established governments! If they cannot be restrained, they must be crushed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte pronounced these words. In vain did some of the counsellors of state, and Fouché in particular, endeavour to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty,

it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated, with increased violence, what he had before said of the Jacobins; thus adding, not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

Fouché had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the ministers endeavouring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the first consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event, was not a circumstance favourable to Fouché. He, however, was like the reed in the fable; he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skilful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accosted.

Fouché, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me clearly to understand, that he did not think the Jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the first consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouché," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouché's conduct now."

On the day after the explosion of this infernal machine, a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuilleries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris, and came at their head to wait on the first consul. In his reply to their address, Bonaparte said:—"As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me, personally, I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. Some of these wretches, who have labelled liberty, by perpetrating crimes in her name, must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conversed with the ministers, the counsellors of state, &c., on the event of the preceding day: and as all knew the first consul's opinion of the authors of the crime, each was eager to confirm it. The council was several times assembled, the senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouché, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the first consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time, the journals were filled with recollections of the revolution, raked for the purpose of connecting with past crimes, the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed that a hundred persons should be banished; and the senate established its character for complaisance by passing a *senatus consultum*, conformable to the wishes of the first consul.

A list was drawn up of the persons styled Jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several, whose opinions had, perhaps, been violent, but whose education and private character presented claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When, in 1815, Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris, M. Tissot came to the prefecture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum, assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer, yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiments of generosity and honour! I shall never forget the way in which the author of the "Essays on Virgil" uttered the words *Domus mea*.

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this, I shudder to think of the way in which men utterly innocent were accused of a revolting crime, without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinion, perhaps, only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the consuls, dated 4th of January, 1801, confirmed by a *senatus consultum* on the next day, banished from the territory of the republic and placed under special inspectors, one hundred and thirty individuals, nine of whom were merely designated by the qualification of Septembrizers.

The exiles, who, in the reports and in the public acts, were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes with so much indignation, that the military were compelled to intercede, to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the councils, few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed, that without denying the government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies, he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that —. Here the first consul, interrupting him, exclaimed—"To what pamphlets do you allude?"—"To pamphlets which are publicly circulated."—"Name them!"—"You know them as well as I do,"\*

After a long and angry ebullition, the first consul abruptly dismissed the council. He observed that he would not be duped; that the villains were known; that they were Septembrizers, the

\* The parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, of which I shall speak in the ensuing chapter, is here alluded to.

hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting, three days before, "If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The event is, to me, merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2nd of September, for the 31st of May, for Babeuff's conspiracy—or any thing else."

On leaving one of the sittings of the council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me, that he had been a little ruffled; that he had said, a violent blow must be struck; that blood must be spilt; and that as many of the guilty should be shot, as there had been victims of the explosion (from fifteen to twenty;) that two hundred should be banished, and the republic purged of these scoundrels.

The illegality of the proceeding was so evident, that the *senatus consultum* contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivose, which was very remarkable. It was however, declared, that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the constitution. This was promising.

The first consul manifested the most violent hatred of the Jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed, if, under the title of Jacobins, he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly labouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and, conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason, he was more afraid of those whom he called Jacobins, than of the royalists.

Meanwhile, Fouché, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, set in motion, with his usual dexterity, all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were, for some time, unsuccessful; but, at length, on Saturday, the 31st of January, 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison, Fouché presented himself, and produced authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject, and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivose, was the result of a plot hatched by the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of *the Jacobins*, had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus the consequence of the 3d Nivose was, that both the innocent and guilty were punished, with this difference, however, that the guilty at least, had the benefit of a trial. When the Jacobins, as they were called, were accused, Fouché had not any positive proofs of their innocence; and, therefore, their illegal condemnation ought not to be attributed to him: A sufficient load of guilt attaches to his memory, without his being charged

with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say, that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte, in the first burst of his fury, he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuilleries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouché always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the minister of police; but as proof was wanting, he replied to me, with a triumphant air, "Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouché. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate, I shall get rid of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the royalists, they shall also be punished."

The real criminals being at length discovered, St. Regent and Carbon expiated their crime by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the first consul gained his point, and justice gained her's.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte—Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouché—Pretended anger—Fouché's dissimulation—Lucien's resignation—His embassy to Spain—War between Spain and Portugal—Dinner at Fouché's—Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte—A trick upon the first consul—A three days' coolness—Reconciliation—Public acclamations, and the voice of Josephine—Stray recollections—Organization of Piedmont—Sabres of honour—Rewards to the army of the Rhine—Pretended army of reserve—General Zach—Anniversary of the 14th of July—Monument to Dessaix—Dessaix and Foy—Bonaparte's speech in the temple of Mars—Arrival of the Consular Guard—The bones of Marshal Turenne—Lucien's successful speech.

I HAVE often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life, must have also remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth, that public opinion wastes itself on the rumour of a project, and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power, a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it.

In the month of December, 1800, while Fouché was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, a small pamphlet, entitled, "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte," was sent to the first consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the minister of the interior, and that it had been largely circu-

lated. After reading it, I laid it on the table. In a few minutes Bonaparte entered, and, taking up the pamphlet, pretended to look through it: "Have you read this?" said he.—"Yes, general."—"Well! what is your opinion of it?"—"I think it is calculated to produce an unfavourable effect on the public mind: it is ill-timed, for it prematurely reveals your views." The first consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day, after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day, the prefects in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris, sent a copy of it to the first consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that, in one of their letters, it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poniards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence, he said to me—"Bourrienne, send for Fouché; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter." In half an hour, Fouché was in the first consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered, than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic composure of the other:—

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?"—"General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency."—"Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?"—"General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author."—"Consideration for the author!—What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple."—"But, general, your brother Lucien patronises this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the minister of the interior."—"No matter for that! Your duty, as minister of police, was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can compromise me!"

With these words, the first consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouché, I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile, which had, more than once, curled his lips, during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. "Send the author to the Temple!" said Fouché; "that would be no easy matter. Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the first consul's hand writing."

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure of the pamphlet, he also came to the Tuilleries, to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the first consul. "You have

allowed yourself to be caught. So much the worse for you. Fouché is too cunning for you. You are a mere fool compared with him." Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage, for the embassy was only a disguised exile. It was necessary that time should veil the Machiavelian invention of the *parallel*. Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavours to induce Spain to declare against Portugal, in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The first consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wanted that Portugal should no longer favour England in her commercial relations, and, like Spain, become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the ministers of Charles the Fourth in prevailing on the king to invade Portugal. The king declared war, but it was not of long duration, and terminated almost without a blow being struck, by the taking of Olivenza. On the 6th of June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and some other fortresses to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The first consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuilleries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the saloons of Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the first consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the *parallel*, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, "I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not yet ripe." The consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet, Fouché invited me to dine with him. As the first consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of the invitation I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph sat on the right of Fouché, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad effect produced by it. In all that fell from him, there was a tone of blame and disapproval. I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed

to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me, that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day, the first consul said to me very coolly, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself." This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I knew came from the ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the first consul. I then covered them over with those which, judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the first consul was daily overwhelmed—these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket, so that the writer might have the benefit of *his* good luck—solicitations that he would stand god-father to a child—petitions for places, announcements of marriages and births, absurd eulogies, &c. &c.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph's treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill-humour, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. "What is the matter?" he asked, with surprise. "General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, any thing to reproach me for, let me at least know it; for my situation for the last three days has been very painful."

"What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine earnestly.—"That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning towards me, he said, "'Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very improper manner."—"I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conversation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I ~~do~~ the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother, could I regard him as an inquisitor?"—"I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from Joseph, I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine."—"The

quarantine has lasted three days, general; surely that is long enough."—"Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other."

I fancy I still hear the amiable Josephine saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manœuvres!"—"Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gew-gaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the first consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.

I am frequently led to violate the chronological order of the events I describe, by the wish to pick up any stray recollections which have, as it were, been left behind on the road. Having omitted the mention of some circumstances which succeeded the battle of Marengo, I here subjoin them.

After our return from that battle, the popular joy was general and heartfelt, not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the first consul was unsighed. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me, one day, when returning from the parade, "Bourrienne, do you hear the acclamations still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!"

During our last stay at Milan, Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory, because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis XIV. That monarch was the only king whom the first consul really admired. "If," said he one day, "Louis XIV. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune." He admired the resolution of the old king, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy, than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that the first consul was extremely pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made, that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favour.

The first consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a senate, which, as may naturally be imagined, he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partisans of France. He stated, as the grounds of this arrangement, that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General Dupont President of the senate, with the title of minister extraordinary of the French government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment, I had mechanically written, "minister extraordinary of the French republic."—"No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the republic; say of the government."

On his return to Paris, the first consul gave almost incredible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellermann a general of division, which, on every principle of justice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honour, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself:—"Battle of Marengo, commanded in person by the first consul.—Given by the government of the republic to General Lannes." Similar Sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers; and also muskets and drumsticks of honour to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men, who had fought under Moreau, should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He also had a medal struck, to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark, that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of *army of reserve*. By this artifice the honour of the constitution was saved. The first consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked every thing on a chance, it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an army of reserve, which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of *grand army*, before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing, as he did, an extraordinary mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte's designing attentions. I recollect, one evening, his saying to me, "Bourrienne, write to the minister of war, and tell him to select a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and send them, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me to day and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I should like to

give him a token of remembrance; besides, the matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may, perhaps, do good."

As soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris, Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, ordered preparations for the festival, fixed for the 14th of July, in commemoration of the first federation. This festival, and that of the 1st Vendémiaire, were the only ones preserved by the consular government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the revolution appeared in its fairest point of view, France had never known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport there was a feeling of regret. The fate of Dessaix, his heroic character, his death, the words attributed to him, and believed to be true, caused mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to open a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here, upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time. France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators, and one of the most eloquent defenders of public liberty, yet, for the monument to the memory of Dessaix scarcely 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a singular contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy! The pitiful monument to Dessaix, on the place Dauphine, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much dissatisfied with it, gave the name of Dessaix to a new quay, the first stone of which was laid with great solemnity on the 14th of July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ de Mars, and in the Temple of Mars, the name which, at that time, the church of the invalids still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech on the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes made an appropriate address on presenting to the government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more speeches followed; one from an aid-de-camp of Massena, and the other from an aid-de-camp of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals, the first consul then delivered the following:—

"The flags presented to the government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the commanders-in-chief Moreau, Massena, and Berthier, the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants, and the bravery of the French soldiers.

"On your return to the camp, tell your comrades, that for the 1st Vendémiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect either peace, or, if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories."

After this harangue of the first consul, in which he addressed the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chanted, the words of which

were written by M. de Fontanes, and the music composed by Méhul. But the most remarkable circumstance in the whole solemnity was, the arrival of the consular guard from Marengo, in the Champ de Mars. These troops defiled before the first consul, not clothed in the gay uniform of a parade day, but wearing the same dress in which they had left the field of battle, and marched over Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France. Their faces, tanned by the summer sun of Italy, their tattered clothes and battered arms, bore witness to the fatigues and conflicts they had encountered.

At the time of this fete, that is to say, in the middle of the month of July, the first consul could not have imagined that the moderate conditions he had proposed, after the victory, would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, therefore, of a peace, which could not but be considered probable, he, for the first time since the establishment of the consular government, convoked the deputies of the departments, and appointed their time of assembling in Paris, for the 1st Vendémiaire, a day which formed the close of one remarkable century, and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne, to which Louis XIV. had awarded the honours of annihilation, by giving them a place among the royal tombs, in the vaults of St. Dennis, had been torn from their grave, at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the college of medicine, when M. Lenoir collected and restored them to the ancient tomb of Turenne, in the Musée des Petits Augustines. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relicts in that sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could so well dispense. This was, however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France and the future, to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments, inspired by the solemn honours rendered to the memory of Turenne, would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he hoped to be able to make.

However, the negotiations did not take the favourable turn which the first consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not heard without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech, quite to the taste of the first consul. After dilating for some time on the efforts of the government to obtain peace, he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the fatal influence of England, and added, in a more elevated and solemn tone,—“At the very moment, when the consuls were leaving the palace of the government, a courier arrived, bearing despatches, which the first consul has directed me to communicate to you.” He then read a note, declaring that the Austrian government consented to surrender to France the

three fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburgh, and Ingoldstadt. This was considered as a certainty of the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the first consul.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Austria bribed by England—M. de Saint Julien in Paris—Duroc's mission—Rupture of the armistice—Surrender of three garrisons—M. Otto in London—Battle of Hohenlinden—Madame Moreau and Madame Hulot—Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter—Congress of Luneville—General Clark—M. Maret—Peace between France and Austria—Joseph Bonaparte's speculations in the funds—M. de Talleyrand's advice—Post office regulation—Cambaceres—Importance of good dinners in the affairs of government—*Edouard en Ecosse*—*l'Antichambre*—Steam boats and intriguers—Death of Paul I.—New thoughts of the re-establishment of Poland—Duroc at St. Petersburg—Bribe rejected—Death of Abercrombie.

THE armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken, and then resumed continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and the imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of two millions sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de Saint Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the court of Vienna disavowed them, and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna, for the imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance posts. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the first consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation, and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he, "to enable me to organize the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo Formio. What can she want more? I could make farther exactions; but without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides, I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior, and send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will form my determination."

In his irritation the first consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice, and resume hostilities, unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube, by the surrender of Philipsburgh, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England insisted on taking part in the congress, but to this the

first consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice, and cease to make a common cause with Austria.

The first consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum to England, for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile, he was satisfied with the condescension of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat?

During these communications with Austria, M. Otto was in London, negotiating for the exchange of prisoners. England would not hear of an armistice by sea, like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that in case of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications, rendered these reasons plausible. The first consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successes in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible to the many proofs of moderation which the first consul evinced, the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved herself favourable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio, and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the first consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last intrenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England, and the English cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of two millions sterling, consented to this separation.

Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation to which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which it was certain, would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Luneville. To this the first consul acceded; but as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the continent would be more to the disadvantage of France, than a long armistice by sea would be unfavourable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801, and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the first consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England; for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be, therefore, conceived when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favour.

On the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau gained that memorable victory which at length put an end to the hesitations of the cabinet of Vienna.\*

On the 6th of December, the first consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally leaped for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the congress of Luneville, which took place on the first of January following.

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden, Madame Moreau came to the Tuilleries to call on the first consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her call several times with no better success. The last time she came, she was accompanied by her mother Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away, her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud before me and several persons of the household, that "it ill became the wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way." This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and some time after her departure, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy, and who is since dead. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The first consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so

\* On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting,—"I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements. They are all I could wish. Tomorrow we will take from him ten thousand prisoners." Moreau took forty thousand, besides a great many flags.

marked and offensive, that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologize, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden he spoke of him in the highest terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion: but he could not endure his wife's family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.

Lunéville having been fixed upon for the congress, the first consul sent Joseph to treat with Count Louis Cobentzel. On his way, Joseph met M. Cobentzel, who had passed Lunéville, and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the first consul, they set out next day for Lunéville, of which place Bonaparte appointed General Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden, M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some decrees made in council. While affixing the signature, and without looking up, the first consul said to M. Maret, who was a favourite with him, and who was standing at his right hand, "Are you rich, Maret?"—"No, general."—"So much the worse: a man should be independent."—"General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The first consul then raised his eyes to Maret, and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary general was gone, he said to me, "Maret is a clever fellow: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the congress of Lunéville, peace was signed between Austria and France. Thus was France restored to that honourable position which had been compromised by the feeble government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France, at Lunéville, was speculating on the rise of the funds which he thought the peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were, like him, in the secret, sold out their stock, at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage, on the signature of peace. However, the news had its effect, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who was unable to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was exceedingly sorry

to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know, but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is this all? O! this is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the funds."—"But the money."—"Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the Mont-de-Piete, or the sinking fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses." M. de Talleyrand's advice was adopted, and all succeeded, as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse, can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his inflexible coolness, the fixed unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.

During the sitting of the congress the first consul learned that the couriers of the mails conveyed to favoured individuals, in Paris, various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued, Cambaceres entered the saloon, where I was alone with the first consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: "Well, Cambaceres, what brings you here, at this time of night?"—"I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the post-masters. How do you think a man can make friends, unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of government." The first consul laughed, called him a gormand, and patting him on the shoulder, said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambaceres, the couriers shall continue to bring you your *dindes aux truffes*, your Strasburgh *pâtes*, your Mentz hams, and your *bar-tavelles*."

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambaceres and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who know the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambaceres, he did not believe that a government could exist without good dinners: and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage, was to him Marengo or Friedland.

About the end of February, M. Duval's play of *Edouard en Ecosse* was performed at the *Theatre Français*. The royalists and emigrants went in crowds to see it. It contained numerous

allusions to the Bourbons. The play was highly successful, as it deserved to be. After it was accepted at the theatre, some thought that the censorship would not allow it to be performed. The minister of the interior at first made some objection to it. M. Chaptal was applied to on the subject, through the medium of M.. Maret and Mademoiselle Contat. The latter was an enthusiastic admirer of the piece; and, indeed, no one could venture to speak ill of it, without being looked upon as devoid of taste and feeling. While these green-room negotiations were pending, the first consul had gone to St. Quentin, to examine the canal which bears that name. The piece was performed during his absence. I had occasion to write to him twice every day, and I sent him very contradictory reports about it. Some, I told him, were of opinion that the performance of the piece should be prohibited, because they regarded as dangerous the applications to which it gave rise. Others, and I was of that number, advised him to let the piece go on; because it was right to accustom the public to comparisons, with which many of our tragedies and comedies abound; and because the system of suppression and mutilation would banish all our dramatic master-pieces from the stage. The first consul, on his return, at first inclined to this latter opinion. He ordered a second performance of *Edouard en Ecosse*, and I accompanied him to the theatre to witness it. He was very dissatisfied at the repeated plaudits excited by several allusions. These plaudits were, indeed, prolonged in a marked way. I assured him that the same thing had happened on the first performance, at which I was also present. He was much out of humour, and said, "This is too much; I will not allow it to be played;" and, as we were driving home, he said, "How silly of the censorship to approve such a play. Why allow political pieces to be performed, without consulting me? I would not suffer the performance of the *Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.* which, you must confess, was not half so bad as this." All remonstrance was in vain, and I believe that the result of the business was, that M. Duval was obliged to absent himself.

A short time after this, a piece was brought out at the *Opera Comique*, entitled, *L'Antichambre*. This was supposed to contain allusions to the three consuls. In one scene, a laquais said, "*I am on duty*," to which another replied, "*And I also; we are colleagues*." It was alleged that the manners of the first consul were mimicked, and that the dresses worn by the servants in the piece were a burlesque imitation of the consular costume. "This," said the first consul, "is a pendant to *Edouard*. Was there ever such a censor? This is not to be endured."

Chaptal affirmed that he had no knowledge of the piece, which had been examined by one of his clerks. M. Arnault, now so eminently distinguished, then held a situation in the office of the

minister of the interior. Reproach fell upon him; but the influence of his brother-in-law, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, averted the little persecutions which Cambaceres endeavoured to excite against him. The first consul ordered the dresses of the valets in *L'Antichambre* to be examined. "If there be any truth in the alleged imitation," said he, "they shall be taken to the Place de Greve, and torn to pieces by the hand of the executioner."

M. Dupaty, would, no doubt, have suffered some punishment; but, fortunately for him, it was discovered that the piece was written before the consulate, and that the dresses bore no resemblance to the costume of the consuls. *L'Antichambre* is the same piece which was performed a long time after, under the title of *Picaros et Diego*.

These two successive events induced Bonaparte's flatterers to solicit the prohibition of many of our finest dramatic productions. On the condemned list were inscribed, *Merope*, *Tancrede*, *le Tartufe*, *la Mort de Cesar*, and above all, the opening lines of the tragedy of *Heraclius*. The works of our great poets were, without mercy, subjected to the mutilation of hired writers. To interest the public, in behalf of exiles, was displeasing to the first consul: and to expose and satirise hypocrisy was offensive to the clergy who had been restored. The play which Bonaparte liked best to see performed was *Cinna*, on account of its long tirade against popular power.

At the commencement of 1801, Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steam-boats. I urged a serious examination of the subject. "Bah," said he, "these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don't trouble me about the business." I observed, that the man whom he called an intriguer was only reviving an invention already known. That the application of steam power to vessels was of very early date, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without examination. He would not listen to me; and thus was adjourned, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given such an important impulse to trade and navigation.

Paul the First fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March, 1801. The first consul was much shocked on receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the *Monniteur*:

"Paul the First died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connexion which probably exists between these two events."

Thus were announced the crime of the 24th of March, and the not ill-founded suspicion of its authors.

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been daily strengthened. "In concert with the Czar," said Bonaparte, "I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects." This resolution, and the admiration of the autocrat of Russia for the head of the French republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul's death. The individuals generally accused at the time, were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign, which, in my mind, leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed, that the conduct and character of Paul the First, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot, which deprived the Czar of the throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne, the ideas of the first consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were revived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to re-establish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and, by that grand reparatory act, to restore the old equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the *Moniteur* articles tending to prove by various arguments that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoliations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles, instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia, changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg, to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favourite of the first consul. He never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one, or busying himself as an agent for favour; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities, joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency

of circumstances. From this year are also dated the re-establishment of the African company, the treaty of Luneville, which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the treaty of Campo Formio; and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal through the medium of Lucien. On the subject of this peace, I may mention, that Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, eight millions if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honour for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though, in fact, no such proposition was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations, little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April, 1801, an English paper—the *London Gazette*,—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercrombie, the battle given by the English, and the death of the general. I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the first consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him. He doubted its truth, or, at least, pretended to do so. Several officers and aids-de-camp, who were in the saloon, coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessieres, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the first consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, “ Bah! you do not understand English. This is the way with you: you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good.” These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said, with some warmth, “ How, general, can you believe that the English government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair, the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue, after it had been published in the *London Gazette*? I believe it to be true, and the jeering smiles of these gentlemen will not alter my opinion.” On these observations, the first consul rose and said, “ Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library.” After we had left the saloon, he added, “ This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came. But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them.” “ I ask your pardon,” said I, “ but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you, is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it.”

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Royal experiment—Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa of Spain—Creation of the kingdom of Etruria—The Count of Leghorn at Paris—Entertainments given him—Bonaparte's opinion of the King of Etruria—His departure for Florence, and bad reception there—Negotiations with the Pope—Bonaparte's opinion on Religion—Te Deum at Notre Dame—Behaviour of the people in the Chuch—Irrigion of the Consular Court—Augereau's remark on the Te Deum—First Mass at St. Cloud—Mass in Bonaparte's apartments—Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows—My appointment to the Council of State.

BEFORE he placed two crowns on his own head, Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the house of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen, that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work, when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May, 1801, the infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV. visited Paris. The infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798, to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favoured the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the king of Spain. France occupied the duchy of Parma, which, in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the grand duchy of Tuscany to the son of the duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his wife, they left Madrid, and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to the attentions which the prince and princess received on their journey. Among the fetes, in honour of the illustrious couple, that given by M. de Talleyrand, at Neuilly, was remarkable for magnificence.

When the count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison, Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that every thing was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet, and said to me somewhat out of humour—"Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit of the Alps, pointing to Lombardy, and commanding the conquest. I have ordered its removal. How mortifying it would have been if the prince had seen it.

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison, repre-

sented the first consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps, before the battle of Marengo.

The count of Leghorn's visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said,—“ He made kings, but would not be one!”

At the representation of *OEdipus* the following expression of Philoctetes was received with transport:—

“ J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être.”

The first consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed.

This king, who, though well received, and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the first consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on any thing but his pleasures; in a word, that he was a fool.

One day, after the first consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me,—“ I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he could answer none. He was obliged to consult his wife, who made him understand, as well as she was able, what he ought to say.” The first consul added,—“ The poor prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do.” I observed, that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany intrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied,—“ Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings.” The prince justified, in Tuscany, the opinion which the first consul formed of him.

In order to show still farther attention to the king of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the first consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law, Murat, for that purpose.

The new king of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th of April, 1801; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The king died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807, the queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the pope, and to establish a Gallican church, the head of which should reside in France. They thought to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power, which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman Emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervour, the schism of a part of their fellow citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people; and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

The first consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered, that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his government: and he had been occupied since the commencement of 1801, in preparing a concordate with the pope. It was signed in the month of July, in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived, in the month of June, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy, sent by the holy father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished. He was a member of the pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues, that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honours conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The concordate was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, and made a law of the state in April, 1802. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were Joseph Bonaparte, Creset, and the Abbe Bernier, late bishop of Versailles.

A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame, on Sunday the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood, during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would presume to say, that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp? Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true, that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony, expressed, in their countenance and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure, than of satisfaction, or of reverence for the place in which they were.

Here and there murmurs arose, expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made, which were far from being moderate. Some would turn their heads aside, on purpose to take a bit of chocolate cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

The consular court was, in general, extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy, to carry off a painting, than to hear the mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the first consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But on the road from the Tuilleries to Notre Dame, Lannes, and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the first consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the general; "there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up." Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.

During the negotiations with the holy father, Bonaparte one day said to me—"In every country religion is useful to the government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was Mahomedan in Egypt; I am catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican church, and make myself its head: but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure, the pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, general, and you recal to my memory what cardinal Gonsalvi said:—'The pope will do all the first consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an imbecile. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But, with me, immortality is the recollection left in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than not to leave behind him traces of his existence."

Many endeavours were made to persuade the first consul to

perform in public the duties imposed by religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration:—“Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are.”

I have read in a work, remarkable on many accounts, that it was on the occasion of the concordate of the 15th July, 1801, that the first consul abolished the republican calendar, and re-established the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The senatus consultum, which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to commence in the French empire from the 11th Nivose, year XIV. (1st January, 1806,) was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September, 1805,) more than four years after the concordate. The introduction of the ancient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe, on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced, in order that those who would only make a scoff of it, might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the first consul determined to hear mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the palace, a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Ann of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week, this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday, the door of communication was opened, and we heard mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there, never exceeded three or four, and the first consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the first consul had heard mass in his apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his.

On the 19th July, 1802, a papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grandt, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This statement sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte, on becoming emperor, wished to restore that decorum which the revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grandt. It is alleged that the minister at first refused to marry the lady; but that he at last found it necessary to obey the peremptory order of his master. This pre-

tended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The bull was not registered in the council of state until the 19th of August, 1802.

I will end this chapter by a story, somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th of July, 1801, the first consul, *ex proprio motu*, named me a counsellor of state extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to make an elegant but somewhat ideal costume for me. It pleased the first consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time, and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte, since his elevation, shown himself so amiable as on this occasion.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

Last Chapter on Egypt—Admiral Gantheaume—Way to please Bonaparte—General Menou's flattery and his reward—Davoust—Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercrombie—M. Otto's Negotiation at London—Preliminaries of Peace.

For the last time in these memoirs, I shall return to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode which embraces so short a space of time, and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests, he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the fame of his name throughout the east. Accordingly, he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kleber, he said, "You are as well able to understand as I am how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish empire, in which the symptoms of decay are every where discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the possession of some other European power." The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry him succours, was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the first consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte's own plan, his determined character and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favourable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed. This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honourable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return. Gantheaume, by his indecision, and creeping about in the Mediterranean, failed to execute the commission intrusted to him. The first consul, finding that he did not leave Brest, after he had

been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, “What the devil is Gantheaume about?” With one of the daily reports, sent to the first consul, he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:—

Vaisseaux lestés, tête sans lest,  
Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume;  
Il s'en va de Brest à Bertheaume,  
Et revient de Bertheaume à Brest!\*

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure, and his return to that port on the 19th of February, 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercrombie off Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succours and re-enforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then picturing to himself the numerous French families who would carry back civilization, science and art, to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed, that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kleber's death, and the choice of Menou for his successor.

A sure way of making court to the first consul, and gaining his favour, was to eulogize his views on Egypt, and to appear zealous for securing the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country, he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of the Senegal, of Mozambique, Mehedia, Marabout, and other barbarous countries, which were, all at once, to assume a different appearance, and become civilized, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favourable reception given him by the first consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed the English to get possession. The first consul appointed him governor of Piedmont, and, at my request, gave my elder brother the situation of commissary-general of police in that country; but I am in candour obliged to confess, that the first consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favour, in consequence of its abuse.

It was also by flattering the first consul, on the question of the east, that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800, in consequence of the convention of El Arish, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces, and, if he did not deserve, obtained

• With ballast on board, but none in his brain,  
Away went our gallant Gantheaume,  
On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,  
And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again!

his favour. At that time, Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in the subordinate ranks, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the consular guard, and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him, I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid fellow?"—"Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will also come into my opinion."—"I hope so." The first consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, went and told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility to me never ceased but with his life.

The first consul never forgot his dear conquest in the east. It was ever the object of his thoughts. He endeavoured to send re-enforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having intrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kleber by Solymen Haleby; but Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying every thing, and creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo, instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the first consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the principles of strategic science, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercrombie a few isolated corps; which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated, had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness of that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced, under the name of Abd-Allah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte; the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity. This alone can account for the first consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity lost it. What was the result of that memorable expe-

dition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories, and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of the worthy Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The first consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was but little encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great, if the events which took place at the end of August, had been known in London, before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The first consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch containing a copy of the preliminaries, ready to be adopted by the English ministry. Neither this despatch, nor the answer, were communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. The first consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was for the sake of his health, drinking the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that that delay might cause the face of affairs to change, I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did; for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived at London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the first consul, by letter, that Lord Hawkesbury, in communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him, he was very glad that every thing was settled, for that it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same basis, after the arrival of such news. In reality, we consented at Paris to the voluntary evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated, by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August, 1801; and thus the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear, was rendered useless, or rather injurious.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

The most glorious epoch for France—The First Consul's desire of peace—Malta ceded and kept—Bonaparte and the English journals—Mr. Addington's letter to the First Consul—Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier—Le Clerc's expedition to Saint Domingo—Toussaint Louverture—Death of Le Clerc—Rochambeau, his successor, abandons Saint Domingo—First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady—Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense—Falsehood contradicted.

THE epoch of the peace of Amiens, must be considered the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, and the more brilliant era of the empire. The consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope, whereas, those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things, could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals which the first consul made, in order to obtain peace, sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if, in the commencement of his administration, he could couple his name with so hoped for an act, he should ever experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments, than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the grand seignior, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice, and of the Mediterranean, to the states to whom they had previously belonged; to surrender Malta to the order, and even to rase its fortifications, if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon remained to him, and he required the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope, and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravansera of the Indies. She was therefore, unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said, that an arrangement might be made, by which it would be rendered independent, both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that a maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us. They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, at some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. The whole colonial system is absurd; it forces us to pay for colonial produce nearly double what it may be purchased at from our neighbours.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to evacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Bri-

tain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put, by way of postscript, at the bottom of his note, "We will keep Malta, in spite of you." I always told the first consul that if he were in the situation of the English, he would act the same part; and it did not require much sagacity to foretell that this island was to be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion; but at that moment he thought every thing depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that this island caused the renewal of war. The English, on being called upon to surrender Malta, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples; that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too violent a piece of irony.

I will here notice the quarrel between the first consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his love of the freedom of the press. However, this liberty of the press did once contribute to give him infinite gratification; namely, when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London, on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The first consul was, at all times, the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and, therefore, he ruled the journals with a hand of iron. I have often heard him say, "Were I to loosen the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France, he wished, but could not, impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called *L'Ambigu*, conducted by Peltier, who had been the editor of the *Actes des Apôtres* in Paris. The *Ambigu* was constantly teeming with the most violent attacks against the first consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and revenged himself by violent articles, which he caused to be inserted in the *Moniteur*. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official note, against a system of calumny, which he believed to be authorized by the English government. Besides this official proceeding, he applied, in his own name, to Mr. Addington, the chancellor of the exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and, to take the earliest opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the first consul seized the moment of the signing of the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the first consul, which I translated for him. The English minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He admitted that its abuse was sometimes a real evil, but the English constitution allowed every man to use his pen, it being at his own risk and peril if he made a bad use of it. Men were punished for offences committed through the instrumentality of the press, in the same way as for offences committed through other means. He confessed, that sometimes libels would elude the severity of the law, but there was no remedy, for it was impossible to touch the liberty of the press, which was engrafted in the habits of the people. Mr. Addington declared that the English people owed much to the liberty of the press, and that no minister would be so bold as to submit to Parliament any measure for its curtailment, as the freedom of the press was most dear to Englishmen. He also informed the first consul, that though a foreigner, it was competent for him to institute a complaint in the courts of law, but that, in such case, he must be content to see all the scandalous statements, of which he complained, re-published in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having, in some degree, prevented a trial taking place at this time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens, the first consul prosecuted Peltier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against the first consul. Peltier was defended by the celebrated Macintosh; yet in spite of the eloquence of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility of the libels of the English papers contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than the consideration of great political interests, to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things, if they could only look under the cards.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The first consul, after dictating to me during nearly the whole of one night instructions for that expedition, sent for General Le Clerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your purse. Go, and no longer tease me by your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a

good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December, 1801, and arrived off the cape on the 1st of February, 1802. The fatal result of this enterprise is well known, but we are never to be cured of the folly for such absurd expeditions. In the instructions given to Le Clerc every thing was foreseen; but it was painful to know that the choice of one of the youngest, and least capable of all the generals of the army, left no hope of a successful result.

This enterprise, planned rashly, and in some degree in consequence of ill-humour, occasioned by the vexatious and uncertain character of the preliminaries, appeared to me a great fault. I never met any one who augured well of it. The chances were a hundred to one that the result would be fatal, and that Bonaparte's fortune would on this occasion totally abandon him. This hazardous project cost us a fine army, and large sums of money. It was condemned by all contemporaries, except the most servile flatterers; and it certainly will not escape the censure of posterity, if posterity trouble itself about the matter. The funds belonging to the chest of the naval invalids were appropriated to the first expenses of the expedition; and this sacrilege created no favourable foreboding of its success. The colony has at last been sold to the negroes, which was the best thing that could be done provided they pay. But that is what they will not do; and it would be absurd and disgraceful to attempt to bring back to the condition of beasts of burden an entire population, which has been emancipated by the course of events, and which has acquired a rank in the scale of human society.

The expedition to St. Domingo is one of Bonaparte's great errors. Almost every person whom he consulted endeavoured to dissuade him from it. He has attempted a justification through the medium of his historians of St. Helena; but does he succeed when he says, "That he was obliged to yield to the advice of his council of state?" He truly was a likely man to submit a question of war to the discussion of the council of state, or to be dictated to in such an affair by any council.

Bonaparte dictated to me a letter for Toussaint, full of sounding words and fine promises, informing him that his two children, who had been educated at Paris, were sent back to him, offering him the title of vice-governor, and stating that he ought readily to assist in an arrangement which would contribute to re-connect the colony with the mother country. Toussaint, who had at first shown a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to oppose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He

capitulated and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Le Clerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Paris in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Chateau de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous; few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollections of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of our climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no credit. I should add, that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him—"The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites!" Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnapping and transportation of Toussaint.

Le Clerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him, and was as unsuccessful as Menou had been in Egypt. The submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavoured to compel by violence. At last, in December, 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Dessalines.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt that his suffering was occasioned by the commencement of that malady which terminated his life at St. Helena. These pains affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Le Clerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o'clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bed-room. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor, when he was rudely run up against by a man, who was endeavouring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The first consul did not fall, because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we found Josephine, who having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made, it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation, and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.

On the 7th of January, 1802, Mademoiselle Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet re-

sumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was, on this occasion, privately given by a priest at the house, Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of Caroline, which had taken place two years previous to Hortense's, to be consecrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he then an idea of separating himself from Josephine, and therefore was unwilling to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony arose from indifference.

Bonaparte said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that "they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was, too, the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her account in it." One fact is certain, and that is, that they did not love each other at all. Hortense was passionately attached to Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal ardour. The first consul consented to their marriage; but Josephine, who was desirous of obtaining some support against her brothers-in-law, who never ceased to persecute her, wished to have Hortense united to Louis. She acquainted me with her wish, and I told her that she had concealed her intentions too long, as I had promised my services in favour of the young lovers, and had done so the more willingly because I knew the first consul's opinion was favourable to the union with Duroc. I added, that her daughter could not restrain her tears when Louis was mentioned to her as a husband. The first consul, in the expectation that Duroc's marriage with Hortense would take place, had sent to him his brevet, as general of division, by an extraordinary courier, who went to Holland, through which Duroc had to pass on his return from St. Petersburgh.

During Duroc's absence, the correspondence of the young lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing, and run to her chamber, where I followed, and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it, her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the saloon.

When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuilleries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even felicitated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after, Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed, to persuade the first consul, to her purpose. On the

4th January the first consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was at work, "Where is Duroc?" he inquired, "He has gone out to the opera, I believe."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs, and name him commandant of the eighteenth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage, with his wife for Toulon. We must live apart; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know, to-night, whether this plan will satisfy him."—"I think it will not."—"Very well! then she shall marry Louis."—"Will she like it?"—"It must be."—The first consul gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half-past six in the evening, Duroc returned; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the first consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," said he, "tell him, he may keep his daughter, for me, I am going to see the —," and, with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat, and went off. The first consul, before going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and, probably, to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have a woman, who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible, forced upon him for a wife. She always manifested as much indifference for him, as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments are not yet effaced.

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say, that I never heard a word of this neice, either from himself, his wife, or her daughter; and, I rather think, that at that time the first consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected, that we were now in the year which saw the consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the empire. Napoleon truly said to the companions of his exile, that "Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues;" but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc.

Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law, have, as the ancient knights used to say, "lied in their throats."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

**Bonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic—Meeting of the Deputation at Lyons—Malta and the English—My immortality—Fete given by Madame Murat—Erasures from the emigrant list—Restitution of property—General Sebastiani—Lord Whitworth—Napoleon's first symptoms of disease—Corvisart—Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper—Articles for the Moniteur—General Andreossi—M. Talleyrand's pun—Jerome Bonaparte—Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers—M. Collot and the navy contract.**

**BONAPARTE** was anxious to place the Cisalpine Republic on a footing of harmony with the government of France. It was necessary to select a president, who should perfectly accord with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he appointed to meet the deputation at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy where you are the object of so much homage!"—"I certainly should," replied the first consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January, 1802, we set out. Bonaparte, who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him their king of Italy, in imitation of Charlemagne, of whom in anticipation he considered himself the successor. He saw that the title of President of the Cisalpine republic was a great advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of president without much difficulty on the 26th of January, 1802. The journey to Lyons, and the conferences, were only matters of form; but high sounding words and solemn proceedings had their effect on the public mind.\*

The attempts which had been made on the life of the first consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety during this journey to Lyons. I never saw these precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated, "That whoever would risk his own life, might

\* Ugo Foscolo, the author of the *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, a work which enjoys great and merited reputation in Italy, was at Lyons at the time of the meeting of the Cisalpine Senate.

take his." He therefore travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.

On the 25th of March of the same year, England signed at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, for example, that England would not evacuate Malta; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the first consul, had at length treated with him as head of the French government. This, as Bonaparte was aware, boded well for the consolidation of his power.

At that moment, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me in one of our walks of Malmaison, "Well, Bourrienne, you will also be immortal!"—"Why, general?"—"Are you not my secretary?"—"Tell me the name of Alexander's,"\* said I. Bonaparte then turned to me, and laughing, said, "Hem! that is not bad." There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not then deserve the censure he often bestowed on me, for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand fete in honour of Bonaparte, at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He eat fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came, he said to her, "Oh! I know yours." This was a great length for his gallantry, and the ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which had been made in Paris relative to a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen, because it was the colour of the house of Artois. On reading that, a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, "What are these animals dreaming of? They must be joking, surely. Am I no better than M. d'Artois? They shall soon see the difference."

Until the middle of the year 1801, the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the minister of police. The first consul having been informed that intrigue and even bribery had been employed to obtain them, determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other at-

\* Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander's secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Callisthenes. He wrote Alexander's Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte's: but notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither believe in nor care for the immortality of my name.

tention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After *Te Deum* had been chanted at Malmaison for the concordate and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. "You have," said I, in a half-joking way, "reconciled Frenchmen to God—now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be made daily." He immediately seized the idea. "We shall see," said he; "but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are or have been connected with royalty or the court."

I said, in the chamber of deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating it here, that the plan of the *senatus consultum*, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those exceptions, he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the state, and had not been sold.

The first consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a grand council, to submit to their consideration. I was in an adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all the propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the first consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, "You cannot but perceive, general, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the state possesses, takes from the recall all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such unreasonable and selfish opposition."—"The revolutionary party," replied he, "had a majority in the council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?"—"General, you revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of."—"That would be difficult," he said; "they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively determined. We shall see what can be done." The *senatus consultum*, published on the 6th Floreal, year X. (26th April, 1802,) a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.

The royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased by the illiberal conditions of the recall of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand,

were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the first consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct, when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the grand seignior to renew his amicable relations with France.

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought, that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria, might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favourable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavouring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary states, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian isles. Every where he drew a highly-coloured picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England. He strengthened old connexions, and contracted new ones, with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian isles, that they might rely on the powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labours of a single individual, furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the *Moniteur*. The secret information, respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India, was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things, it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with six thousand men, and that the Ionian isles were disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be no doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and declared that she would not resume them till the king of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shown herself very ready to execute.

Bonaparte, waving the usual forms of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador to St. Petersburg previous to the rupture which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation: but all was in vain.

In signing the treaty of Amiens, the British minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802, Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and, unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat, exclaim, "What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bed chamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty, I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him, M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after, he called in Corvisart, who, at a subsequent period, was appointed first physician to the Emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good-humoured countenance made, at the first moment, a favourable impression on him.

The pain Bonaparte suffered augmented his irritability, and influenced many acts of that period of his life. He would often destroy in the morning what he had dictated over night; and sometimes I would take upon me to keep back articles which he had ordered to be sent to the *Moniteur*, and which I thought likely to produce a mischievous effect. In the morning he would sometimes express surprise at not seeing in the *Moniteur* an article he had dictated the night before. After making some excuse for not sending it, I would show it him, that he might look it over again. After reading and making some observations on it, he usually tore it up, saying it would not do.

After the peace of Amiens, the first consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes—for what reason I know not—on General Andreossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte replied, "I have not determined on it: I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject." When we were at Malmaison in the evening, M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the first consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named, the first consul said, "I believe I must send Andreossi." M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed, in a dry, sarcastic tone, "You must send Andre aussi! Pray, who is this Andre?"—"I did not mention any Andre; I said Andreossi. You know Andreossi, the general of artillery?"—"Ah! true; Andreossi: I did not think of him. I was thinking only of the diplomatic

men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andreossi is in the artillery!" The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens: but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802, Jerome was at Brest, in the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau*. He launched into expenses, far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money, which the first consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger. This epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving; and ended by stating, that he should draw on me for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—

"I have read your letter, Monsieur l'*Enseigne de Vaisseau*; and I shall be glad to hear that you are studying, on board your corvette, a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all."

Jerome never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her king; and his subjects did not without reason surname him Heliogabalus in miniature.

The first consul was harassed by the continual demands of money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Mortfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph fifteen hundred thousand francs a year, out of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was any thing but advantageous to M. Collot. I believe a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the first consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy office. Upon which the consul angrily interrupted him, saying,— "Do you think I am a mere Capuchin? Decrees must have one hundred thousand crowns, Duroc one hundred thousand, Bourrienne one hundred thousand; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories. It is the business of my ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decrees, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dismissed M. Collot. I learned after-

wards that he did not get a settlement of his business until after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate, he should have had it. All I want now is, to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Proverbial falsehood of Bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honour—Opposition to it in the Council, and other authorities of the State—The partisans of an hereditary system—The question of the Consulship for life—M. de Lafayette's intercourse with Bonaparte—His letter, and conditional vote.

THE historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too, that Bonaparte placed great importance on the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburgh beef, at Moscow.

The official documents were almost always altered. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and falsity again in the suppression, or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

Another thing, which always appeared to me very remarkable, was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestable superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious, that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte, on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins; which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta, compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs

was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling; though the general had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The mis-statement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois, the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly, on the 4th September, 1800, he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts required to be stated, in order the better to understand what follows.

On the 22d February, 1802, a person of the name of Doublet, who was the commissary of the French government at Malta, when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuilleries. He complained bitterly, that the letter which he had written from Malta to the first consul, on the 2d Ventose, An. VIII. (9th February, 1800,) had been altered in the *Moniteur*. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the *Moniteur*, and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which I was discharging a public function, which gave weight to my words." I observed to him, that as I was not the editor of the *Moniteur*, it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the first consul, and communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs: "Hasten to save Malta, with men and provisions: no time is to be lost." For this passage these words were substituted in the *Moniteur*: "His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions."

Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I showed this letter to the first consul. He shrugged up his shoulders, and laughing said, "Take no notice of him: he is a fool; give yourself no farther trouble about it."

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the first consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily

understand how particular motives might be alleged in justification of such falsifications; for when the path of candour and good faith is departed from, any pretext is put forward to justify bad conduct. What sort of history would he write, who should consult only the pages of the *Moniteur*?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to the duration of Bonaparte's consulship, he created on the 19th May, the order of the legion of honour. The noblesse were mightily pleased with this institution. Thus, in a short space of time, the concordate to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the church; the decree to recal the emigrants; the continuance of a consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the consulship for life, and the possession of the empire; and the creation, in a country which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the legion of honour.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the first consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was, indeed, so precipitate, that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the legion of honour, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the button-holes of the foreign ministers. He would frequently exclaim, “That is well! These are the things for the people!”

I was, I must confess, a decided partisan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well conducted state, the chief of the government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honour of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions, than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time, to warn the first consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess, that on this occasion I was soon freed of all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the council, and in the other constituted orders of the state.

On the 4th of May, 1801, he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the council of state, the question of the establishment of the legion of honour, which on the 19th following was proclaimed a law of the state. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the first consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense influence of his position, could procure him no more than fourteen votes out of twenty-four. The same feeling was displayed at the tribunate, where the measure

only passed by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. The balance was about the same in the legislative body, where the votes were one hundred and sixty-six to one hundred and ten. It follows then, that out of the three hundred and ninety-four voters in those three separate bodies, a majority only of seventy-eight was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority, the first consul said to me in the evening, "Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly." "Be calm," rejoined I: "without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary consequences from this creation—you will soon see them."

In April, 1802, the first consul employed all his artifice to get himself declared consul for life. It is perhaps at this epoch of his career that he brought most into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavellian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation, put into requisition with more talent or success.

In the month of March, hereditary succession and a dynasty were in every body's mouths. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned, that, by his brother's confession, he published in 1800 a pamphlet, enforcing the same ideas, which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his projects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be otherwise than favourable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were "stability and order," under cloak of which the downfall of the people's rights was to be concealed. At the same time, Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them *ideologues*, or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of councils which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially with her on politics or public affairs. "Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were Lucien, Rœderer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Montanes. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing for a time general tranquillity, afforded the first consul an opportunity for better forwarding any plan.

At this period, when the consulate for life was only in embryo,

flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the first consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. "The decennal," says he to me, "satisfies me not; I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles." On the 7th of July, 1801, he observed, "The question whether France will be a republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in less than five or six years." It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people's delegate, and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the first consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I perceived him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were thus far in favour; but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the senate, who voted only ten years more.

The first consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art, which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the senate on the subject of that nomination, he returned a calm, but evasive and equivocating answer; in which, nourishing his favourite hope of obtaining more from the people than from the senate, he declared with a hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the senate authorized." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which soon was to be trampled under his feet.

An extraordinary convocation of the council of state took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the senate's consultation, but also of the first consul's adroit and insidious reply. The council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the first consul ten years of prerogative, the council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine, they decided that the following question should be put to the people, "Shall the first consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion; for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a consul for life, with the

right of naming a successor. The decisions on these questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The first consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated with himself. On receiving the decision of the council of state, the first consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled in the decision that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had passed with a small majority.

An account of the restoration to liberty of the prisoners at Olmutz, has already been given. Bonaparte made great efforts to attain that object, and developed a very superior character in the course of the negotiation. He confessed himself, that of all the demands he ever made in his life, that was the most difficult of accomplishment. M. de Lafayette visited the first consul after the battle of Marengo, and remained above two hours with him. I recollect after he left, the first consul told me, "There is nothing to be done with him: I am tired of him. He will hear nothing I have to say. He is a man whose principles are estimable, but there is in them a spice of prejudice and exaggeration."

Shortly after, in the beginning of September, 1800, M. de Lafayette was invited by Joseph to the entertainment given to the Americans on the occasion of the treaty of commerce and amity just concluded with the United States. The first consul, whose intrigues were then going on successfully, and who had reasons enough for his satisfaction, offered M. de Lafayette a seat in the senate. M. de Lafayette declined the offer, but continued nevertheless to see the consul, and to be with him on terms of reciprocal esteem. The period when Bonaparte wished to become consul for life, put an end to these friendly relations. M. de Lafayette was opposed to the measure, unless a sufficient guarantee was made for political liberty. To justify his opposition, he wrote Bonaparte the following letter:—

"GENERAL,

"Lagrange, 1 Prairial, year X.

"When an individual, penetrated with the gratitude due to your merits, and too sensible to glory not to admire that which attaches to you, puts restrictions on his suffrage, those reservations will be looked on with little suspicion, since it is known that no one would more desire to see you the first magistrate of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and my memory naturally recurs to that period, when I think on the liberal professions with which you identified your name; since that period, all have perceived in the consular power that healing dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has performed such

great things; less great, however, than would be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, general, the first among that class of men, who, to compare or to rank themselves must look through all ages, can wish that such a revolution, that so many victories, and so much blood, so many sorrows, and so many prodigies, should have for the world and for you no other result than an arbitrary government. The French people know too well their rights, altogether to forget them; and perhaps they are in a fitter condition to exercise those rights, than they were during the previous state of effervescence: and you, by the force of your character, and the confidence reposed in you by the public, by the superiority of your talents, by the influence of your life, of your fortune, may, while establishing liberty, control every danger, and dissipate all apprehensions. I should thus have only patriotic and personal motives for wishing, that in the completion of this work you may establish a permanent magistracy for your glory. But it is due to the principles, the engagements, the actions of my whole life, not to give my vote until I ascertain that it can be founded on bases worthy of the nation and of you.

"I trust, general, you will, as you have ever done, see that adherence to my political opinions is accompanied with sincere wishes for your welfare, and a deep feeling of my obligations towards you.

"Health and respect,  
"LAFAYETTE."

To this letter was subjoined the following vote:—

"Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life?"

"I cannot vote for such an office until political liberty be sufficiently guarantied: that done, I shall vote for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The first consul, as may readily be conceived, was by no means pleased with M. de Lafayette's scruples. He impatiently ran over his letter, and said to me: "I told you, truly, M. de Lafayette labours under a political monomania; he is obstinate; he does not understand me. I am sorry for it, as he is an honest man. I wanted to make him a senator, but he refused. Well! so much the worse for him; I can do without his vote."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

General Bernadotte pacifies La Vendee, and suppresses a mutiny at Tours—Bonaparte's injustice towards him—A premeditated scene—Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed—The First Consul's residence at St. Cloud—His rehearsals for the Empire—His contempt of mankind—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte—Information of plans of assassination—A military dinner given by Bonaparte—Moreau not of the party—Effect of the Senatus Consulta on the Consulate for life—Journey to Plombieres—Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine—Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison—Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded—Canova at St. Cloud—Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

HAVING arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, I must, before I advance farther, go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce into this chapter some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them.

It was evident that Bernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace, for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of the overthrow of the directory. The first consul, however, did not dare to revenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to intrust him with missions for which no precise instructions were given, in the hope that Bernadotte would commit faults, for which the first consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the consulate, the deplorable war in La Vendee raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy, because from the success of the Vendees might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendees spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and, besides, there was no hope of reconciliation between France and England, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendee, a rebellious dis-

position manifested itself at Tours, amongst the soldiers of the fifty-second regiment. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as commander-in-chief of the army of the west, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where at the very head of the corps the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested, without any resistance being offered. Carnot, who was then minister of war, made a report to the first consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnot's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was, however, desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the margin of the report:—  
“General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means of re-establishing order in a town the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers.”

A few days after, the first consul having learnt that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the general, and he dictated the following letter to me.

“Paris, 11 Vendemiaire, year XI.

“CITIZEN GENERAL,

“I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendemiaire. Tell that officer that the government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of colonel to that of general of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honour to a soldier.

“BONAPARTE.”

Thus, in the same affair, Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame, dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the general-in-chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the farther he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power, the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time, the persons

about Bonaparte, who practised the art of flattering, failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day when there was to be a grand public levee, I observed Bonaparte so much out of temper, that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied, impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see. It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the first consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levee was to open. When he left me to go down to the saloon, I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the saloon was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck, Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window, which looked on to the Carousel. To cross the saloon, and reach the general, was the business of a moment. "General," said I, "for Heaven's sake retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character, and his nice sense of honour, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The first consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the levee was over, he said to me, "What do you think of it, Bourrienne?—Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, general," was my reply. The first consul, on returning from Josephine, before he went down to the saloon, found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte has always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship which I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte's unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased, the more sympathy and admiration I felt for his noble character.

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud. He was much pleased with that residence, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuilleries. It was at St. Cloud that the first consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which the pomp of ceremony, brilliancy

of appearance, and richness of costume, exercised over the mass of mankind. "Men," he remarked to me at this period, "well deserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them."

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that, although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements. And I mentioned the celebrated Fox, by way of example, who, previously to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The first consul said, "Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man, and pleases me much."

In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together, he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed, that Mr. Fox on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the first consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him in time of war, of the plots formed against his life. Less could not be expected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proof of the fact, that the English government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the consular or imperial government, but all plans of assassination, and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether first consul or the Emperor. I must here request the indulgence of the reader, whilst I relate a circumstance which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer of 1801, the first consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favoured with his company was Veri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day in the following manner. The ceremony of the dinner at Veri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at

table in the rotunda, we were informed, by the waiter who attended on us, that General Moreau and his wife, and Lacuee, and two other military men were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said every thing was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see Moreau and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going publicly the same day, to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

By the commencement of the year 1802, the republic had ceased to be any thing else than a fiction, or an historical recollection. All that remained of it, was a deceptious inscription on the gates of the palace. Even previously to his installation at the Tuilleries, Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court, to be thrown down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the *senatus consulta* of the 2nd, and 4th of August, were published, it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the powers of the first consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these *senatus consulta*, Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the state merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his authority. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him, than the republican forms. He was of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to every body will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted. There is no longer any person to deceive. Every body sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds, the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to the Plombieres. Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais—La Vallette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this party. This jour-

ney to Plombieres was preceded by a scene, which I should abstain from describing, if I had not undertaken to relate the truth respecting the family of the first consul. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. "What a man—what a man is Lucien!" she exclaimed, in accents of grief. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he has dared to make to me! 'You are going to the waters,' said he; 'you must get a child by some other person, since you cannot have one by him.' Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice.—'Well,' he continued, 'if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it; for it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.'—'What, sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine that the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!—'Well, Madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that is, that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, at that period, Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself, was incessantly labouring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things necessary to the success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the imperial government.

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene, which I have related, he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison, to witness a theatrical representation. Alzire was the piece performed. Eliza played Alzire, and Lucien, Zamore. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over, he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said, to me, in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the saloon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand, that he must, for the future, desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison, he again spoke of what had passed, with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves, almost naked, upon a platform! It is an insult!"

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed

in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said of him, that the turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman Toga, or the robe of the high-priest of Jerusalem, became him equally; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our company of actors at Malmaison; but there every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secret of our drama.

By the direction of the first consul, a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our ordinary actors were Eugene Beauharnais, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the palace, some other individuals belonging to the first consul's household, and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were very happy in the colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there that youth does not add charms to? The pieces which the first consul liked most to see us perform, were *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Défiance et Malice*. In *Le Barbier* Lauriston played the part of *Count Almaviva*; Hortense, *Rosina*; Eugene, *Basil*; Didelot, *Figaro*; I, *Bartholo*; and Isabey, *l'Eveillé*. Our other stock pieces were, *Projets de Mariage*, *La Gageure*, the *Dépit Amoureux*, in which I played the part of the valet, and *L'Impromtu de Campagne*, in which I enacted the Baron, having for the baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

Hortense's acting was perfection; Caroline was middling, Eugene played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Didelot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. If we were not good actors, it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes altogether and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot, whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, but which contrast so singularly with the great theatre on which we do not represent fictitious characters! We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas, very well bound; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time

to learn my parts. Then he would assume his caressing manner, and say, "Come, do not vex me! You have such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these assemblies render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning.—In fact, I sleep too much: is not that the case?—Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do, do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not overmuch amusement, you know well. Ah, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement." After a conversation of this sort, I could do nothing but set about studying my part.

At this period I had, during summer, half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte, by studying a new part. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect, that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch, made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the bellman of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad, belonging to the village, brought me my watch. He had found it on the high road, in a wheel-rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I related the circumstance, the same evening, to the first consul, who was so struck with this instance of honesty, that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learned that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave three brothers of this family employments; and, what was difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear, it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character—kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him; it was then impossible to control him. I had a remarkable proof of that about this very period.

Canova, having arrived at Paris, came to St. Cloud, to model the figure of the first consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; but Bonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte, notwithstanding, had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced, the first consul sent me to keep him company, until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders, and say, "More modelling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!" Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished.

to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject, damped the ardeur of his imagination. Every body agrees in saying, that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have shown the cause of it. The Duke of Wellington now possesses this colossal statue. It is so high, that, as Lord Byron says, the Duke of Wellington just comes up to the middle of Napoleon's body.

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## CHAPTER L.

Bonaparte's principle as to the change of Ministers—Fouché—His influence with the First Consul—Fouché's dismissal—The departments of Police and Justice united under Regnier—Madame Bonaparte's regret for the dismissal of Fouché—Family scenes—Madame Louis Bonaparte's pregnancy—False and infamous reports to Josephine—Legitimacy and a bastard—Rœderer reproached by Josephine—Her visit to Ruel—Long conversation with her—Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

IT IS A PRINCIPLE PARTICULARLY APPLICABLE TO ABSOLUTE GOVERNMENTS, THAT A PRINCE SHOULD CHANGE HIS MINISTERS AS SELDOM AS POSSIBLE, AND NEVER, EXCEPT UPON SERIOUS GROUNDS. Bonaparte acted on this principle when first consul, and also when he became Emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte's tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded M. Gaudin time to establish a degree of order in the administration of finance, which before his time had never existed, and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decres to reduce the ministry of marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw in men only helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire Fouché was a help. The first consul feared that he would become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouché's having any share in the government. But their disinterested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace; so influential a person had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché was identified with the republic by the death of the king, for which he had voted, with the reign of terror, by his bloody missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the consulate, by his real, though perhaps exaggerated services; with Bonaparte, by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated him; with Josephine, by the enmity of the first consul's brothers. Who would believe it?

Fouché ranked the enemies of the revolution amongst his warmest partisans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the head of the state, because the cunning minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was proconsul, he had attacked in the mass. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout all France, Fouché obtained credit for extraordinary ability; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouché's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the first consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouché had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards Fouché, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence, Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless—scandalous. All the reports from prefects and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouché's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him but with the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of ministry of police, in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the minister. The first consul told Fouché that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than any thing else to give great strength to the government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouché could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favourably to Fouché's recommendation.

Fouché, as has been stated, had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire. Every body who was acquainted with the first consul's character was unable to explain the ascendancy which he had suffered Fouché to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouché a centre around which all the interests of the revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but, subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which enthralled him. When he spoke of Fouché in his absence, his lan-

guage was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouché was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d November.

The suppression of the ministry of police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th of September we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouché, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the first consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouché came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The first consul transacted business with him as usual, without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambaceres to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he had hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavoured to modify his rigour. Having appointed Fouché a senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the senate to notify the appointment, "Fouché, as minister of police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the government, done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the senate, if events should again call for a minister of police, the government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence."

From this moment the departments of justice and police united were confided to the hands of Regnier. Bonaparte's aversion for Fouché, strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have any thing to do with police, unless it be to condemn it. What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected, even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouché's disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only learned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouché against her husband's sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his ministers who told him the truth.

I have already spoken of Josephine's troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards her: I will, therefore, describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouché, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. The confidant of both parties, an involuntary actor in those scenes, now

that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred, what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

Madame Louis Bonaparte was pregnant. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated, with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connexion between Hortense and the first consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavoured to console her by telling her, what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child; so that these seeming consolations, offered by self-love to maternal grief, gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity, Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard, if supposed to be a child of his—a singular mode, truly, of founding a new legitimacy.

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me, even now, excusable, knew well my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when, two years before, the question had been agitated on the occasion of Louis XVIII's letters to the first consul. I remember that, one day, after the publication of the parallel of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine, having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good humour exhibited at breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and, thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself king! It is that Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg Saint Germain, your Rocheſoucaulds, who tell you all these fables!—Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone." What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I often heard him declare seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte, cannot be denied.

Fouché, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Rœderer inveighed with so much violence against Fouché in the presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied, with extreme vivacity—“The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!” Josephine could not control this exclamation, as she knew that Rœderer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien’s direction. I recollect, one day, that she had come to see us, at our little house at Ruel: as I walked with her along the high road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers. “Madame,” said I, “if we cannot succeed in dissuading the general from making himself king, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty, he will, in all probability, labour for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavourable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years, when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses every thing but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame; but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made queen or empress.”

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak without interruption, but when I pronounced the words queen and empress, she exclaimed, “Heavens! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the first consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself king.”—“Madame,” I replied, “times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the firmest minds have resolutely and courageously opposed his tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed, his anger knows no bounds; his language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him.”—“Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you, that if you should try once more”—“Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides, what could I add to the remarks I have made

upon the occasion of his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I represented to him that, being without children, he would have no one to whom he could bequeath the throne—that, doubtless, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them?" Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, "My kind friend, when you spoke of children, did he say any thing to you? Did he talk of a divorce?"—"Not a word, Madame, I assure you."

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to endeavour to compare with this, what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the memorial, Napoleon there stated, that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I recollect one day, that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe—"Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last \* \* \*." I sincerely congratulated him, more I know out of courtesy, than from any hope I had of seeing him made a father by Josephine; for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much?

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## CHAPTER LI.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch—Arts and industry—Exhibition in the Louvre—Aspect of Paris in 1802—The Medicinal Venus and the Velletrian Pallas—Signs of general prosperity—Rise of the funds—Irresponsible ministers—The Bourbons—Conversation between Lafayette and Bonaparte—The military government—Annoying familiarity of Lannes—Plan laid for his disgrace—Indignation of Lannes—His embassy to Portugal—The delayed despatch—Bonaparte's rage—I resign my situation—Duroc—I breakfast with Bonaparte—Duroc's intercession—Temporary reconciliation.

CITIZEN FESCH, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio, on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the general-in-chief's Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbe Fesch, as soon as Bonaparte by his consular authority re-erected the altars which the revolution had overthrown. On the 15th August, 1802, he was consecrated bishop, and the following year received the cardinal's hat. Thus, Bonaparte took advantage of one of the

members of his family being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church. He afterwards gave Cardinal Fesch the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he is still the titular.

The first consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented. Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention was directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the directory, than even during the reign of terror.

In his march of usurpation the first consul let slip no opportunity of endeavouring to obtain, at the same time, the admiration of the multitude, and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was sensible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of a government. It must, however, at the same time, be owned, that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void, by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The first consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection the industrious arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners, who, during the peace, resorted to Paris.

In fact, throughout the year 1802, the capital presented an interesting and animated spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and English, who drove about every where with brilliant equipages, contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carousel on review days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties in the Tuilleries were brilliant and numerous, and nothing was wanting but the reintroduction of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalitscheff as Russian ambassador, the Marquis de Luchesini, the Prussian ambassador, and Lord Whitworth, the minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the first consul, who was well pleased that the court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the states general, had the theatres been so frequented, or fetes so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented an aspect so cheering. The first con-

sul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de Medicis, which had been taken from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Every where an air of prosperity was perceptible, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as its author. With what heartfelt satisfaction he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of the consulship for life and the issuing of the senatus consultum of the 4th August, when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect, the departments were in a state of perfect tranquillity, and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The court of Rome which, since the concordate, may be said to have become devoted to the first consul, gave, under all circumstances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first court which recognised the erection of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine and Batavian republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the Pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics were under the immediate influence of France. The Isle of Elba, which Napoleon's first abdication has rendered so famous, was also united to France, still called a republic. Every thing now seemed to concur in securing the accession to absolute power. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon's government, even under the consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free government, it is evident that he would have made the ministers responsible to the country; whereas, he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them in fact in the light of instruments, which he might use as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs. In order to make the irresponsibility of his ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his government signed merely by M. Maret, secretary of state.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were now likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognising and treating with the consular government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a government which had resumed its monarchical form. The ques-

tion regarding the Bourbons was in some measure kept in the back ground as long as France remained a republic; but the re-establishment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them. He, however, always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the consulship for life. With regard to that question, I have already noticed the offence given to him by Lafayette's suspensive vote, and the assigned reason. The first consul repeated to me the last conversation he held with this man, so celebrated in the annals of liberty. Different estimates may be formed of Lafayette's character, but no one can deny him the possession of unchanging principles. Among other topics, the subject of the government of the United States of America had been discussed between him and the first consul. M. de Lafayette told Bonaparte that at the time of the formation of the union, the question whether a president for life should be elected, had been considered. This question, it is well known, was decided in the negative; but Bonaparte, on the mere knowledge of its having been agitated, argued in support of the nomination for life, contending that the Americans knew not what they were about when they deprived themselves of what he regarded as the sole means of ensuring a country's prosperity. Indeed the first consul, being, as he was, opposed to every idea of liberty, could hardly be expected to agree for any length of time with Lafayette, a man bred up and imbued with liberal ideas. The very manner in which he returned to France had highly displeased the first consul. Lafayette, in fact, believing, or feigning to believe that France was a free country, returned to Paris without a passport, saying, "I left my country when she was deserted by liberty: I return with that goddess, for she surely has returned, since Napoleon is her chief interpreter." Napoleon, however, took in very bad part this return of the apostle of American liberty, without a passport.

The government of the United States, the limiting of the term of the presidency to four years, and the singular liberty of consular France, were not the only subjects on which Lafayette showed himself opposed in opinion to the first consul. He decried the concordate. He wished that Bonaparte, tolerating every form of worship, had placed all religions on an equal footing, as is the case in the United States. He would have rendered them entirely independent of the government, and have left it to the followers of each creed to agree among themselves in providing for the necessities of their worship and the maintenance of their ministers. I remember on this occasion Bonaparte said to me, "Lafayette may be right in theory; but what is theory after all? An absurdity, when it is endeavoured to apply it to masses of men. And then, he constantly thinks himself in America! As if Frenchmen

were Americans. He is not going to teach me what I am to do in this country. The catholic religion prevails here: besides, I have need of the pope, and he will do as I want him. But I must tell you what a droll expression Lafayette let fall." The first consul added, with a smile, "He told me I wanted to have the little phial split upon my head. We shall see,—we shall see." We have indeed seen.

Bonaparte laboured to establish in France, not only an absolute government, but what is still worse, a military one. He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue for transforming his generals into able diplomats, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to indicate to the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that he meant soon to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the court of Lisbon, originated from causes which will be read probably not without interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends, when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular; but that general continued the familiarity of *thee* and *thou*, in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the first consul. Aware of the unceremonious candour of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go great lengths in civil affairs, as well as on the field of battle, Bonaparte on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris in order to ensure his absence from St. Cloud. After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the first consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a fellow soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Monte-bello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus, he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the first consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day: "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your

rank. There is the Hotel de Noailles,—why don't you take it, and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candour prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the first consul. The Hotel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at two hundred thousand francs.

General Lannes, having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs, the amount of the expense incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the first consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! What the devil am I to do, then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to find the paymaster of the guards, who made some objections, at first, to the advance required; but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the first consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the four hundred thousand francs, the paymaster received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for the four hundred thousand francs, advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the paymaster alleged the authority of the first consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all that had passed. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the four hundred thousand francs to the guards' chest, and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to whom he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that —? Well, it cannot be helped; here are the four hundred thousand francs, take them to him, and let him go to the devil!"

Lannes hastened to the first consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompense you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendemiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget the Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you put such a trick as this upon me! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward for the humiliation. This cannot,

this shall not be. I will ——” Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the first consul, and, at the same time, calmed, in some degree, the fury of Lannes. Well,” said Bonaparte, go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return, you will not want any one to pay your debts for you.” Thus was Bonaparte’s object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the first consul by his familiarities; for on his return he ceased to address him with *thee* and *thou*.

Having thus described Bonaparte’s ill-treatment of Lannes, I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between me and the first consul. So many false stories have been circulated on the subject, that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

It was now nine months since I tendered my resignation to the first consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much endangered by over-application, that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me, that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart, had, no doubt, spoken to the same effect to the first consul, for the latter said to me one day, and in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, “Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live.” This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loth to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion, when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me, at the table of Fouché. I remembered also, the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was continually subjected, by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstances could only extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon.

On the 27th of February, 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch, of considerable importance and urgen-

ey, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the minister for foreign affairs to come to the Tuilleries next morning, at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger, that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came about mid-day. The first consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the minister had not received it until the morning. He rang immediately for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much fury, that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. "Why," he said, addressing me hastily, "why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?"—"I do not know: I put it into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent. "Go, and learn the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. "Well?" said the first consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased.—"Well, general, it is not the fault of any body. M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office, or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends, where he was thought likely to be." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called the messenger, and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the first consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, still more irritated than he had left it. I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to soothe him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet, after him, he threw back the door with so much violence, that had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must have infallibly have struck me in the face. - He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed, before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a — fool." At an insult so atrocious, I confess, that the anger which had already mastered the first consul, suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward, with as much impetuosity as he had used in attempting to close it; and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundred fold greater fool than I

am." I then went up stairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the first consul. But what was done could not be undone; and, therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:—

"GENERAL,

"The state of my health does not permit me longer to continue in your service. I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

"BOURRIENNE."

Some moments after this was written, I saw from my window the saddle-horses of Napoleon arrive at the entrance of the palace. It was Sunday, and, contrary to his usual custom on that day, he was going to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone, than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning, at four o'clock, with Duroc, Bonaparte read my letter. "Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it, "a letter from Bourrienne." And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, "He is in the sulks.—Accepted." I had left the Tuilleries at the moment he returned; but Duroc sent to me, where I was dining, the following billet:—

"The first consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you, that he accepts your resignation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers.

"Yours,  
"DUROC."

"P.S. I will call on you presently."

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The first consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me, in a harsh tone, "Come, I have had enough of this! leave me." I stepped down from the ladder, on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited, and hastily withdrew. I, too, had had quite enough of it.

I remained two more days at the Tuilleries, until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabi-

net of the first consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the tribunate:—"That will not do for you," he said, "the members are a set of babblers and phrase-mongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of states proceed from such debatings. I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the tribunate, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.\*

The following day, Tuesday, the first consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a reinstalment in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered, that I considered the evil beyond remedy, and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The first consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of good-will towards me.

At five o'clock I was going down stairs to quit the Tuileries for good, when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the first consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said:—"He wishes you to remain. I beg of you do not refuse; do me this favour. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and, besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The first consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in the best of humours, said to me:—"Are you still in the sulks?" and leading me to my usual seat, he added:—"Come, sit down!" Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I reassumed my usual office and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards, it was announced that dinner was on table:—"You will dine with me?" he said.—"I cannot; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break."—"Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock."—"I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the first consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

\* In 1802, the first consul made a reduction of fifty members of the tribunate, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed.

## CHAPTER LII.

Acts of the Consular Government—The House of Perigord—The Faubourg St. Germain and the Revolutionary party—The Concordate and the Legion of Honour—The Council of State and the Tribune—Discussion on the word *subjects*—Chenier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the Tribune—The *marked proof* of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the Senatus Consultum—The people consulted—Consular Decree—The most, or the least—M. de Vaublanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply—The address of the Tribune—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

LET us now take a glance at the most important acts of the consular government, previous to the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulate for life.

It may truly be said, that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived republic, a government more absolute than ever was Louis XIV<sup>th</sup>'s. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one man exercised over his fellow men. It is not length of time, but the events which fill it up, that mark great epochs. We know nothing of centuries during which insignificant kings have vegetated; and the pontificate of Leo X., who gave his name to the age he lived in, lasted only eleven years. Bonaparte reigned fourteen years, for the period of the consulate may properly be included in his reign: indeed, in his own imagination, he was a sovereign the first night he slept at the Luxembourg.

M. de Talleyrand's name, and the antiquity of the house of Perigord, were great recommendations in the eyes of the first consul; and yet, by one of those singular incongruities which his mind presented, he was an advocate of equality among men, as much as he was an enemy to liberty. Such at least was his turn of mind as long as he continued consul; for on his elevation to the imperial throne, it is well known how much he was dazzled by the illusion attached to great names.

Bonaparte called the Faubourg St. Germain a power, but it was one which he would rather have gained over by fair means, than have put down by violence. There was another power of which he stood in far greater dread: this was the revolutionary party; namely, those who were firmly attached to liberty and the institutions which the revolution had created. The reason of this was evident: the men who were reluctant to see the sacrifice of a few dearly bought meliorations, were precisely those who opposed the consulate for life, and, above all, hereditary power.

*John Rennell*

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was, to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The concordate had reconciled him with the court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list, gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the legion of honour, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the first consul's power, by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The council of state, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the consular government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent men in the different branches of administration; and though the majority evinced a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the council of state the projects of the government were discussed with as much freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the tribunate, and to the legislative body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme legislative tribunal, before which the tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the counsellors of state, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the government. This will at once explain the cause of the first consul's animosity towards the tribunate, and will show to what the constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

During the consulate, the council of state was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the first consul sent counsellors of state on missions to each of the military divisions, where there was a court of appeal, the instructions given them by the first consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports, collected and compared together, presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the state. The reports never conveyed the truth to the first consul, or at least, if they did, it was in such a disguised form, as to be scarcely recognisable; for the counsellors well knew, that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was, not to describe public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the counsellors of state only furnished fresh arguments in favour of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that, in the discussions of the council of state, Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for being fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to gain information: indeed, it is scarcely conceivable, how, in the short

space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could not endure in the tribunate the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the council; and for this reason—that the sittings of the tribunate were public, while those of the council of state were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the legislative body or to the tribunate, any law project of trifling importance; and he used then to say, that he had give them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the council and the tribunate, was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of the *subjects* of the two governments. This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the tribunate. Chenier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chenier's arguments, however, had no effect on the decision of the tribunate, and only served to irritate the first consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient votes, and the proportion of black balls in the legislative body was even less.

Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the first consul, who expressed to me his dissatisfaction in the evening. "What is it?" said he, "these babblers want? They wish to be citizens—why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere manikin in the eyes of foreign courts, were I to yield to the stupid demands of the tribunate. Those fellows tease me so, that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them." I endeavoured to sooth his anger, and observed, that one precipitate act might ruin him. "You are right," he continued, "but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting."

The tribunate pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The tribunate resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the first consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l'Alliers, the president of the tribunate.

Having described the opening scene of the consulate for life, I will now show how the plot of the drama proceeded, and how

the principal character, for whose benefit the whole was got up, kept as much as possible behind the scenes. Judging from the first consul's public speeches, it might have been supposed that his intention on the present occasion was to act as he did with respect to his residence at St. Cloud; viz., first to refuse the offer, and afterwards to accept it.

The tribunate having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the first consul a *marked proof* of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though, in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the legislative body, and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword; yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversations with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp a power contrary to the constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty, it was all for her good, and of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte's was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do, than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

In conformity with the usual form, the proposition of the tribunate was transmitted to the senate. From that time, the senators, on whom Bonaparte most relied, were frequent in their visits to the Tuilleries. In their preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the senate, it had been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the *marked proof* of gratitude should be the consulate for life: it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prorogation of the dignity of first consul in favour of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacepede, acted accordingly, and limited the prorogation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the constitution. I forget which of the senators first proposed the consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambaceres used all his endeavours to induce those members of the senate whom he thought he could influence, to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction, I know not, but the second consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success. Bonaparte, on hearing him, shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, "They will, perhaps, make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!"

It was proposed in the senate that the proposition of the consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prorogation; but this was not agreed to; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the senatus-consultum published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated, that, "in testimony of their gratitude to the consuls of the republic," the consular reign was prolonged for ten years; but that the prolongation was limited to the first consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, the president of the senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the senatus-consultum determining the prorogation, he said, in reply, that he could not be certain of the confidence of the people, unless his continuance in the consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. "The interests of my glory and happiness," added he, "would seem to have marked the close of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the state and the wishes of the public. You, senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorizes."

The true meaning of these words was not understood by every body, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's designs. He did not accept the offer of the senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the senate did not offer.

The moment arrived for consulting the council of state as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting of the council of state was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues laboured for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported by several members of the council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the senate:—

"The consuls of the republic, considering that the resolution of the first consul is a homage rendered to the sovereignty of

the people, and that the people, when consulted on their dearest interests, will not go beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:—First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made consul for life."

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shows the policy of the first consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater: and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater, to show off his moderation by accepting only the less. The council of state sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the first consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the first consul declined this. Accordingly, the second consul, when he, next day, presented the decree to the council of state, did not fail to eulogize this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus was the senate duped, and the decree of the consuls was transmitted at once to the legislative body and to the tribunate.

In the legislative body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the legislative body to the first consul. After having addressed the government collectively, he ended by addressing the first consul individually—a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put into practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc's speech had been communicated to the first consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently showed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by any thing like advice or comment. It was not so with the address of the tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events which actually ensued. The tribunate, said the address, required no guarantee, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those principles which brought about the revolution and founded the republic;—he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;—the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous: he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from the flatterers who were seeking to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself by those good men, who, having made the revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things, the consul replied:—“This testimony of the affection of the tribunate is gratifying to the government. The union of all bodies of the state is a guarantee of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart.”

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain, that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favour. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The republicans were rather shy in avowing principles from which people were now disenchanted;—the partisans of a monarchy without distinction of family, saw their hopes almost realized in the consulate for life;—the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune: but the great mass were for the first consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne, had been so cautiously disguised, as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I and a few others were witnesses to his accomplished artifice and charlatanism, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realized the hopes of the first consul, and thus was founded the consulate for life.



### CHAPTER LIII.

Departure for Malmaison—Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons—Distinction between two opposition parties—New intrigues of Lucien—Camille Jourdan's pamphlet seized—Vituperation against the liberty of the press—Re-vision of the constitution—New Senatus Consultum—Deputation from the Senate—Audience of the Diplomatic body—Josephine's melancholy—The discontented—Secret meetings—Fouché and the Police Agents—The Code Napoleon—Bonaparte's regular attendance at the Council of State—His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government—Napoleon's first sovereign act—His visit to the Senate—The Consular procession—Polite etiquette—The Senate and the Council of State—Complaints against Lucien—The deaf and dumb assembly—Creation of Senatorships.

WHEN nothing was wanting to secure the consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the first consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nullified the last *senatus consultum*. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed in the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said: "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of, I replied, that I did not think the pretender would relinquish his claims; that it was very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the government, though they might look forward to their return as probable.—"How so?" inquired he.—"For a very simple reason, general. Do you not see, every day, that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favour? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?"——"And what then?"—"Why, general, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France: It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility."—"That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, it may be necessary to do something—we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the consulate. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," said he. "Worthy men may be attached to the republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the consulate, it was very different. Then, none but Jacobins, terrorists, and rogues, resisted my endeavours to rescue France from the infamy into which the directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill-will against those who have opposed me."

During the interval between the acts of the different bodies of the state, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect pro-

duced by these circulars which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all this, though I positively cannot say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien, and Rœderer was at that time in favour at the Tuilleries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just been published, by Camille Jourdan, on the subject of the national vote on the consulate for life. Camille Jourdan wrote much in the same spirit as M. de Lafayette, in the letter which has been given in the course of this volume. However, he did not suspend his vote, he gave it in favour of the first consul; and, instead, of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the tribunate, with enumerating all the guarantees which he expected the honour of the first consul would grant. Among these guarantees were the cessation of arbitrary detentions, the responsibility of the agents of government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jourdan's great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The first consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author: "How!" exclaimed he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—These babblers, who think that politics may be shown on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jourdan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this, I might as well go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris." Bonaparte's first act in favour of the liberty of the press, was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jourdan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte's horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

Camille Jourdan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men, who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French revolution, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly constitutional government in France. Even in the senate, there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the consulate for life.

The project of revising the constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of hold-

ing out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too short-sighted to glance at the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation, he would have replied: "Three millions, five hundred, and seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and fifty-nine citizens, have given their votes. Of these, how many were for me? Three millions, three hundred, and sixty-eight thousand, one hundred and eighty-five. Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!" To this he would not have failed to add: "Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, Jacobins, and peculators under the directory." To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte's mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained, the senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it had committed in the eyes of the first consul, and solemnly presented him with a new *senatus consultum* and a decree.\*

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the senate in the presence of the diplomatic body, whose audience had been appointed for that day, in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective courts that Europe reckoned one king more. In his reply, he did not fail to introduce the high sounding words "liberty and equality." He commenced thus:—"A citizen's life belongs to his country. The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey."

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the diplomatic body, there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuilleries presented the appearance of a fete. This gaiety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the first consul towards the throne removed him farther from her.

She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits, she did the honours with her usual grace.

Let a government be what it may, it can never satisfy every one. At the establishment of the consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But,

\* These documents were couched in the following terms:—

**ARTICLE I.** The French people elect and the senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte consul for life.

**ARTICLE II.** A statue, representing peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the senate, shall commemorate the gratitude of the nation.

**ARTICLE III.** The senate will convey to the first consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and admiration of the French people.

still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the consular government. Those who are at all times designated by the name of the discontented, are, in general, men of little respectability: they exaggerate any services they may have rendered, force ingratitude by the extravagance of their expectations, and then tax the government with the misfortunes to which their own misconduct has probably reduced them. These people are not dangerous; their hostility evaporates in empty noise, and those who are incessantly talking are the least likely to act.

During the first six months of the year 1802, there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouché, who was then minister of the police, knew, and despised to notice; but on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police, contended with each other for a prey which was easily seized, and with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouché badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but when he sent for the minister of police, the latter told him that all the reports he had received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the first consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the first consul's attention from the great objects he had in view. Since March, 1802, he had attended the sittings of the council of state with remarkable regularity. While we were at the Luxembourg, he had commenced the drawing up of a new code of laws, to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The men who were most distinguished for legal knowledge had co-operated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoleon. The labours of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambaceres was the president, was composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual, three times a week, the council of state assembled every day, and the sittings, which, on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours, were often prolonged to five or six. The first consul took such interest in these discussions that, to have an opportu-

nity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing, as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government, flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

Some time after his nomination to the consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the senate. Availing myself that day of a few leisure moments, I went out to see the consular procession. It was truly royal. The first consul had given orders that the military should be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. At the Tuileries the soldiers of the guard were ranged in a single line in the interior of the court; but on arriving there, Bonaparte ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the first consul, which was surrounded by generals and aids-de-camp on horseback. Louis XIV. going to hold a bed of justice at the parliament of Paris, never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty, and ten senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the first consul's visit to the senate was the presentation of five plans of senatus consulta. The other two consuls were present at this ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambaceres remaining at the senate, of which he was president. The five senatus consulta were adopted, but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the senate. It was proposed that when the consuls visited the senate, they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the first consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, opposed this, and prevented the proposition from being adopted, observing that the second and third consuls, being members of the senate, could not be received with such honours by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the senate gave rise to a change of rank

in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing the government. Hitherto, the council of state had ranked higher in public opinion; but the senate on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time received the honour of precedence. This had greatly displeased some of the counsellors of state, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He saw that the senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expense of the rights of the legislative body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorized by the first consul, gave rise to reports of changes in ministerial arrangements. It was rumoured in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three. Lucien helped to circulate these reports, and this increased the first consul's dissatisfaction of his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a *lemonadier*, exceedingly annoyed Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern than France.

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which the first consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object. He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the Jacobins, with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the legislative body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favourable to him, he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it to ridicule whenever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the senate affords me an opportunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons that they refused to become members of the senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de Lafayette, and Marshal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his saloon and in his cabinet, " You should be a senator—a man like you should be a senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the senate,

and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of senatorships. This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

The intoxication of great men—Unlucky zeal—MM. Maret, Champagny, and Rovigo—M. de Talleyrand's real services—Postponement of the execution of orders—Fouché and the Revolution—The Royalist Committee—The charter first planned during the Consulate—Mission to Coblenz—Influence of the Royalists upon Josephine—The statue and the pedestal—Madame de Genlis' romance of Madame de la Vallière—The Legion of Honour and the carnations—Influence of the Faubourg St. Germain—Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte—Louis XVIII's indignation—Prudent advice of the Abbe André—Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte—Council held at Neuilly—The letter delivered—Indifference of Bonaparte, and the satisfaction of the Royalists.

PERHAPS one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed, was that of the Athenian who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk, to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is, nevertheless, true, that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and Bonaparte, in all the vigour of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment: for if his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain, and, perhaps, even to excuse, the faults with which the first consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which, like an epidemic disease, infected almost all who surrounded Bonaparte, was productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the first consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were rapid.\* Thus, for example, MM. Maret, de Champagny, and de Rovigo, evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of

\* I have already mentioned how he frequently destroyed in the morning articles which he had dictated to me for the *Moniteur* over night.

the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Maret was animated by an unlucky zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who did not flatter the first consul, and he was, certainly, the minister who best served both the first consul and the emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand:—"Write so and so, and send it off by a courier immediately," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the first consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve; in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the first consul, the latter would say:—"Well, did you send off the courier?"—"No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter." Then, the first consul would usually add—"Upon second thoughts, I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order, which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times,—"It was right, quite right. You understand me: Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me; the others do not leave me time for reflection: they are too precipitate." Fouché also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands.

Of Talleyrand and Fouché, in their connexions with the first consul, it might be said that the one represented the constituent assembly, with a slight perfume of the old regime, and the other the convention in all its fury. Bonaparte regarded Fouché as a complete personification of the revolution. With him, therefore, Fouché's influence was merely the influence of the revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte's ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld in it a visible form as long as Fouché continued at the head of his police. I am of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouché's services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouché being in office, conciliated those of the revolutionary party, who were his friends. But Fouché cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of, lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners. Such was Fouché, and Bonaparte

perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers. But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouché. He who had voted the death of the king of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guarantee against the attempts of the royalists for raising up in favour of the Bourbons the throne which the first consul himself had determined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouché had common interests against the house of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The first consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont, Gallerande, the Abbe de Montesquieu, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted, acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favourable to what they conceived to be the interest of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the assembly of the notables, they wished to separate that prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as the suitable head of a reasonable constitutional government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty, in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee visionaries, but, nevertheless, feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the royalist committee that he showed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyze the influence of the royalists of the interior; he, therefore, granted all the emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a pamphlet, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'Andre, who bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions

of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblenz to inform the princes from him and the queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately informed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty, that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his memoirs; and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblenz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the consular government, the object of the royalist committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendour and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne; for what they wished for the interests of the Bourbons, I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavours were thus made to gain over Madame Bonaparte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the first consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honour, would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory, and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte, he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on the subject one day with M. de Lafayette, he said, "They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison." I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. This book was the historical romance of *Madame de la Vallière*, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouché's police. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect that immediately after the creation of the legion of honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the

whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which, at a distance, had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied that he would wait till the autumn, and the first consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame de Genlis' romance, he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by MM. de Fontanes and Fievee, and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business, I did not see the letters; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the first consul, the importance of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg Saint Germain as representing the whole mass of royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the republic, compared with the manners of the nobility of the old court. The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what was called the *parvenus*; those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, did not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg Saint Germain; while, on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavours to irritate him against every thing that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbons.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must, indeed, have had a powerful influence on the first consul, before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII.;—after, at length, answering his second letter, in the tone of a king addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favour, and offering him, as a reward for this renunciation, a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.

The reader will recollect the curious question which the first

consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made to him on that occasion, I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am, indeed, inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenor of his tardy reply; but, on reading the first consul's second letter, the dethroned king immediately sat down and traced a few lines forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note, hastily written by Louis XVIII., in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful device of Francis I., *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword; but the Abbe Andre, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the king, and prevailing on him to write the following letter:—

“I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

“But he mistakes in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

“I know not the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian I will fulfil my duties to my last breath—as the son of Saint Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains—as the successor of Francis I., I say with him—*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*.

“Louis.”

Louis XVIII's. letter having reached Paris, the royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed as to what should be done. The meeting took place at Neuilly. After a long deliberation, it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be intrusted to the third consul, with whom the Abbe de Montesquieu had kept up acquaintance since the time of the con-

stituent assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the first consul very well. The Abbe de Montesquieu accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received the letter with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which, on several occasions, had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired; and it may be said that Bonaparte rendered on this occasion a real service to Louis, by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned king. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and, above all, to the royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously labouring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained.

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## CHAPTER LV.

The day after my disgrace—Renewal of my duties—Bonaparte's affected regard for me—Offer of an assistant—M. Mennevalle—My second rupture with Bonaparte—The Duke de Rovigo's account of it—Letter from M. de Barbé Marbois—Real causes of my separation from the First Consul—Postscript to the letter of M. Barbé Marbois—The Black Cabinet—Inspection of letters during the Consulate—I retire to Saint Cloud—Communications from M. Mennevalle—A week's conflict between friendship and pride—My formal dismissal—Petty revenge—My request to visit England—Monosyllabic answer—Wrong suspicion—Burial of my papers—Communication from Duroc—My letter to the First Consul—The truth acknowledged.

I SHALL now return to the circumstances which followed my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions, I went as usual to

awaken the first consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and, on my part, I behaved to him the same as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labours which I found too oppressive to me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet, he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during the three days my functions had been suspended, Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation, the question of the consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer, happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with the first consul, at least for a time: but I soon perceived that after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuilleries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose only from the fact of his being unable to find any one to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, evinced repugnance to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation, the first consul said to me one day in a tone of interest, of which I was not the dupe,—“My dear Bourrienne, you cannot really do every thing. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family; therefore it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work; therefore some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your directions; he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be consigned to him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you.”—“I ask for nothing better,” replied I, “than to have the assistance of some one, who after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me.” Joseph sent to his brother M. Mennevalle, a young man, who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with him.

I soon perceived the first consul’s anxiety to make M. Mennevalle acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of pow-

er; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the first consul, rather than the forfeiture of his favour. My rupture with him has been the subject of various mis-statements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct; I will merely notice what I have read in the memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo,\* in which it is stated that I was accused of *peculation*.

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at a loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation.

\* M. de Rovigo, after speaking of me in a tone of compliment, which I cannot flatter myself I entirely deserve, says:—

"It was impossible to bring any charge against M. de Bourrienne, on the score of deficiency of talent or indiscreet conduct. His personal habits were watched; it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. Peculation was, accordingly, laid to his charge.

"This was touching the most tender ground; for the first consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defame the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded, or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the first consul.

"The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact; this correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him. Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign, have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. I must illustrate this observation. Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the regency, the post-office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not, indeed, extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened, and when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another, may, by the help of such an institution, give great weight to his denunciation. It is sufficient for this purpose, that he should throw into the post-office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be compromised by a letter, which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.

"Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information; but the system was in full operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced; his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. Barbé Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the first consul to part with his secretary, and the duties of the latter were, for the most part, united to those of M. Maret, who had hitherto acted only as chief secretary to the consulate."

(See translation of the Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs--Vol. I., Part I. p. 280.  
Published by Mr. Colburn.)

The Duke de Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo of this calumny; but the accusation to which his memoirs gave currency, afforded M. Barbé Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo, except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbé Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:—

“ SIR,

“ My attention has been called to the enclosed article in a recent publication.\* The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and to myself to declare, that I then was and still am ignorant of the causes of the separation in question.

“ I am, &c.

“ MARBOIS.”

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of peculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the first consul.

M. de Rovigo also observes, that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his intimate confidant, a man devoted to his glory, and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction of one of his ministers, Bonaparte had said, in the presence of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, “If I could find a second Bourrienne, I would get rid of you all.” This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a house in Paris, in which I had invested a considerable sum of money, afforded an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the first consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill-humour.

A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Paris, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. Unfortunately the principals were, unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure. This caused a rumour that a slight fall of the funds, which took place at that period, was occa-

\* The extract from the Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs is here alluded to.

sioned by the bankruptcy, and the first consul, who always had an erroneous idea of the funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation, to produce variations in the funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt-house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety to assist the house in arranging its affairs. I incurred the violent displeasure of the first consul, who declared to me that he *no longer required my services*. I might, perhaps, if I had chosen, have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for *purchasing* an interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a *gratuity* for his brother Joseph, out of the contract for victualling the navy. But I saw that for some time past M. de Mennevalle had begun to supersede me, and the first consul only wanted such an opportunity as this for coming to a rupture with me.

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation with Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation or any transaction of the kind: I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte, I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the senatus consultum of the 6th Floreal, year X., but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was merely an empty word.

The Duke of Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which compromised me in the eyes of the first consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte's adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But the spontaneous letter of M. de Barbé Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. I have already given a copy of M. Marbois' letter. The following is a postscript that was added to it:—

“I recollect that one Wednesday, the first consul, while presiding at a council of ministers at St. Cloud, opened a note, and without informing us what it contained, hastily left the sitting, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned, and observed that your functions had ceased.”

Whether the sudden displeasure of the first consul was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction, which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to de-

termine; but the Duke de Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

Before I wrote these memoirs, the existence of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of *black*, had been denounced in the chamber of deputies, and the answer was that it had *ceased* to exist, which of course amounted to an admission that it had existed. I may, therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting that *institution*, as the Duke de Rovigo styles it.

The black cabinet was established in the reign of Louis XV. for the mere purpose of prying into the scandalous chronicle of the court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous post-masters, who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous post-office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is denounced as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be compromised by their correspondence, chose other channels of communication than the post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend, long continued to avail themselves of the black cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch's idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio, containing the bulletins of the black cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue. Out of thirty thousand letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers, whom their contents might concern, but a few observations from me induced him to direct, that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the following words:—"The first consul directs me to inform you, that he has just received the following information," &c. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The first consul daily received about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the government, or their friends as models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from

it at the time of my disgrace, and was well nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall soon see how he kept this promise. I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place *all* letters sent to me, in the first consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message, I received the following letter from M. Mennevalle:—

“I cannot believe that the first consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you.

“The first consul has written to citizens La Vallette and Mollien, directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

“The first consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, ‘How miserable I am! I have known that man since he was seven years old.’

“I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision. I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low spirited.

“19th Vendemiaire, year X.  
(21st Oct. 1802.) •

Next day, I received another letter from M. Mennevalle. It was as follows:—

“I send you your letters. The first consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. Enclosed you will find the German papers, which he begs you to translate.

“Madame Bonaparte is much interested in your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the first consul himself, to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again.”

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the first consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recall me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth day of our separation, he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humouredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom—a fault I was never solicitous to correct—he added, "I regret your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble, nor too plebeian; neither too aristocratic, nor too Jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of court. Look at Duroc, Bessieres, and Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing, I should confirm the report, that I cannot do without you."

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she has heard persons, to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recal me, observe, "What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore, think no more about him: and as for the English newspapers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene which occurred at Malmaison, on the receipt of some intelligence in the *London Gazette*.

I am convinced that if Bonaparte had been left to himself, he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the first consul sent me the following letter:—

"CITIZEN BOURRIENNE, MINISTER OF STATE,—I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me, during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.

"BONAPARTE."

If any proof of the first consul's malignity were wanting, it would be furnished by the following fact. A few hours after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal, I received a note from Duroc; but to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written, it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared,

at Malmaison, for myself and my family, I purchased a small house, at Ruel; the first consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed at Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given, I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service, he applied to have it returned. At first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel; and then, actuated by the desire of taking revenge, even by the most pitiful means, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:—

“The first consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him, this evening, the keys of your residence in Paris, from which none of the furniture is to be removed.

“He also directs me to put into a magazine whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere, which you have obtained from government.

“I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised to have every thing settled before the first consul’s return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

“DUROC.”

“24th Brumaire, year XI.  
(15th Nov. 1801.”)

Two great measures of the consular government had been accomplished between the time when I tendered my resignation and the date of Bonaparte’s last letter, namely, the consulship for life and the treaty of Amiens.

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by some private business. However, I was fully aware of the peculiarity of my situation; and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I wrote to Duroc—

“My affairs require for some time my presence in England. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the first consul, as I do not wish to do any thing inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this; for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.”

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:—

“MY DEAR BOURRIENNE;

“I have presented to the first consul the letter I just received

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from you. He read it, and said 'No!' That is the only answer I can give you.

"DUROC."

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me; and suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs, than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications of Peltier, the editor of the *Ambigu*. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these *Memoirs*, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's unceremonious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended with the sea, to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valuable notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under ground. A yellow tinge, the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April, Duroc sent me the following note:—

"I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to St. Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the first consul.

"DUROC."

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business, which the first consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote, on the spot, the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:—

"At General Duroc's desire, I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of one hundred thousand francs has been discovered in the

treasury of the navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.

"Citizen first consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

"I am in General Duroe's apartment, where I await your orders."

Duroc carried my note to the first consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. "All is right!" said he. "He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—that he is now convinced he was deceived!—that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it."

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him to renew upon me his Egyptian extortions; but they should have recollectcd, that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money, was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone when it was the custom to *grease the wheels of the revolutionary car.*

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## CHAPTER LVI.

The First Consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace—England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France—Bonaparte's real wish for war—Concourse of foreigners in Paris—Bad faith of England—Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth—Relative position of France and England—Bonaparte's journey to the Cotes du Nord—Breakfast at Compiègne—Father Berton—Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet—Father Berton's derangement and death—Rapp ordered to send for me—Order countermanded.

THE first consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace, merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after ten years of war, he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France, as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though that rupture certainly took place sooner than the first consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war, Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but, in discussions on the subject, he always declared himself in favour of war. When told of the neces-

sities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument: indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and to exercise the influence of her gold in all the cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the first consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy, or rather, England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favoured his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities, in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken, it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and the veil, beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations, was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the first consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had yet no knowledge of their existence, were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose. Since the revolution, Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time, the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Every thing wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society, exceedingly annoyed the British ministry. The English who flocked to the continent, discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers. This caused serious alarm on the other side of the channel, and the English government endeavoured, by unjust complaints, to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited.

The king of England sent a message to parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the first consul, who, one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed Lord Whitworth, in the saloon, where all the foreign ambassadors were assembled:—

“What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged with blood? Preparations for war, indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated; never!”

The English ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally,

to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his government an account of an interview, in which the first consul had so far forgotten himself, whether purposely or not, I do not pretend to say.

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true; but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention to do so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the first consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The first consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself, at the rupture of the treaty, in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of leave of absence, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of artillery, in consequence of a project for refounding all the field-pieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of refounding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.

War had now become inevitable: and as soon as it was declared, the first consul set out to visit Belgium and the department of the Cotes du Nord, to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English on the coast. In passing through Compiegne, he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the School of Arts, at Compiegne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet: but he expressly forbade him to show himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at head-quarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the first consul.\* Bouquet promised to observe

\* Bouquet had incurred Bonaparte's displeasure by the following dishonest transaction. When the French had a second time taken Verona, Bouquet and a colonel of the army named Andrieux, went to the Mont de Piete, in that city, and by representing that they had orders from their general to make an inventory

Father Berton's injunctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door, and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte, indignant at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his uncontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room, where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife, in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Berton to sit down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Berton stood behind his old pupil's chair, apparently confounded at his violence. This scene produced such an effect on the old man, that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiegne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related, and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what passed, and Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Berton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power, he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess, that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The first consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the first consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shown.

On the first consul's return, I learned from Rapp, that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way. Bonaparte being at Boulogne, wanted some information, which no one there could give him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, he called Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumour of the first consul's sudden recollection of

of the property, induced the keeper to allow them to examine the place. The property in the Mont de Piete amounted to twelve millions, which the keeper never set eyes on, after Bouquet's visit. The colonel absconded, but Bouquet was apprehended and about to be tried. The transaction, however, was found to involve so many persons, that the captain appointed to conduct the trial, thought right to ask the opinion of General Augereau, as to the propriety of proceeding. What directions he gave I do not know, but I know very well that Bouquet, in the mean time, escaped from prison. Bonaparte was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared that had he been found guilty, he would have allowed the sentence to be executed.

me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter, and despatch the courier, was more than sufficient for the efforts of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the first consul the letter he had been directed to write, the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favourable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc, and they could as confidently rely on mine.

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## CHAPTER LVII.

Vast works undertaken—The French and the Roman soldiers—Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast—Twelve hours on horseback—Discussions in Council—Opposition of Truguet—Bonaparte's opinion on the point under discussion—Two divisions of the world—Europe a province—Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France—The Englishman in the dock-yard of Brest—Public audience at the Tuilleries—The First Consul's remarks upon England—His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people—Ball at Malmaison—Lines on Hortense dancing—Singular motive for giving the ball.

At the time of the rupture with England, Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the service; yet every thing was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte, on this occasion, employed his troops, like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artisan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journeys to the coast, Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post-office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journeys; for he almost always accompanied the first consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening the first consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage, than we mount on horseback, and remain on our saddles for ten or twelve hours successively. The first consul inspects and examines every thing, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journeys, the first consul never neglected any of the business of government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of council. I was still with him, when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded, came under the consideration of the council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion, that conformably with an article of the constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the government, submitted to the legislative body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the constitution; for if the constitution says so, it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly; for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambaceres; scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

In his enlarged way of viewing the world, Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the east and the west: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak a different language? With very slight shades of variety, France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the same religion, and the same dress. A man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilized inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, viz., by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favourite scheme,—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say, that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dock-yard of Brest, passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had arrested him. Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the council of state the necessity of increasing the number of

commissioners of police. At a meeting of the council he said:—“If there had been a commissioner of police at Brest, he would have arrested the English captain, and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy, I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English ambassador, should be admitted into our ports. I will soon regulate all this.” He afterwards said to me:—“There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English, without my being subject to English spying.”

He on one occasion said before an assemblage of guards, senators, and high officers of state, who were at an audience of the diplomatic body—“The English think I am afraid of war, but I am not.” And here the truth escaped him in spite of himself. “My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have two millions of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties. It would be better to render homage to the king of England, and crown him king of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English government. If for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would exact the more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of our ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the one to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war, she shall have it, and that speedily!”

On the same day, Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers, powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks should be made upon him, when he was at peace with the English government.

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people, respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte’s disposition to employ petty and round-about means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and, above all, could not endure to see them dance; yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball of Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate; and said to her in a tone of

good-humoured persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me." Hortense consented. The motive of this extraordinary request I will now explain.

On the day after the ball, one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this; and when the paper arrived at Malmaison, she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was, nevertheless, at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet, she came and asked me to explain the matter; and, seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been given for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the first consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal, announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connexion with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.



## CHAPTER LVIII.

Mr. Pitt—Motive of his going out of office—Error of the English government—Pretended regard for the Bourbons—Violation of the treaty of Amiens—Reciprocal accusations—Malta—Lord Whitworth's departure—Rome and Carthage—Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte—Message to the Senate, the Legislative body, and the Tribune—The King of England's renunciation of the title of King of France—Complaints of the English government—French agents in British ports—Views of France upon Turkey—Observation made by Bonaparte to the Legislative body—Its false interpretation—Conquest of Hanover—The Duke of Cambridge caricatured—The King of England and the Elector of Hanover—First address to the Clergy—Use of the word Monsieur—The Republican weeks and months.

ONE of the circumstances which most decidedly foretold the brief duration of the piece of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte, and I immediately perceived by his hasty "What

do you say?" that my observation had been heard, but not liked. It did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to see the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distinguished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of a peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to resume the war with France more fiercely than ever, for a while retired from office, and left to others the task of arranging the peace; but his intention was to mark his return to the ministry by the renewal of the implacable hatred he had vowed against France. Still I have always thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to England, was an error of the cabinet of London. England had never before acknowledged any of the governments which had risen up in France since the revolution; and as the past could not be blotted out, a future war, however successful to England, could not take from Bonaparte's government the immense weight it had acquired by an interval of peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty, England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she tore that page of her history which otherwise might have shown that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain, that the condescension of England in treating with the first consul had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honourable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other; but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a process of tendency. But it must be confessed, that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory, was very evident, for the consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens; but it was not so with the states of Parma and Placenza, Bonaparte having by his sole authority, constituted himself the heir of the grand duke, recently deceased. It may, therefore, be easily imagined, how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of

France, and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decided bad faith; and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance:—It had been stipulated, that England should withdraw her troops from Malta, three months after the signing of the treaty, yet more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under the protection of the holy see. The three cabinets of Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg, were to guaranty the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his government, pretended that the Russian cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse, a courier arrived from the cabinet of St. Petersburg, bearing despatches completely at variance with the assertions of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th of May, 1803, and the English government sent unsolicited passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English consols fall four per cent.; but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs; a very high point, when it is recollectcd that they were at seven or eight francs, on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

In this state of things, France proposed to the English government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war, in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was, of course, rejected. Thus the public gave the first consul credit for great moderation, and a sincere wish for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII. Our *beaux esprits* drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded, that as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at St. Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative; before he made his final preparations, the first consul addressed a message to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate. In this message he mentioned the recall of the English ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the king of England to the Parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. “In vain,” he said, “had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France,” he added, “will not submit to menaces, but

will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honour of the French name, confidently trusting, that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause, and the courage of her people."

This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting, in which Bonaparte so frequently indulged. The reply of the senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the senatorial salaries. With his usual address, Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests, turned to the future advantage of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the prohibition of English merchandise, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain, on this point, might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at the impulse given to our manufactures. The English government had hoped to obtain from the first consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a death blow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal, he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between two rival nations, which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty, which created the animosity of the English government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained, that France had sent a number of persons into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, viz., the union of Piedmont and of the States of Parma and Placenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Hol-

land. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say, that the English government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to me of his ideas respecting the east, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his ever having renounced them. The result of all the reproaches which the two governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

The first consul, in a communication to the legislative body on the state of France, and on her foreign relations, had said:—“England, single handed, cannot cope with France.” This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride, and the British cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely an assurance to France; and if we only look at the vast efforts and sacrifices made by England, to stir up enemies to France on the continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte's declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless then do her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered remnants of her navy; but she could do nothing against France on the continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war, without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war, by England, was the invasion of Hanover, by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch, by which this news was communicated to Paris, was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows: “The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover, and the enemy's army are made prisoners of war.” A day or two after, the shop-windows of the print-sellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one in which the duke was represented reviewing his troops, mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles, because as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such trifles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The first consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two governments, of both

which George III. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction, the proposition for the exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period, nothing could exceed the animosity of the two governments towards each other; and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify: I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France—a truly barbarous measure; for, can any thing be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the government, whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by such scruples.

I must here notice the first fulfilment of a word Bonaparte often made use of to me during the consulate. “ You shall see, Bourrienne,” he would say, “ what use I will make of the priests.”

War being declared, the first consul, in imitation of the most Christian kings of old times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful, through the medium of the clergy. To this end, he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of France.\*

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers in arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The first consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the court of Rome, which he wished should consider him in the light of another elder son of the church. The letter was moreover remarkable for the use of the word “ Monsieur,” which the first consul now used for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy. It also denoted that as he gave monarchical designations exclusively to the clergy, the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may perhaps be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte’s confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The first

\* It was as follows:

“ **MONSIEUR:**

“ The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, force us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to propitiate the benediction of Heaven towards our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service, give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

“ Given at St. Cloud, 18th Prairial, year XI.

“ **BONAPARTE.**”

consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the republican calendar, to remain:—he commenced by ordering the *Moniteur* to be dated “Saturday,” such a day of “Messidor.” “See,” said he, one day, “was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away the Messidor, I will efface all the inventions of the Jacobins.”

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the first consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the bishops, &c., was the signal for a number of mandements, full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

These compliments were far from displeasing the first consul, who had no objection to flattery, though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me, that they had all great difficulty to preserve their gravity, when the curé of a parish in Abbeville addressed Bonaparte one day while he was on his journey to the coast. “Religion,” said the worthy curé, with ludicrous solemnity, “owes to you all that she is; we owe to you all that we are; and I owe to you all that I am.”

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## CHAPTER LIX.

Presentation of Prince Borghese to Bonaparte—Departure for Belgium—Revival of a royal custom—The swans of Amiens—Change of formula in the acts of government—Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite—Revival of old customs—Division of the Institute into four classes—Science and literature—Bonaparte's hatred of literary men—Ducis—Bernardin de Saint Pierre—Chenier and Lemercier—Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature—Lalande and his dictionary—Education in the hands of government—M. Roquelaire, Archbishop of Malines.

In the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law, by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the first consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June, Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the Cotes du Nord. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc, after the first consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 3d of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, every thing connected with the journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken

to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a king. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuilleries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the first consul received when absent from the capital. It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had left in Paris a great number of signatures, in order that he might be present, as it were, even during his absence, by the acts of his government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the consuls of the republic. Instead of this formula he substituted the name of the government of the republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the government was always in the place where the first consul happened to be. The two other consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the government which Cambaceres signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium, which the first consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the republic became, by a natural consequence, his; and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped, by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Acre, at Orleans, and he divided the institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which, however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abbe Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the first consul did not give to the classes of the institute the rank which they formerly possessed, as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French academy in the second rank only. It must be acknowledged, that considering the state of literature and science at that period, the first consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the consulate, Ducis, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier, yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labours have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the institute take precedence of its elder sister. Besides, the first consul was not sorry to show, by this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them, he called them merely manufacturers of phrases. He could not par-

don them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction; for Bonaparte had little taste either for the beauties of poetry or prose. A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence, his almost exclusive predilection for those two authors. With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chenier and Ducis still more. He could not forgive Chenier for the republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him, as if instinctively, involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses, which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad, that to describe him as he was under one or the other of these aspects, would serve for panegyric or satire, without any departure from truth. Bonaparte was very fond of Bernardin St. Pierre's romance of Paul and Virginia, probably because he had read it in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read *Les Etudes de la Nature*, but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuff? It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about —there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as head of the state. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a senator: he has a head."

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men, it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention and even flattery. M. Lemercier was one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemercier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character of literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemercier and his pen; and, as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite, by flattering the writer. M. Lemercier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the legion of honour.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result

of prejudice than of circumstances. In order to appreciate, or even to read literary works, time is requisite, and time was so precious to him, that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, on all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly displayed on the occasion of the classification of the institute. Whilst he permitted the re-assembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility, that even in the sciences he favoured only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness: and besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists, precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view, he never relaxed in his constant endeavour to concentrate the whole powers of the state in the hands of its chief. His conduct, upon the subject of the revival of public instruction, affords evidence of this fact. He wished to establish six thousand bursaries, to be paid by government, and to be exclusively at his disposal; so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the first consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him, he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this—"What is it that distinguishes men? Education—is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately, they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the spoliators of their families. I do not wish that."

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the first consul and Madame Bonaparte to the Cotes du Nord and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauriston, and Rapp, in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown

the clergy, and particularly to M. Roquelaure, the archbishop of Malines. That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp, to pay his homage to the first consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the first consul by the *sacred bonds of a holy alliance*. In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry, surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety, to speak of *sacred bonds* and *a holy alliance*, when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. Roquelaure merely had recourse to what casuists call a pious fraud, in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honied language gained M. Roquelaure the consul's favour, and, in a short time after, he was appointed to the second class of the institute.



## CHAPTER LX.

The Temple—The intrigues of Europe—Prelude to the Continental System—Bombardment of Granville—My conversation with the First Consul on the projected invasion of England—Fauche Borel, Moreau, and Pichégru—Fouché's manoeuvres—The Abbe David and Lajolais—Fouché's visit to the Tuilleries—Regnier outwitted by Fouché—My interview with the First Consul—His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense—Contradiction of those calumnies—The brothers Faucher—Their execution—The First Consul's levee—My conversation with Duroc—Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichégru—Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons—Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide—Arrest of Moreau—Declaration of MM. de Polignac and de Rivière—Connivance of the Police—Arrest of M. Carbonnel and his nephew—Report of the Grand Judge.

THE temple was soon destined to be filled by the victims of Bonaparte's police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The first consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the continental system, the first consul adopted every possible

preventive measure against the introduction of English merchandise. Bonaparte's irritation against the English was not without cause. The intelligence which reached Paris from the north of France, was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty; but his colleagues, more prudent, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure, Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honour on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office, as cowards, unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the first consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realizing the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him, after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months, when, on the 15th of December, 1803, the first consul sent for me to the Tuilleries. His incomprehensible behaviour to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history, which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly entertained the public. I have already stated, that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who laboured constantly to incense him against me, might have inspired him with apprehension on the subject. At all events, the fact is, that when he sent for me, I took the precaution of providing myself with a night cap, conceiving I should very likely be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview, Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the first consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand saloon where I awaited him, and, addressing me in the most good-humoured way, said, "What do the Parisians think of my preparations for the descent upon England?"—"General," I replied, "there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion a fresh proof of his gratitude and fidelity."—"But

Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted."—"That is true, I certainly do not."—"Why?"—"Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that the adventure was too hazardous—and circumstances have not altered since that time."—"You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with a hundred thousand men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths and without the hope of re-enforcements. It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first or it must fall."\* Bonaparte then evidently wished to deceive with respect to his intentions, and he did so. He wished it to be supposed that he entertained the design of invading England, in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.

From Dunkirk the first consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the securest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of war was, after long discussions, abandoned in favour of a flotilla.† After visiting Belgium and giving directions there, the first consul returned from Brussels to Paris, by way of Maestricht, Liege, and Soissons.

Before my visit to the Tuilleries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled adherents to the

\* Napoleon's conversation with M. Las Casas at St. Helena, respecting the invasion of England, is very different from the above. He speaks of a pitched battle, which would have decided the fate of England. "I should not have entered England," he said, at St. Helena, "as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Bonaparte knew better than any one the difficulty of subduing a strong, powerful, and united nation. Some years after these feigned preparations against England, he had evidence of this truth written in letters of blood, in Spain. A combination of natural causes is always ruinous to the invading army. Napoleon must have been merely jesting, at St. Helena, when he said, that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that nature had made England one of our islands, like Oleron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: "Remained with the first consul from half past eleven to one o'clock." During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena.

† At this period a caricature appeared in London, which was sent to Paris and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the first consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder.

first consul, had taken part in some underhand manœuvres which could have no favourable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations, the well-known Fauche Borel, the book-seller of Nauschatel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who sought no better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was, at that time, still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor, had not obtained the first consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favourable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Paris, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the first consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru, and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as every thing was prosperous with the first consul, he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were indeed tolerably allayed by the absence of the one, and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were brewing the overthrow of the consular government, knew that that measure could not be attempted with any chance of success, without the assistance of Moreau. The moment was inopportune; but being initiated in some secrets of the British cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit of that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the directory the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so clear a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst whom he had few partisans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau, without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporising policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the re-establishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance, which preceded the great

event which marked the close of the consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau and Pichegrû, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon—the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning Georges' conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the first consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouché, in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouché's conduct and his manœuvres, I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803, some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegrû. Fouché, who was then out of the ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouché's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbe David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegrû, should undertake to effect their reconciliation; but he being arrested and confined in the Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been appointed by Fouché. He proceeded to London, and having prevailed on Pichegrû and his friends, to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival, and arrange every thing for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was the sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January, 1804, I called on Fouché, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the first consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false colouring to the picture. Fouché asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegrû had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information? The first consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouché's mistake, said with an air of contempt, " You are well informed truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London, stating that Pichegrû dined three days ago at Kensington, with one of the king of England's ministers."

As Fouché, however, persisted in his assertion, the first consul sent to Paris for the grand judge, Regnier, who showed Fouché the letter he had received. The first consul triumphed at first to see Fouché at fault; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Pichegrû were actually in Paris, that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The first consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than the new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long

time in consultation with Fouché, who, on that occasion, said nothing about his reinstatement, for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be intrusted to Real, with orders to obey whatever instruction he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will here subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March, 1804, some time after the arrest, but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the first consul, unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said—“By the by, the report of my connexion with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child. I thought, at the time, that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated, have you heard them repeated?”—“Yes, general, oftentimes; and I confess that I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long.”—“It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth—you have seen all—heard all—nothing could have passed without your knowledge: you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc; I, therefore, expect, if you should ever write any thing about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust to you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation?”—“No, general, never.” Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. “It has not turned out,” he said, “as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her.” He concluded the conversation with these words:—“Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I am not in need of any body.” He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that banishing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnais, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favour. When she had any thing to solicit, she applied to me; and if I experi-

enced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little sim-pleton," Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the child afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw nor heard any thing which could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights in blackening the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare; that, did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it. He is no more; and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, of this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon, on points of this kind, were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connexion of the nature of that charged against him, was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his pre-meditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door, he called me back, saying, "Oh! I have forgotten something," I returned. "Bourrienne," said he, "do you still keep up acquaintance with the Fauchers?"—"Yes, general; I see them frequently."—"You are wrong."—"Why should I not? They are clever, well educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Cæsar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me, since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service."—"Maret will not see the Fauchers."—"That may be, general; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect, that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance."—"I tell you again, he has closed his door against them. Do you the same, I advise you."—As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice, without some plausible reason, the first consul added, "You must know, that I learn from Cæsar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one ven-

ture to do so in your presence. But no sooner are you gone, than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Cæsar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.\* But enough; you see I know all—farewell," and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers, I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter:—

"In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We are sixty years old, therefore our life will only be shortened by a brief space. During our lives we have shared, in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, sir——"

I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview, which I have described, terminated. I remained a short time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window, told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? "They should be cautious," said I; "it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden." Duroc's answer satisfied me that there was with him no doubt on the subject.

No person, possessing the least degree of intelligence, will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused would ever have occurred, but for the secret connivance of Fouché's police. Moreau never, for a moment, desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was, therefore, quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Rivière, and others; and they had no intention of committing any overt acts. These latter persons had come to the continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order

\* Constantine Faucher was condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document.

to inform the princes of the house of Bourbon, with certainty, how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests, at the expense of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial, I will relate some facts, which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded when a turnkey by chance entered, and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered, he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did, in fact, confess, and it was on the morning when this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country seat of Grosbois to Paris.

Fouché, through the medium of his agents, had given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru, that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Every thing is going wrong—they do not understand each other. Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Riviere declared, that he soon became convinced that they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information, which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested, almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendee, when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had been with him since his departure from London, and who had guarded him against any interruption from the police, so long as it was not important to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months, before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators, proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.

When Pichegru was required to sign his interrogations, he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except his signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before a court of justice, the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connexion with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for; and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouché, to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and next morning early I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided, with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter, before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested. "I advise you, sir," added the man, "to retire without more ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched."—"Is he still at home?" said I.—"Yes, sir; they are examining his papers."—"Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed, and he was placed in solitary confinement at St. Pelagie.

Thus the police, which previously knew nothing, was suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which, however, did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the first consul, with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one.











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